A New

COLLECTION

OF

POEMS

Relating to

State Affairs,

FROM

OLIVER CROMWEL

To this preſent Time:

By the Greateſt

Wits of the Age:

Wherein, not only thoſe that are Contain'd in the Three Volumes already Publiſhed are incerted, but alſo large Additions of chiefeſt Note, never before Publiſhed.

The whole from their reſpective Originals, without Caſtration.

LONDON,
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THE

PREFACE.

IN attempting to ſay ſomething of this Undertaking, I ſhall neither follow the Modern Way of *Prefacing*, nor Treat you with a long *Harrangue*, in ſubſtance as tedious as a *Fanatick Grace*, or a *Mountebank's Oration*, before the Diſtribution of his *Packet*.

'Tis certain the Original Deſign of theſe Collections was Good, and the Reputation of the *Authors*, a better Teſtimony of their Merits, than any I can produce. At firſt you had Sound Wholſome Wit for your Money; 'till to enlarge the matter, abundance of *Quack Remedies* were put off with it: And rather than you ſhould want *Buffoonry* to ſwell it out, you had *Merry Andrew's Packet* into the Bargain: As *Halfpenny Ballads*, *Merry Catches*, and ſuch lean and

hungry Stuff, as *Buckingham*, *Sidley*, *&c.* would have Bluſh'd at.

Therefore to perfect this Volume, we have purged it from all Droſs, and to oblige the Town, have Coin'd it at Standard: We have made choice of ſuch things as will ſtand the Teſt, and Authority of Wit, and that have more than a bare Inſcription to make them paſs Current: And certainly no Collection had ever more Advantage than this, eſpecially ſince we have reduc'd the Price from 18 Shillings to *6*: Beſides ſupplying it with ſeveral Celebrated *Poems* of the beſt Wits now in Being.

In Epitomizing Hiſtory, and other Treatiſes, the Judicious are often perplex'd, when through the Indiſcretion of the *Abſtracters*, they are led into a *Labyrinth*, where for want of a due Connexion, to render an Intelligible Idea of the Work, they are left to wander through the ſolitary *Pages*, without being able to find their way out. Whereas in this Volume, we have made the Way more ſmooth and delightful to the *Reader*.

To

To conclude, The whole is an impartial Collection of the beſt *Poems* of this laſt *Age*, and to excuſe me from ſaying more, it wants no *Wit* but its own to recommend it to the *World*.

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POEMS

POEMS
ON
State Affairs.

A Panegyrick on O. Cromwell, *and his Victories.* *By* E. Waller, *Esq.*

WHile with a ſtrong, and yet a gentle Hand,
You bridle Faction, and our Hearts Command;
Protect us from our ſelves and from the Foe;
Make us unite, and make us Conquer too.
Let partial Spirits ſtill aloud complain,
Think themſelves injur'd that they cannot Reign;
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without controul upon their Fellows prey.
Above the Waves as *Neptune* ſhow'd his Face,
To chide the Winds, and ſave the *Trojan* Race:
So has your Highneſs (rais'd above the reſt)
Storms of Ambition toſſing us repreſt.
Your drooping Country, torn with Civil hate,
Reſtor'd by you, is made a glorious State:
The Seat of Empire, where the *Iriſh* come,
And the unwilling *Scot* to fetch their doom.
The Sea's our own, and now all Nations greet,
With bending Sails, each Veſſel in our Fleet.
Your Pow'r reſounds as far as Wind can blow,
Or ſwelling Sails upon the Globe may go.

Heaven that has plac'd this Iſland to give Law,
To balance *Europe* and her State to awe;
In this Conjunction does on *Britain* ſmile,
The greateſt Leader to the greateſt Iſle.
Whether this Portion of the World were rent
By the wide Ocean from the Continent;
Or thus created, it was ſure deſign'd
To be the ſacred Refuge of Mankind.
Hither th' oppreſſed ſhall henceforth reſort,
Juſtice to crave, and Succour of your Court;
And then, your Highneſs, not for ours alone,
But for the World's Protector ſhall be known.
Fame, ſwifter than your winged Navy flies
Through every Land that near the Ocean lies;
Sounding your Name, and telling dreadful News
To all that Piracy and Rapine uſe:
With ſuch a Chief the meaneſt Nation bleſt,
Might hope to lift her head above the reſt.
What may be thought impoſſible to do
For us, embraced by the Sea and you?
Lords of the World's great waſte, the Ocean, we
Whole Foreſts ſend to reign upon the Sea:
And every Coaſt may trouble and relieve,
But none can viſit us without your leave.
Angels and we know this Prerogative,
That none can at our happy Seat arrive,
While we deſcend at pleaſure to invade
The bad with Vengeance, or the good to aid;
Our little World, the Image of the great,
Like that amidſt the boundleſs Ocean ſet,
Of her own growth has all that Nature craves,
And all that's Rare, as Tribute from the Waves.
As *Egypt* does not on the Clouds rely,
But to the *Nile* owes more than to the Sky:
So what our Heaven, or what our Earth denies,
Our ever conſtant Friend, the Sea, ſupplies.
The taſte of hot *Arabia*'s Spice we know,
Free from the ſcorching Sun that makes it grow.
Without the Worm in *Perſian* Silks we ſhine,
And without Planting, drink of every Vine.

To [illegible]up Wealth we weary not our Limbs;
Gold, tho' the heavieſt Metal, hither ſwims.
Ours is the Harveſt where the *Indians* mow;
We plough the Deep, and reap what others ſow;
Things of the nobleſt kind our own Soil breeds;
Stout are our Men, and Warlike are our Steeds.
Rome, tho' her Eagle through the World had flown,
Could never make this Iſland all her own.
Here the Third *Edward*, and the *Black Prince* too:
France-conquering *Henry* flouriſh'd, and now You:
For whom we ſtaid, as did the *Grecian* State,
Till *Alexander* came to urge their Fate.
When for more Worlds that *Macedonian* cry'd,
He wiſt not *Thetis* in her Lap did hide
Another yet, a World reſerv'd for you,
To make more great than that he did ſubdue.
He ſafely might old Troops to Battle lead
Againſt th' unwarlike *Perſian*, or the *Mede*,
Whoſe haſty Flight did form a bloodleſs Field,
More Spoil than Honour to the Victor yield.
A Race unconquer'd by their Clime made bold,
The *Caledonians* arm'd with want and cold,
Have by a Fate indulgent to your Fame,
Been from all Ages kept for you to tame:
Whom the old *Roman* Wall ſo ill confin'd,
With a new Chain of Gariſons you bind.
Here Foreign Gold no more ſhall make them come,
Our *Engliſh* Iron holds them faſt at home.
They that henceforth muſt be content to know
No warmer Region than their Hills of Snow,
May blame the Sun, but muſt extol your Grace,
Which in our Senate hath allow'd them place.
Preferr'd by Conqueſt, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they riſe, to be with us made one.
So kind Dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquiſh'd Foes free Citizens of *Rome*.
Like favour find the *Iriſh*, with like Fate
Advanc'd to be a Portion of our State;
While by your Valour, and your courteous Mind,
Nations divided by the Sea, are join'd.

Holland, to gain your Friendſhip, is content
To be our Out-guard on the Continent.
She from her Fellow-Provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her Foe.
In our late Fight, when Cannons did diffuſe,
Preventing Poſts, the terror of the News,
Our Neighbour-Provinces tremble at their roar,
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.
Your never-failing Sword made War to ceaſe,
And now you heal us with the Arts of Peace;
Our Minds with bounty and with awe engage,
Unite Affections, and reſtrain our Rage.
Leſs pleaſures take brave Minds in Battel won,
Than in reſtoring ſuch as are undone.
Tygers have Courage, and the rugged Bear,
But Man alone can whom he Conquers ſpare:
To pardon willing, and to puniſh loth,
You ſtrike with one Hand, but you heal with both.
Lifting up all that proſtrate lie, you grieve
You cannot make the Dead again to live.
When Fate or Error had our Age miſled,
And o'er theſe Nations ſuch Confuſion ſpread;
The only Cure which could from Heaven come down,
Was ſo much Power and Clemency in one;
One whoſe Extraction's from an Ancient Line,
Gives hopes again that well-born Men may ſhine:
The meaneſt in your Nature, mild and good,
The noble reſt ſecured in your Blood.
Oft have we wonder'd how you hid in Peace
A Mind proportion'd to ſuch things as theſe:
How ſuch a Ruling Spirit could reſtrain,
And practiſe firſt o'er your own ſelf to Reign.
Your private Life did a juſt Pattern give,
How Fathers, Husbands, pious Sons ſhould live.
Born to Command, your Princely Virtues ſlept,
Like humble *David*, whilſt the Flock he kept.
But when your troubled Country call'd you forth,
Your flaming Courage, and your matchleſs Worth,
Dazling the Eyes of all that did pretend
To ſow Contention, gave a proſperous end;

Still

Still as you riſe, the State's exalted too,
Finds no Diſtemper while it's chang'd by you:
Chang'd like the World's great Scene, when without noiſe
The riſing Sun Night's vulgar Lights deſtroys.
Had you ſome Ages paſt this Race of Glory
Run, with Amazement we ſhould read your Story.
But living Virtue all Atchievements paſt,
Meets Envy ſtill to grapple with at laſt.
This *Cæſar* found, and that ungrateful Age,
With loſing him, fell back to Blood and Rage.
Miſtaken *Brutus* thought to break their Yoke,
But cut the Bond of Union with that ſtroke.
That Sun once ſet, a thouſand meaner Stars
Gave a dim Light to Violence and Wars;
To ſuch a Tempeſt as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty Arm prevent the fall.
If *Rome*'s great Senate could not wield the Sword,
Which of the conquer'd World had made them Lord,
What hope had ours, while yet their Power was new,
To rule victorious Armies, but by you?
You that had taught them to ſubdue their Foes,
Could Order teach, and all their Hearts compoſe;
To every Duty could their Minds engage,
Provoke their Courage, and command their Rage.
So when a Lion ſhakes his dreadful Main,
And angry grows; if he that firſt took pain,
To tame his Youth, approach the haughty Beaſt,
He bends to him, but frights away the reſt.
As the vext World to find repoſe at laſt,
It ſelf into *Auguſtus* Arms did caſt:
So *England* now does, with like toil oppreſt,
Her weary Head upon your Boſom reſt.
Then let the Muſes with ſuch Notes as theſe,
Inſtruct us what belongs unto our Peace:
Your Battles they hereafter ſhall indite,
And draw the Image of our *Mars* in Fight;
Tell of Towns ſtorm'd, of Armies over-run,
And mighty Kingdoms by your Conduct won:
How, while you thunder'd, Clouds of Duſt did choak
Contending Troops, and Seas lay hid in Smoak.

Illuſtrious Arts high Raptures do infuſe,
And every Conqueror creates a Muſe.
Here in low ſtrains your milder Deeds we ſing:
But there, my Lord, we'll Bays and Olives bring
To crown your Head, while you in Triumph ride,
O'er vanquiſh'd Nations, and the Sea beſide:
While all your Neighbour Princes unto You,
Like *Joſeph*'s Sheaves, pay Reverence and Bow.

Stanza's on the late Uſurper Oliver Cromwell: *Written after his Funeral, by Mr.* Dryden.

I.

AND now 'tis time; for their officious haſte,
Who would before have born him to the Sky,
Like eager *Romans*, e'er all Rites were paſt,
Did let too ſoon the ſacred Eagle fly.

II.

Tho' our beſt Notes are Treaſon to his Fame,
Join'd with the loud Applauſe of publick Voice;
Since Heaven, what praiſe we offer to his Name,
Hath render'd too authentick by its choice.

III.

Tho' in his praiſe no Arts can liberal be,
Since they whoſe Muſes have the higheſt flown,
Add not to his Immortal Memory,
But do an act of Friendſhip to their own.

IV.

Yet 'tis our Duty, and our Intereſt too,
Such Monuments as we can build to raiſe,
Leſt all the World prevent what we ſhould do,
And claim a Title in him by their praiſe.

V.

How ſhall I then begin, or where conclude,
To draw a Fame ſo truly Circular?
For in a round, what order can be ſhew'd,
Where all the Parts ſo equal perfect are?

His

VI.

His Grandeur he deriv'd from Heaven alone,
For he was great e're Fortune made him ſo;
And Wars like Miſts that riſe againſt the Sun,
Made him but greater ſeem, not greater grow.

VII.

No borrow'd Bays his Temples did adorn,
But to our Crown he did freſh Jewels bring;
Nor was his Vertue poyſon'd ſoon as born,
With the too early Thoughts of being King.

VIII.

Fortune (that eaſy Miſtreſs to the young,
But to her ancient Servants coy and hard)
Him at that Age her Favourites rank'd among,
When ſhe her beſt lov'd *Pompey* did diſcard.

IX.

He private, mark'd the Faults of others ſway,
And ſet as Sea-marks for himſelf to ſhun;
Not like raſh Monarchs, who their Youth betray,
By Acts their Age too late would wiſh undone.

X.

And yet Dominion was not his Deſign,
We owe that Bleſſing not to him, but Heaven,
Which to fair Acts unſought Rewards did join;
Rewards that leſs to him than us were given.

XI.

Our former Chiefs like Sticklers of the War,
Firſt fought t'inflame the Parties, then to poiſe;
The Quarrel lov'd, but did the Cauſe abhor,
And did not ſtrike to hurt, but made a noiſe.

XII.

War, our Conſumption, was their gainful Trade;
He inward bled, whilſt they prolong'd our Pain;
He fought to hinder fighting, and aſſay'd
To ſtanch the Blood by Breathing of the Vein.

XIII.

Swift and reſiſtleſs through the Land he paſt,
Like that bold *Greek*, who did the *Eaſt* ſubdue;
And made to Battles ſuch Heroick haſt,
As if on Wings of Victory he flew.

XIV.

He fought ſecure of Fortune as of Fame,
Still by new Maps the Iſland might be ſhewn,
Of Conqueſts which he ſtrew'd where-e'er he came,
Thick as the *Galaxy* with Stars is ſown.

XV.

His Palms, tho' under weights they did not ſtand,
Still thriv'd, no Winter could his Laurels fade:
Heaven in its Portraict ſhew'd a Workman's hand,
And drew it Perfect, yet without a ſhade.

XVI.

Peace was the price of all its toil and care,
Which War had baniſh'd, and did now reſtore;
Bologna's Walls thus mounted in the Air,
To ſeat themſelves more ſurely than before.

XVII.

Her ſafety reſcu'd *Ireland* to him owes,
And treacherous *Scotland* to no int'reſt true,
Yet bleſs'd that Fate which did his Arms diſpoſe
Her Land to civilize, as to ſubdue.

XVIII.

Nor was he like thoſe Stars which only ſhine,
When to pale Mariners they Storms portend;
He had his calmer Influence, and his Mein
Did Love and Majeſty together blend.

XIX.

'Tis true his Countenance did imprint an awe;
And naturally all Souls to his did bow,
As Wands of Divination downward draw,
And point to Beds where Sov'raign Gold doth grow.

XX.

When paſt all offerings to *Pheretrian Jove*,
He *Mars* depos'd, and Arms to Gowns made yield;
Succeſsful Councils did him ſoon approve,
As fit for cloſe Intrigues as open Field.

XXI.

To ſuppliant *Holland* he vouchſaf'd a Peace,
Our once bold Rival of the *Britiſh* Main,
Now tamely glad her unjuſt claim to ceaſe,
And buy our Friendſhip with her Idol, Gain.

Fame

XXII.

Fame of the aſſerted Sea through *Europe* blown,
Made *France* and *Spain* ambitious of his Love;
Each knew that ſide muſt Conquer he would own;
And for him fiercely, as for Empire ſtrove.

XXIII.

No ſooner was the *Frenchman*'s Cauſe embrac'd,
Than the light *Monſieur* the grave Don outweigh'd:
His Fortune turn'd the Scale where it was caſt,
Tho' *Indian* Mines were in the other laid.

XXIV.

When abſent, yet we conquer'd in his Right;
For tho' that ſome mean Artiſts Skill were ſhewn
In mingling Colours, or in placing Light;
Yet ſtill the fair Deſignment was his own.

XXV.

For from all Tempers he could Service draw;
The worth of each with its Allay he knew;
And, as the Confident of Nature, ſaw
How ſhe Complexions did divide and brew.

XXVI.

Or he their ſingle Virtues did ſurvey,
By intuition in his own large Breaſt,
Where all the rich Ideas of them lay,
That were the Rule and Meaſure to the reſt.

XXVII.

When ſuch Heroick Vertue Heaven ſet out,
The Stars, like Commons, ſullenly obey;
Becauſe it drains them when it comes about,
And therefore is a Tax they ſeldom pay.

XXVIII.

From this high Spring our Foreign Conqueſts flow,
Which yet more glorious Triumphs do portend;
Since their Commencement to his Arms they owe,
If Streams as high as Fountains may aſcend.

XXIX.

He made us Free-men of the Continent,
Whom Nature did like Captives treat before;
To Nobler Preys the *Engliſh* Lyon ſent,
And taught him firſt in *Belgian* Walks to roar.

That

XXX.

That old unqueſtion'd Pirate of the Land,
Proud *Rome*, with dread the Fate of *Dunkirk* heard;
And trembling wiſh'd behind more *Alps* to ſtand,
Altho an *Alexander* were her Guard.

XXXI.

By his Command, we boldly croſs'd the Line,
And bravely fought where Southern Stars ariſe;
We trac'd the far-fetch'd Gold unto the Mine,
And that which brib'd our Fathers made our Prize.

XXXII.

Such was our Prince, yet own'd a Soul above
The higheſt Acts it could produce to ſhew:
Thus poor Mechanick Arts in publick move,
Whilſt the deep ſecrets beyond practice go.

XXXIII.

Nor dy'd he when his ebbing Fame went leſs,
But when freſh Laurels courted him to live;
He ſeem'd but to prevent ſome new Succeſs,
As if above what Triumphs Earth can give.

XXXIV.

His lateſt Victories ſtill thickeſt came,
As near the Center, Motion doth increaſe;
Till he preſs'd down by his own weighty Name,
Did like the Veſtal, under Spoils deceaſe.

XXXV.

But firſt the Ocean as Tribute ſent
That Giant Prince of all her watry Herd;
And th' Iſle, when her protecting *Genius* went,
Upon his Obſequies loud Sighs conferr'd.

XXXVI.

No civil Broils have ſince his Death aroſe,
But Faction now by habit does obey;
And Wars have that reſpect for his Repoſe,
As Winds for *Halcyons*, when they breed at Sea.

XXXVII.

His Aſhes in a peaceful Urn ſhall reſt,
His Name a great Example ſtands, to ſhow
How ſtrangely high Endeavours may be bleſt,
Where Piety and Valour jointly go.

To the Memory of the late Protector *Oliver Cromwell.*

A *Pindarique Ode.*

By Mr. *Sprat* of *Oxon.*

I.

'TIS true, great Name, thou art ſecure
From the forgetfulneſs and Rage
Of Death, or Envy, or devouring Age;
Thou canſt the force and teeth of Time endure:
Thy Fame, like Men, the Elder it doth grow,
Will of its ſelf turn whiter too,
Without what needleſs Art can do;
Will live beyond thy Breath, beyond thy Hearſe,
Tho' it were never heard or ſung in Verſe.
Without our help, thy Memory is ſafe;
They only want an Epitaph,
That do remain alone
Alive in an Inſcription,
Remembred only on the Braſs, or Marble-ſtone.
'Tis all in vain what we can do:
All our Roſes and Perfumes,
Will but officious Folly ſhow,
And pious Nothings to ſuch mighty Tombs.
All our Incenſe, Gums, and Balm,
Are but unneceſſary Duties here:
The Poets may their Spices ſpare,
Their coſtly Numbers, and their tuneful Feet,
That need not be imbalm'd, which of it ſelf is ſweet.

II.

We know to praiſe thee is a dangerous proof
Of our Obedience and our Love:
For when the Sun and Fire meet,
One is extinguiſh'd quite;
And yet the other never is more bright.
So they that write of thee, and join
Their feeble Names with thine,
Their weaker Sparks with thy illuſtrious Light,
Will loſe themſelves in that ambitious thought;
And yet no Fame to thee from hence be brought.

We

We know, bleſs'd Spirit, that thy mighty Name
Wants no addition of anothers Beam;
It's for our Pens too high, and full of Theme:
The Muſes are made great by thee, not thou by them,
Thy Fame's eternal Lamp will live,
And in thy ſacred Urn ſurvive,
Without the food of Oyl, which we can give
'Tis true; but yet our Duty calls our Songs;
Duty commands our Tongues:
Tho' thou want not our Praiſes, we
Are not excus'd for what we owe to thee;
For ſo Men from Religion are not freed,
But from the Altars Clouds muſt riſe,
Tho' Heaven it ſelf doth nothing need,
And tho' the Gods don't want an earthly Sacrifice.

III.

Great Life of Wonders, whoſe each Year
Full of new Miracles did appear!
Whoſe every Month might be
Alone a Chronicle, or a Hiſtory!
Others great Actions are
But thinly ſcatter'd here and there;
At beſt, but all one ſingle Star;
But thine the Milky-way,
All one continued Light, of undiſtinguiſh'd Day;
They throng'd ſo cloſe, that nought elſe could be ſeen,
Scarce any common Sky did come between:
What ſhall I ſay, or where begin?
Thou may'ſt in double Shapes be ſhown,
Or in thy Arms, or in thy Gown;
Like *Jove* ſometimes with Warlike Thunder, and
Sometimes with peaceful Scepter in thy Hand;
Or in the Field, or on the Throne.
In what thy Head, or what thy Arm hath done,
All that thou didſt was ſo refin'd,
So full of ſubſtance, and ſo ſtrongly join'd,
So pure, ſo weighty Gold,
That the leaſt Grain of it,
If fully ſpread and beat,
Would many Leaves and mighty Volumes hold.

Before

IV.

Before thy Name was publiſh'd, and whilſt yet
Thou only to thy ſelf wer't great,
Whilſt yet thy happy Bud
Was not quite ſeen, or underſtood,
It then ſure ſigns of future Greatneſs ſhew'd:
Then thy Domeſtick worth
Did tell the World what it would be,
When it ſhould fit occaſion ſee,
When a full Spring ſhould call it forth:
As Bodies in the Dark and Night,
Have the ſame Colours, the ſame red and white,
As in the open Day and Light,
The Sun doth only ſhew,
That they are bright, not make them ſo.
So whilſt but private Walls did know
What we to ſuch a mighty Mind ſhould owe,
Then the ſame Virtues did appear,
Tho' in a leſs and more contracted Sphere:
As full, tho' not, as large, as ſince they were:
And like great Rivers, Fountains, tho'
At firſt ſo deep thou didſt not go:
Tho' then thine was not ſo enlarg'd a Flood;
Yet when 'twas little, 'twas as clear, as good.

V.

'Tis true thou waſt not born unto a Crown,
Thy Scepter's not thy Father's, but thy own:
Thy Purple was not made at once in haſt,
But after many other Colours paſt,
It took the deepeſt Princely Dye at laſt.
Thou didſt begin with leſſer Cares,
And private Thoughts took up thy private Years:
Thoſe Hands, which were ordain'd by Fates
To change the World, and alter States,
Practis'd at firſt that vaſt Deſign
On meaner things with equal Mind.
That Soul which ſhould ſo many Scepters ſway,
And whom ſo many Kingdoms ſhould obey,
Learn'd firſt to rule in a domeſtick way:
So Government it ſelf began

From

From Family, and ſingle Man;
Was by the ſmall relation firſt,
Of Husband and of Father nurs'd,
And from thoſe leſs beginnings paſt,
To ſpread it ſelf o'er all the World at laſt.

VI.

But when thy Country (then almoſt enthrall'd)
Thy Virtue, and thy Courage call'd;
When *England* did thy Arms intreat,
It had been Sin in thee not to be Great.
When every Stream, and every Flood,
Was a true Vein of Earth, and run with Blood;
When unus'd Arms, and unknown War
Fill'd every Place, and every Ear;
When the great Storms and diſmal Night
Did all the Land affright;
'Twas time for thee to bring forth all our Light.
Thou left'ſt thy more delightful Peace,
Thy private Life, and better eaſe;
Then down thy Steel and Armour took,
Wiſhing that it ſtill hung upon the Hook:
When Death had got a large Commiſſion out,
Throwing her Arrows, and her Sting about;
Then thou (as once the healing Serpent roſe)
Waſt lifted up, not for thy ſelf, but us.

VII.

Thy Country wounded was, and ſick before
Thy Wars and Arms did her reſtore:
Thou knew'ſt where the Diſeaſe did lie,
And like the Cure of Sympathy,
Thy ſtrong and certain Remedy
Unto the Weapon didſt apply;
Thou didſt not draw the Sword, and ſo
Away the Scabbard throw,
As if thy Country ſhou'd
Be the Inheritance of *Mars* and Blood:
But that when the great Work was ſpun,
War in it ſelf ſhould be undone;
That Peace might land again upon the Shore,
Richer and better than before.

The Husbandmen no Steel ſhall know,
None but the uſeful Iron of the Plow.
That Bays might creep on every Spear;
And tho' our Sky was overſpread
With a deſtructive Red;
'Twas but till thou our Sun didſt in full Light appear.

VIII.

When *Ajax* dy'd, the purple Blood,
That from his gaping Wound had flow'd,
Turn'd into Letter, every Leaf
Had on it wrote his Epitaph:
So from that Crimſon Flood,
Which thou by Fate of times wert led,
Unwillingly to ſhed,
Letters, and Learning roſe, and renewed:
Thou fought'ſt not out of Envy, Hope, or Hate,
But to refine the Church and State;
And like the *Romans*, whate'er thou
In the Field of *Mars* didſt mow,
Was, that a Holy Iſland hence might grow.
Thy Wars, as Rivers raiſed by a Shower,
With welcome Clouds do pour:
Tho' they at firſt may ſeem
To carry all away with an enraged Stream;
Yet did not happen, that they might deſtroy,
Or the better parts annoy:
But all the Filth and Mud to ſcour,
And leave behind another Slime,
To give a birth to a more happy Power.

IX.

In Fields unconquer'd, and ſo well
Thou didſt in Battles and in Arms excel;
That ſteelly Arms themſelves might be
Worn out in War as ſoon as thee.
Succeſs ſo cloſe upon thy Troops did wait,
As if thou firſt hadſt conquer'd Fate;
As if uncertain Victory
Had been firſt overcome by thee;
As if her Wings were clipt, and could not flee,
Whilſt thou didſt only ſerve,

Before

Before thou hadſt what firſt thou didſt deſerve.
Others by thee did great things do,
Triumphd'ſt thy ſelf, and mad'ſt them triumph too;
Tho' they above thee did appear,
As yet in a more large and higher Sphere:
Thou the great Sun, gav'ſt Light to every Star;
Thy ſelf an Army wert alone,
And mighty Troops contain'd in one.
Thy only Sword did guard the Land,
Like that, which flaming in the Angel's Hand,
From Men God's Garden did defend:
But yet thy Sword did more, than his,
Not only guarded, but did make this Land a Paradiſe.

X.

Thou fought'ſt not to be High or Great,
Nor for a Scepter or a Crown,
Or Ermin, Purple, or the Throne;
But as the Veſtal Heat,
Thy Fire was kindled from above alone.
Religion putting on thy Shield,
Brought thee Victorious to the Field.
Thy Arms like thoſe, which Ancient Heroes wore,
Were giv'n thee by the God thou didſt adore;
And all the Swords thy Armies had,
Were on an Heavenly Anvil made.
Not Int'reſt, or any weak deſire
Of Rule or Empire, did thy Mind inſpire.
Thy Valour like the Holy Fire,
Which did before the *Perſian* Armies go,
Liv'd in the Camp, and yet was ſacred too.
Thy mighty Sword anticipiates,
What was reſerv'd by Heaven, and thoſe bleſt Seats,
And makes the Church triumphant here below:

XI.

Tho' Fortune did hang on thy Sword,
And did obey thy mighty Word;
Tho' Fortune for thy ſide and thee,
Forgot her lov'd Inconſtancy;
Amidſt thy Arms and Trophies thou
Wert valiant and gentle too;

Wounded'ſt

Wounded'ſt thy ſelf, when thou didſt kill thy Foe;
Like Steel, when it much work has paſt,
That which was rough does ſhine at laſt,
Thy Arms by being oftner us'd did ſmoother grow.
Nor did thy Battles make thee Proud, or High;
Thy Conqueſt rais'd the State, not Thee:
Thou overcam'ſt thy ſelf in every Victory.
As when the Sun in a directer Line,
Upon a poliſh'd Golden Shield doth ſhine,
The Shield reflects unto the Sun again his Light:
So when the Heavens ſmil'd on thee in Fight;
When thy propitious God had lent
Succeſs, and Victory to thy Tent,
To Heav'n again the Victory was ſent.

XII.

England till thou didſt come,
Confin'd her Valour home;
Then our own Rocks did ſtand
Bounds to our Fame, as well, as Land,
And were to us as well,
As to our Enemies unpaſſable:
We were aſham'd at what we read,
And bluſh'd at what our Fathers did,
Becauſe we came ſo far behind the Dead.
The *Britiſh* Lion hung his Main, and droop'd;
To Slavery and Burden ſtoop'd,
With a degenerate Sleep and Fear,
Lay in his Den, and languiſh'd there.
At whoſe leaſt Voice before,
A trembling Eccho ran through every Shore,
And ſhook the World at every Roar:
Thou his ſubdu'd Courage didſt reſtore,
Sharpen his Claws and his Eyes,
Mad'ſt the ſame dreadful Lightning riſe;
Mad'ſt him again affright the neighbouring Floods,
His mighty Thunder ſounds through all the Woods.
Thou haſt our Military Fame redeem'd,
Which was loſt, or clouded ſeem'd:
Nay, more, Heaven did by thee beſtow
On us, at once an Iron Age, and happy too.

XIII.

Till thou command'ſt that Azure Chain of Waves,
Which Nature round about us ſent,
Made us to every Pirate Slaves,
Was rather Burden than an Ornament.
Thoſe Fields of Sea that waſh'd our ſhores,
Were plow'd, and reap'd by other Hands than ours:
To us, the liquid Maſs,
Which doth about us run,
As 'tis to the Sun,
Only a Bed to ſleep on was:
And not as now a powerful Throne,
To ſhake and ſway the World thereon.
Our Princes in their Hand a Globe did ſhew,
But not a perfect one,
Compos'd of Earth and Water too:
But thy Commands the Floods obey'd,
Thou all the Wilderneſs of Water ſway'd;
Thou didſt not only wed the Sea,
Nor make her equal, but a Slave to thee.
Neptune himſelf did bear thy Yoke,
Stoop'd, and trembled at thy Stroke:
He that ruled all the Main,
Acknowled'd thee his Soveraign:
And now the conquer'd Sea doth pay
More Tribute to thy *Thames*, than that unto the Sea.

XIV.

Till now our Valour did our ſelves more hurt;
Our Wounds to other Nations were a ſport;
And as the Earth, our Land produc'd
Iron and Steel, which ſhould to tear our ſelves be us'd:
Our ſtrength within it ſelf did break,
Like thundring Cannons creak,
And kill'd thoſe, that were near,
While the Enemies ſecure and untouch'd were.
But now our Trumpets thou haſt made to Sound
Againſt our Enemies Walls in foreign Ground;
And yet no Eccho back to us returning found.
England is now the happy peaceful Iſle,
And all the World the while

Is exerciſing Arms and Wars
With Foreign, or Inteſtine Jars.
The Torch extinguiſh'd here, we lend to others Oyl,
We give to all, yet know our ſelves no fear;
We reach the Flame of Ruin and of Death,
Where-e'er we pleaſe, our Swords to unſheath,
Whilſt we in calm and temperate Regions breath:
Like to the Sun, whoſe heat is hurl'd
Through every Corner of the World;
Whoſe Flame through all the Air doth go,
And yet the Sun himſelf the while no Fire does know.

XV.

Beſides, the Glories of thy Peace
Are not in number, nor in value leſs.
Thy Hand did cure, and cloſe the Scars
Of our bloody Civil Wars;
Not only lanch'd but heal'd the Wound,
Made us again as healthy and as ſound.
When now the Ship was well nigh loſt,
After the Storm upon the Coaſt,
By its Mariners endanger'd moſt,
When they their Ropes and Helms had left;
When the Planks aſunder cleft,
And Floods came roaring in with mighty ſound,
Thou a ſafe Land and Harbour for us found,
And ſaved'ſt thoſe that would themſelvs have drown'd:
A work which none but Heaven and Thee could do,
Thou mad'ſt us happy whether we would or no:
Thy Judgment, Mercy, Temperance ſo great,
As if thoſe Vertues only in thy Mind had ſeat:
Thy Piety not only in the Field, but Peace,
When Heaven ſeem'd to be wanted leaſt;
Thy Temples not like *Janus* only were,
Open in time of War,
When thou hadſt greater cauſe of fear:
Religion and the awe of Heaven poſſeſt
All places and all times alike thy Breaſt.

XVI.

Nor didſt thou only for thy Age provide,
But for the Years to come beſide;

Our after-times, and late Poſterity,
Shall pay unto thy Fame, as much, as we;
They two are made by thee.
When Fate did call thee to a higher Throne,
And when thy mortal Work was done:
When Heaven did ſay it, and thou muſt be gone,
Thou him to bear thy burden choſe,
Who might (if any could) make us forget thy loſs;
Nor hadſt thou him deſign'd,
Had he not been
Not only to thy Blood, but Virtue kin,
Not only Heir unto thy Throne, but Mind:
'Tis he ſhall perfect all thy Cures,
And with a fine Thread weave out thy Loom:
So one did bring the choſen People from
Their Slavery and Fears,
Led them through their pathleſs Road,
Guided himſelf by God.
He brought them to the Borders; but a ſecond hand
Did ſettle and ſecure them in the promis'd Land.

Upon the late Storm, and Death of the Protector Oliver Cromwell, *enſuing the ſame. By Mr.* Waller.

WE muſt reſign; Heav'n his great Soul doth claim
In Storms, as loud, as his Immortal Fame.
His dying Groans, his laſt Breath ſhakes our Iſle,
And Trees uncut fall for his Funeral Pile.
About his Palace their broad Roots are toſt
Into the Air: So *Romulus* was loſt.
New *Rome* in ſuch a Tempeſt miſt their King,
And from obeying fell to worſhipping.
On *Oeta's* Top thus *Hercules* lay dead,
With ruin'd Oaks and Pines about him ſpread;
The Poplar too, whoſe Bough he us'd to wear
On his Victorious Head, lay proſtrate there.
Thoſe his laſt Fury from the Mountain rent,
Our dying Hero, from the Continent,

Raviſh'd

Raviſh'd whole Towns, and Forts from *Spaniards* reft,
As his laſt Legacy to *Britain* left.
The Ocean which ſo long our hopes confin'd,
Could give no Limits to his vaſter Mind,
Our Bounds enlargement was his lateſt Toil,
Nor hath he left us Priſoners to our Iſle:
Under the Tropick is our Language ſpoke,
And part of *Flanders* hath receiv'd our Yoke.
From Civil Broils he did us diſingage;
Found nobler Objects for our Martial Rage;
And with wiſe Conduct to his Country ſhew'd
Their ancient way of Conquering abroad.
Ungrateful then, if we no Tears allow
To him that gave us Peace and Empire too:
Princes that fear'd him, griev'd, concern'd to ſee
No pitch of Glory from the Grave is free.
Nature her ſelf took notice of his Death,
And ſighing ſwell'd the Sea with ſuch a Breath,
That to remoteſt Shores her Billows rowl'd,
Th' approaching Fate of her great Ruler told.

Directions to a Painter concerning the Dutch *War*: in 1667.

By Sir John Denham.

NAY, Painter, if thou dar'ſt deſign that Fight,
Which *Waller* only Courage had to write;
If thy bold Hands can without ſhaking draw,
What ev'n th' Actors trembl'd at when they ſaw,
Enough to make thy Colours change like theirs,
And all thy Pencils briſtle like their Hairs.
First in fit diſtance of the curling Main,
Paint *Allen* tilting ot the Coaſt of *Spain*;
Heroick Act! and never heard till now!
Stemming of *Herc'les* Pillars with the Prow!
And how he left his Ship the Hills to waft,
And with new Sea-marks *Cales* and *Dover* graft.
Next let the flaming *London* come in view,
Like *Nero*'s *Rome*, burnt to re-build it new;

What leſſer Sacrifice, than this, was meet
To offer for the ſafety of the Fleet?
Blow one Ship up, another thence will grow.
See what free Cities and wiſe Courts can do.
So ſome old Merchant to inſure his Name,
Marries afreſh, and Courtiers ſhare the Dame.
So whatſoe'er is broke, the Servants pay't,
And Glaſſes are more durable than Plate.
No May'r till now, ſo rich a Pageant feign'd,
Nor one Barge all the Companies contain'd.
Then Painter draw Cerulian *Coventry*,
Keeper, or rather Chancellor o'th' Sea;
And more exactly to expreſs his hue,
Uſe nothing but *Ultra-Mariniſh* Blue.
To pay his Fees, the Silver Trumpet ſpends,
And Boat-ſwain's Whiſtle for his Place depends;
Pilots in vain repeat their Compaſs o'er,
Until of him they learn that one Point more.
The conſtant Magnet to the Pole doth hold,
Steel to the Magnet, *Coventry* to Gold.
Muſcovy ſells us Pitch, and Hemp, and Tar:
Iron and Copper, *Sweden*; *Munſter*, War;
Aſhly, Prize; *Warwick*, Cuſtom; *Cart'ret*, Pay;
But *Coventry* doth ſell the Fleet away.
Now let our Navy ſtretch its Canvas Wings,
Swoln like his Purſe, with Tackling like his Strings,
By ſlow degrees of the increaſing Gale,
Firſt under Sail, and after under Sale.
Then in kind viſit unto *Opdam*'s Gout,
Hedge the *Dutch* in, only to let them out.
So Huntſmen fair unto the Hares give Law,
Firſt find them, and then civilly withdraw.
That the blind Archer when they take the Seas,
The *Hamborough* Convoy may betray with eaſe.
So that the Fiſh may more ſecurely bite,
The Angler baits the River over Night.
But Painter, now prepare, t'inrich thy Piece,
Pencil of Ermins, Oyl of Ambergreece:
See where the Dutcheſs, with triumphant trail
Of numerous Coaches, *Harwich* doth aſſail!

So

So the Land-Crabs, at Nature's kindly call,
Down to the Sea there to ingender crawl.
See then the Admiral with the Navy whole,
To *Harwich* through the Ocean carry Coal.
So Swallows buried in the Sea, at Spring
Return to Land, with Summer in their Wing.
One thrifty Ferry-boat of Mother-pearl,
Suffic'd of old the *Citharean* Girl;
Yet Navies are but Fopperies when here,
A ſmall Sea-mask, and built to court your Dear:
Three Goddeſſes in one; *Pallas* for Art,
Venus for Sport, but *Juno* in your Heart.
O Dutcheſs! if thy Nuptial Pomp was mean,
'Tis paid with Intereſt in thy Naval Scene.
Never did *Roman Mark* within the *Nile*,
So feaſt the fair *Ægyptian Crocodile*;
Nor the *Venetian Duke* with ſuch a ſtate
The *Adriatick* marry at that rate.
Now Painter, ſpare thy weaker Art; forbear
To draw her parting Paſſions and each Tear:
For Love, alas! hath but a ſhort delight;
The Sea, the *Dutch*, the King, all call'd to fight.
She therefore the Duke's Perſon recommends
To *Brunker*, *Pen* and *Coventry*, her Friends:
To *Pen* much, *Brunker* more, moſt *Coventry*;
For they ſhe knew were all more 'fraid, than he.
Of flying Fiſhes one had ſav'd the fin,
And hop'd by this he through the Air might ſpin.
The other thought he might avoid the Knell,
By the invention of the Diving Bell.
The third had try'd it, and affirm'd a Cable
Coild round about him was impenetrable.
But theſe the Duke rejected, only choſe
To keep far off; let others interpoſe.
Rupert that knew no fear, but Health did want,
Kept State ſuſpended in a Chair volant.
All ſave his Head ſhut in that wooden Caſe,
He ſhew'd but like a broken Weatherglaſs;
But arm'd with the whole Lyon Cap-a-Chin,
Did repreſent the *Hercules* within.

Dear ſhall the *Dutch* his twinging anguiſh know,
And ſee what Valour whet with Pain can do.
Curſt in the mean time be that treach'rous *Jael*,
That through his Princely Temples drove the Nail.
Rupert reſolv'd to fight it like a Lyon;
And *Sandwich* hop'd to fight it like *Arion*;
He to prolong his Life in the Diſpute,
And charm the *Holland Pirates*, tun'd his Lute,
Till ſome judicious *Dolphin* might approach,
And land him ſafe and ſound as any Roach.
Now Painter, reaſſume thy Pencils care,
Thou haſt but Skirmiſht yet, now Fight prepare;
And draw that Battle terrible to ſhow,
As the laſt Judgment was of *Angelo*.
Firſt let our Navy ſcowr through Silver Froth,
The Ocean's burdens, and the Kingdoms both;
Whoſe very bulk may repreſent its birth,
From *Hide* and *Paſton*, burdens of the Earth;
Hide whoſe tranſcendent Panch ſo ſwells of late,
That he the Rupture ſeems of Law and State;
Paſton, whoſe Belly bears more Millions
Than *Indian Carracks*, and contains more Tuns.
Let Shoals of Porpoiſes on every ſide
Wonder in ſwimming by our Oaks out-vy'd;
And the Sea-fowl all gaze, t' behold a thing
So vaſt, more ſwift and ſtrong than they of Wing.
But yet preſaging *George* they keep in ſight,
And follow for the Relicks of a Fight.
Then let the *Dutch* with well diſſembled Fear,
Or bold Deſpair, more than we wiſh draw near:
At which our Gallants, to the Sea but tender,
And more to Fight their eaſy Stomachs render;
With Breaſts ſo panting, that at every Stroke
You might have felt their Hearts beat through the Oak:
While one concerned in the interval
Of ſtraining Choler, thus did vent his Gall.
Noah *be damn'd! and all his Race accurſt,*
Who in Sea-brine did pickle Timber firſt!
What tho' he planted Vines, he Pines cut down,
He taught us how to Drink, and how to Drown.

He first built Ships, and in his Wooden Wall,
Saving but Eight, e'er since endanger'd all.
And thou Dutch *Necromantick Fryer, be damn'd,*
And in thine own first Mortar-piece be ram'd!
Who first invented Cannon in thy Cell,
Nitre from Earth, and Brimstone fetcht from Hell.
But damn'd, and treble damn'd in Clarendine,
Our Seventh Edward, *with all his House and Line!*
Who to divert the danger of the War,
With Bristol, *bounds us on the* Hollander:
Fool-coated Gown-man! sells to fight with Hans,
Dunkirk; *dismantling* Scotland, *quarrels* France;
And hopes he now hath bus'ness shap'd, and Power
T' out-last our Lives or his, and scape the Tower;
And that he yet may see, e'er he go down,
His dear Clarinda *circled in a Crown.*

By this time both the Fleets in reach dispute,
And each the other mortally salute:
Draw pensive *Neptune* biting of his Thumbs,
To think himself a Slave whoe'er o'ercomes.
The frighted Nymphs retreating to their Rocks,
Beating their blue Breasts, tearing their green Locks.
Paint *Eccho* slain, only th' alternate sound
From the repeating Cannon doth rebound.
Opdam Sails placed on his Naval Throne,
Assuming Courage greater than his own;
Makes to the Duke, and threatens him from far,
To nail him to his Boards like a Petar;
But in the vain attempt took Fire too soon,
And flies up in his Ship to catch the Moon.
Monsieurs like Rockets mount aloft, and crack
In thousand Sparks, then dancingly fall back.
Yet e'er this happen'd, destiny allow'd
Him his Revenge, to make his Death more proud.
A fatal Bullet from his side did range,
And batter'd *Lawson*: Oh too dear Exchange!
He led our Fleet that day too short a space,
But lost his Knee, since dy'd in glorious Race.
Lawson! whose Valour beyond Fate did go,
And still fights *Opdam* in the Lake below.

The

The Duke himſelf, tho' *Pen* did not forget,
Yet was not out of danger's Random ſet.
Falmouth was there, I know not what to act;
Some ſay 'twas to grow Duke too by contact.
An untaught Bullet in its wanton Scope,
Daſhes him all to pieces, and his *Hope*.
Such was his riſe, ſuch was his fall, unprais'd;
A Chance-ſhot ſooner took him, than Chance rais'd.
His ſhatter'd Head the fearleſs Duke diſtains,
And gave the laſt firſt proof, that he had Brains.
Bartlet had heard it ſoon, and thought not good
To venture more of Royal *Harding*'s Blood:
To be Immortal he was not of Age,
And did e'en now the *Indian Prize* preſage;
And judg'd it ſafe and decent, coſt what coſt,
To loſe the Day, *ſince his dear Brother's loſt*.
With his whole Squadron ſtraight away he bore,
And like good Boy, promis'd to fight no more.
The *Dutch Auranea* careleſs at us ſail'd;
And promiſed to do what *Opdam* fail'd:
Smith to the Duke doth intercept her way,
And cleaves t' her cloſer than a *Remora*:
The Captain wonder'd, and withal diſdain'd;
So ſtrongly by a thing ſo ſmall, detain'd;
And in a raging bravery to him runs,
They ſtab their Ships with one anothers Guns.
They fight ſo near, it ſeems to be on Ground,
And e'en the *Bullets* meeting, *Bullets* wound.
The Noiſe, the Smoak, the Fire, the Sweat, the Blood,
Is not to be expreſt, nor underſtood.
Each Captain from his Quarter-deck commands,
They wave their bright Swords glittering in their hands.
All Luxury of War, all Man can do,
In a *Sea-fight*, did paſs between them two.
But one muſt Conquer whoſoever Fight;
Smith takes the Giant, and is made a Knight.
Marlborough that knew, and durſt do more, than all,
Fell, undiſtinguiſht by an Iron-ball.
Dear Lord! but born under a Star ingrate!
No Soul more clear, and no more gloomy Fate!

Who

Who wou'd ſet up War's Trade, that means to thrive?
Death picks the Valiant out, Cowards ſurvive.
What the *Brave* merit, th' *Impudent* do vant;
And none's rewarded but the *Sycophant*.
Hence all his Life he againſt *Fortune* fenc'd,
Or not well known, or not well recompenc'd.
But envy not this praiſe t' his Memory,
None more prepar'd was, or leſs fit to dye.
Rupert did others, and himſelf excel:
Holms, *Tydiman*, *Minns*; bravely *Sanſon* fell.
What others did, let none ommitted, blame,
I ſhall record, whoe'er brings in his Name.
But unleſs after-ſtories diſagree,
Nine only came to fight, the reſt to ſee.
Now all conſpire unto the *Dutchmens* loſs;
The Wind, the Fire, we, they themſelves do croſs.
When a ſweet Sleep began the Duke to drown,
And with ſoft Diadems his Temples crown:
And firſt he orders all the reſt to Watch,
And *They* the *Foe*, whilſt *He* a *Nap* doth catch:
But lo, *Brunker* by a ſecret inſtinct,
Slept on, nor needed; he all day had winkt.
The *Duke* in Bed, he then firſt draws his Steel,
Whoſe virtue makes the miſled Compaſs wheel.
So e'er *He* wak'd, both Fleets were innocent:
And *Brunker* Member is of Parliament.

And now, dear Painter, after pains, like thoſe,
'Twere time that I and thou too do repoſe.
But all our Navy ſcap'd ſo ſound of Limb,
That a ſhort ſpace ſerv'd to refreſh and trim;
And a tame *Fleet* of theirs doth Convoy want,
Laden with both the *Indies* and *Levant*:
Paint but this one Scene more, the World's our own,
And Halcyon *Sandwich* doth Command alone.
To *Bergen* we with confidence make haſte,
And ſecret Spoils by Hope already taſte;
Tho' *Clifford* in the Character appear
Of *Supra-Cargo* to our Fleet, and there
Wearing a Signet ready to clap on,
And ſeize all for his Maſter *Arlington*.

Ruyter whoſe little Sqadron skim'd the Seas,
And waſted our remoteſt Colonies,
With Ships all foul, return'd upon our way;
Sandwich would not diſperſe, nor yet delay;
And therefore like Commander grave and wiſe,
To ſcape his Sight and Fight, ſhut both his Eyes;
And for more State and Sureneſs, *Cutten* true
The left Eye cloſeth, the right *Mountague*;
And even *Clifford* proffer'd in his Zeal,
To make all ſafe, t' apply to both his Seal.
Ulyſſes ſo, till Syrens he had paſt,
Would by his Mates be pinion'd to the Maſt.
Now can our Navy view the wiſhed Port,
But there (to ſee the Fortune!) was a Fort:
Sandwich would not be beaten, nor yet beat;
Fools only fight, the Prudent uſe to treat.
His Couſin *Mountague* by Court-diſaſter,
Dwindled into the Wooden Horſe's Maſter:
To ſpeak of Peace ſeem'd amongſt all moſt proper,
Had *Talbot* then treated of nought but Copper.
Or what are Forts, when void of Ammunition?
With Friends or Foes what would we more condition?
Yet we three days, till the *Dutch* furniſh'd all,
Men, Powder, Money, Cannon——treat with Wall!
Then *Tydiman* finding the *Danes* would not,
Sent in ſix Captains bravely to be ſhot.
And *Mountague*, tho' dreſt like any Bride,
And aboard him too, yet was reach'd and dy'd:
Sad was the Chance, and yet a deeper Care
Wrinkled his Membranes under Forehead fair.
The *Dutch Armado* yet had th' Impudence
To put to Sea, to waft their Merchants thence;
For as if all their Ships, of *Wallnut* were,
The more we beat them, ſtill the more they bear:
But a good Pilot, and a favouring Wind,
Brings *Sandwich* back, and once again did blind.
Now gentle Painter, e'er we leap on Shore,
With the laſt Strokes ruffle a Tempeſt o'er;
As if in our Reproach, the Wind and Seas
Would undertake the *Dutch*, while we take eaſe.

The

The Seas, the Spoils within our Hatches throw,
The Winds both Fleets into our Mouths do blow.
Strew all their Ships along the Shore by ours,
As eaſily to be gather'd up as Flow'rs:
But *Sandwich* fears for Merchants to miſtake
A Man of War, and among Flow'rs a Snake.
Tho' *Indian* Ships pregnant with Eaſtern Pearl,
And Diamonds, ſate th' Officers and Earl:
Then warning off our Fleet, he it divides
Into the Ports, and ſo to *Oxford* rides.
Mean while the *Dutch* uniting to our Shames,
Ride all inſulting o'er the *Downs* and *Thames*!
Now treating *Sandwich* ſeems the fitteſt choice
For *Spain*, there to condole, and to rejoice.
He meets the *French*; but to avoid all harms,
Ships to the *Groyn*: *Embaſſies bears no Arms*:
There let him languiſh a long Quarantain,
And ne'er to *England* come till he be clean.
Thus having fought, we know not why as yet;
We've done we know not what, nor what we get:
If to eſpouſe the Ocean all this pains,
Princes unite, and do forbid the Bains.
If to diſcharge Phanaticks, this makes more;
For all Phanaticks, are when they are poor:
Or of the Houſe of Commons to repay,
Their Prize-Commiſſions are transferr'd away:
But if for triumphant Checksſtones, and ſhell
For Dutcheſs Cloſet, it ſucceeded well.
If to make Parliaments, as odious Paſs,
Or to reſerve a ſtanding Force, alas!
Or if, as juſt, *ORANGE* to re-inſtate,
Inſtead of that, he is regenerate:
And with four Millions vainly giv'n as ſpent,
And with five Millions more of detriment,
Our Sums amount yet only to have won
A Baſtard *Orange* for Pimp *Ar——ton.*
Now may Hiſtorians argue *con* and *pro*;
Denham ſays thus; tho' always *Waller* ſo:
And he, good Man, in his long Sheet and Staff,
This Penance did for *Cromwell*'s Epitaph.

And

And his next Theme muſt be o'th' Duke's Miſtreſs;
Advice to draw Madam *l'Edificatreſs.*
Henceforth, O *Gemini!* two Dukes command,
Caſtor and *Pollux*, *Aumarle* and *Comberland.*
Since in one Ship, it had been fit they'd went
In *Petty*'s Double-Keel'd *Experiment.*

To the KING. By Sir *John Denham.*

IMperial Prince! King of the Seas and Iſles!
Dear Object of our Joy, and Heaven's ſmiles!
What boots it that thy Light doth gild our Days,
That we lie basking in thy milder Rays,
While Swarms of Inſects, from thy warmth begun,
Our Land devour, and intercept our Sun?
Thou, like Jove's Minos, *rul'd a greater* Creet;
And for its hundred Cities, count'ſt thy Fleet.
*Why wilt thou that State-*Dædalus *allow,*
Who builds thee but, a Lab'rinth, and a Cow?
If thou art Minos, *be a Judge ſevere,*
In his own Maze confine the Engineer.
O may our Sun, ſince he too nigh preſumes,
Melt the ſoft Wax wherewith he imps his Plumes!
And may he falling leave his hated Name
Unto thoſe Seas his War hath ſet on Flame!
From that Enchanter having clear'd thine Eyes,
Thy native Sight will pierce within the Skies,
And view thoſe Kingdoms calm with Joy and Light,
Where's Univerſal Triumph, but no Fight.
Since both from Heaven thy Race and Power deſcend,
Rule by its Pattern there to re-aſcend.
Let Juſtice only awe, and Battel ceaſe;
Kings are but Cards in War; they're Gods in Peace.

Directions

Directions to a Painter. By Sir John Denham.

Sandwich in *Spain* now, and the Duke in Love;
Let's with new Generals, a new Painter prove.
Lilly's a *Dutchman*, danger's in his Art,
His Pencils may Intelligence impart.
Thou *Gibson*, that among thy Navy ſmall
Of Muſcle-ſhells, commandeſt Admiral;
Thy ſelf ſo ſlender, that thou ſhew'ſt no more
Than Barnacle new hatch'd of them before:
Come mix thy Water-Colours, and expreſs
Drawing in little what we yet do loſs.
First, paint me *George* and *Rupert* ratling far
Both in one Box, like the two Dice of War;
And let the Terror of their linked Name
Fly thro' the Air, like Chain-ſhot, tearing Fame:
Jove in one Cloud did ſcarcely ever wrap
Lightning ſo fierce, but never ſuch a Clap.
United Generals ſure are th' only Spell,
Wherewith *United Provinces* to quell.
Alas, e'en they, tho' ſhell'd in treble Oak,
Will prove an addle Egg with double Yolk.
And therefore next uncouple either Hound,
And loo them at two Hares e'er one be found.
Rupert and *Beaufort*, halloo; ah, there *Rupert*
Like the Phantaſtick hunting of St. *Hubert*;
When he with airy Hounds, and Horn of Air,
Purſues by *Fountainbleau* the witchy Hare.
Deep providence of State! that could ſo ſoon
Fight *Beaufort* here e'er he had quit *Thouloon*.
So have I ſeen, e'er Human Quarrels riſe,
Forboding Meteors combate in the Skies.
But let the Prince to fight with Rumour go,
The General meets a more ſubſtantial Foe:
Ruyter he ſpies, and full of youthful Heat,
Tho' half their number, thinks the odds too great.
The Fowler watching ſo his watry ſpot,
And more the Fowl, hopes for the better Shot.

Tho'

Tho' ſuch a Limb was from his Navy torn,
He found no weakneſs yet, like *Sampſon* ſhorn;
But ſwoln with Senſe of former Glory won,
Thought *Monk* muſt be by *Albemarl* out-done:
Little he knew with the ſame Arm and Sword,
How far the Gentleman out cuts the Lord.
Ruyter, inferior unto none for Art,
Superior now in Number and in Heart;
Ask'd if he thought, as once our Rebel Nation,
To conquer theirs too with a Declaration?
And threatens, tho' he now ſo proudly Sail,
He ſhall tread back his *Iter Boreale:*
This ſaid, he the ſhort period, e'er it ends,
With Iron-words from Brazen-mouth extends:
Monk yet prevents him e'er the Natives meet,
And charges in himſelf alone a Fleet;
And with ſo quick and frequent Motion wound
His murdering ſides about, the Ship ſeem'd round;
And the Exchanges of his Circling Tire,
Like whirling Hoops, ſhew'd of triumphant Fire.
Single he doth at their whole Navy aim,
And ſhoots them though a Porcupine of Flame.
In Noiſe ſo regular his Cannons met,
You'd think that Thunder was to muſick ſet:
Ah! had the reſt but kept a Time as true,
What Age could ſuch a Martial Conſort ſhew!
The liſtning Air unto the diſtant Shore,
Through ſecret Pipes convey the tuned Roar:
Till as the Eccho's vaniſhing, abate,
Men feel a dead Sound like the Pulſe of State.
If Fate expire, let *Monk* her place ſupply,
His Guns determine who ſhall live or die.
But *Victory* doth always hate a Rant;
Valour's her *Brave*, but *Skill* is her *Gallant*.
Ruyter no leſs with virtuous Envy burns,
And Prodigies for Miracles returns.
Yet he obſerv'd how ſtill his Iron-Balls
Recoi'd in vain againſt our Oaken Walls;
How the hard Pellets fall away as dead,
By our inchanted Timber fillipped.

Leave

Leave then, ſaid he, th' invulnerable Keel,
We'll find they're feeble, like *Achilles* Heel.
He quickly taught, pours in continual Clouds
Of chain'd Dilemma's through our ſinew'd Shrowds.
Foreſts of Maſts fall with their rude embrace,
Our ſtiff Sails maſht, and netted into Lace;
Till our whole Navy lay their wanton Mark,
Nor any Ship could ſail but as the Ark,
Shot in the Wing, ſo at the Powder's call,
The diſappointed Bird doth fluttering fall.
Yet *Monk* diſabl'd ſtill ſuch Courage ſhews,
That none into his mortal Gripe dare cloſe:
So an old Buſtard, maim'd, yet loth to yield,
Duels the Fowler in *New-Market* Field.
But ſince he found it was in vain to Fight,
He imps his Plumes the beſt he can for Flight:
This, Painter, were a noble Task to tell,
What indignation his great Breaſt did ſwell.

Nor virtuous Man unworthily abus'd,
Not conſtant Lover without cauſe refus'd,
Not honeſt Merchant broke, nor skilful Player
Hiſt off the Stage, nor Sinner in deſpair;
Not Parents mockt, nor Favourites diſgrac'd,
Not Rump by Monk, *or* Oliver *diſplac'd;*
Not Kings depos'd, nor Prelates e'er they die,
Feel half the Rage as Gen'rals when they fly.

Ah, rather than tranſmit the Tale to Fame,
Draw Curtains, gentle Artiſt, o'er the ſhame.
Caſhier the Memory of *Dutell*, rais'd up
To taſte inſtead of Death, his Highneſs Cup;
And if the thing were true, yet paint it not,
How *Bartlet*, as he long deſerv'd, was ſhot.
Tho' others, that ſurvey'd the Corps ſo clear,
Said he was only petrifi'd with fear.
If ſo, th' hard Statue mummi'd without Gum,
Might the *Dutch* Balm have ſpar'd, and *Engliſh* Tomb.
Yet if thou wilt paint *M I N N S* turn'd all to Soul,
And the great *HARMAN* almoſt chark'd to Coal;

And *JORDAN* old worthy thy Pencil's pain,
Who all the while held up the Ducal Train:
But in a duskie Cloud hide *Askew*, when
He quit the Prince t'embark in *Loveſtein*;
And wounded Ships, which we immortal Boaſt,
Now firſt led Captive to an Hoſtile Coaſt.
But moſt with ſtory of his Hand and Thumb,
Conceal (as Honour would) his Grace's Bum,
When the large Bullet a large Collop tore
Out of that Buttock, never turn'd before.
Fortune (it ſeems) would give him by that laſh,
Gentle Correction for his Fight ſo raſh.
But ſhould the Rump perceiv't, they'd ſay that *Mars*
Had now reveng'd them upon *Aumarle*'s Arſe.
The long Diſaſter better o'er to vail,
Paint only *Jonas* three Days in the Whale:
For no leſs time did conqu'ring *Ruyter* chaw
Our flying Gen'ral in his Spungy Jaw.
Then draw the youthful *Perſeus* all in haſte,
From a Sea-Beaſt to free the Virgin chaſt;
But neither riding *Pegaſus* for ſpeed,
Nor with the *Gorgon* ſhielding at his need;
So *Rupert* the Sea-Dragon did invade,
But to ſave *George*, himſelf, and not the Maid.
And tho' arriving late, he quickly miſt
Ev'n Sails to fly, unable to reſiſt.
Not *Greenland* Seamen that ſurvive the fright
Of the cold Chaos, and half Eternal Night,
So gladly the returning Sun adore,
Or run to ſpy the next Year's Fleet from Shore,
Hoping yet once within the Oily ſide
Of the fat Whale, again their Spears to hide,
As our glad Fleet with univerſal Shout
Salute the Prince, and wiſh the ſecond bout.
Nor Winds, long Priſoners in Earth's hollow Vault,
The fallow Seas ſo eagerly aſſault,
As fiery *Rupert* with revengeful Joy,
Doth on the *Dutch* his hungry Courage cloy;
But ſoon unrigg'd, lay like an uſeleſs Board;
(As wounded in the Wriſt men drop their Sword)

When

When a propitious Cloud between us ſtept,
And in our Aid did *Ruyter* intercept.
Old *Homer* yet did never introduce,
To ſave his *Heroes*, Miſts of better uſe.
Worſhip the Sun, who dwell where he doth riſe;
This Miſt doth more deſerve our Sacrifice.
Now joyful Fiers, and the exalted Bell,
And Court-Gazettes our empty Triumphs tell.
Alas, the time draws near, when overturn'd,
Thy lying Bells ſhall thro' their Tongues be burn'd.
Paper ſhall want to print that Lie of State,
And our *falſe Fires true Fires* ſhall expiate.
Stay, Painter, here a while, and I will ſtay;
Nor vex the future Times with my ſurvey.
Seeſt not the *Monky Dutcheſs* all undreſt?
Paint thou but her, and ſhe'll paint all the reſt.
This ſad Tale found her in her outward Room,
Nailing up Hangings not of *Perſian* Loom:
Like chaſte *Penelope* that ne'er did rome,
But made all ſine againſt her *GEORGE* came home.
Upon a Ladder, in her Coats much ſhorter,
She ſtood with Groom and Coachman for Supporter;
And careleſs what they ſaw, or what they thought,
With *Honi Penſe* full honeſtly ſhe wrought.
One Tenter drove, to loſe no time or place,
At once the Ladder they remove, and Grace.
Whilſt thus they her tranſlate from *North* to *Eaſt*,
In poſture juſt of a four-footed Beaſt,
She heard the News: but alter'd yet no more,
Than that which was behind ſhe turn'd before;
Nor would come down, but with an Handkercher,
Which Pocket foul did to her Neck prefer;
She ſhed no Tears, for ſhe was too Viraginous,
But only ſnuffing her Trunk Cartilaginous,
From Scaling Ladder ſhe began a Story,
Worthy to be had in *Memento Mori*;
Arraigning paſt, and preſent, and *futuri*,
With a prophetick, if not fiendly Fury.
Her Hair began to creep, her Belly ſound,
Her Eyes to ſparkle, and her Udder bound;

Half *Witch*, half *Prophet*; thus the *Albemarle*,
Like *Presbyterian* Sibyl, 'gan to ſnarl:
Traytors both to my Lord, and to the King!
Nay, now it is beyond all ſuffering!
One Valiant Man by Land, and he muſt be
Commanded out to ſtop their Leaks at Sea.
Yet ſend him *Rupert*, as an helper meet;
Firſt the Commands dividing, then the Fleet:
One may if they be beat, or both be hit;
Or if they overcome, yet Honour ſplit.
But reck'ning *GEORGE* already knockt o'th' head,
They cut him out like Beef e'er he be dead:
Each for a Quarter hopes; the firſt do skip,
But ſhall fall ſhort tho' at the Gen'ral-ſhip.
Next they for *Maſter of the Horſe* agree;
A third the *Cock-pit* begs, not any Me.
But they ſhall know, ay marry ſhall they do,
That who the *Cock-pit* hath, ſhall have Me too:
I told *George* firſt, as *Calamy* told me,
If the King brought theſe o'er, how it would be:
Men that there pick his Pocket to his Face,
And ſell Intelligence to buy a Place.
That their Religion's pawn'd for Cloaths, nor care,
'Tis run ſo long now, to redeem't, nor dare.
O what egregious Loyalty to cheat!
O what Fidelity it was to Eat!
Whilſt *Langdales*, *Hoptons*, *Glenhams* ſtarv'd abroad,
And here true Roy'liſts ſink beneath their load.
Men that did there affront, defame, betray
The King, and ſo do here; now, who but they!
What! ſay I Men! nay rather Monſters; Men
Only in Bed, nor to my Knowledge then.
See how they home return'd in revel rout,
With the ſmall Manners that they firſt went out:
Not better grown, nor wiſer all the while,
Renew the Cauſes of their firſt Exile:
As if, to ſhew the Fool what 'tis I mean,
I choſe a foul Smock, when I might have clean.
Firſt, they for fear disband the Army tame,
And leave good *George* a Gen'ral's empty Name.

Then

Then Biſhops muſt revive, and all unfix
With Diſcontents, to content Twenty ſix:
The Lords Houſe drains the Houſes of the Lord,
For Biſhops Voices ſilencing the Word.
O *Bartholmew*! Saint of their Kalendar!
What's worſe, th' *Ejection* or the *Maſſacre*?
Then *Culpeper*, *Glouſter*, and the *Princeſs* dy'd;
Nothing can live that interrupts an *Hyde*.
O more than Human *GLOSTER*! Fate did ſhew
Thee but to Earth, and back again withdrew.
Then the fat Scrivener doth begin to think
'Twas time to mix the Royal Blood with Ink.
Berkly that ſwore as oft as he had Toes,
Doth kneeling now her Chaſtity depoſe;
Juſt as the firſt *French Card'nal* could reſtore
Maidenhead to his Widow, Niece and Whore.
For Portion, if ſhe could prove light when weigh'd,
Four *Millions* ſhall within three years be paid:
To raiſe it, we muſt have a *Naval War*,
As if 'twere nothing but *Tara-Tan Tar*!
Abroad all Princes diſobliging firſt,
At home all Parties but the very worſt:
To tell of *Ireland*, *Scotland*, *Dunkirk*'s ſad;
Or the King's Marriage: But he thinks I'm mad.
And ſweeter Creatures never ſaw the Sun,
If we the King wiſh *Monk*, or th' Queen a *Nun*.
But a *Dutch* War ſhall all theſe Rumours ſtill,
Bleed out theſe Humours, and our Purſes fill;
Yet after four days Fight, they clearly ſaw
'Twas too much danger for a Son-in-Law;
Hire him to leave, for *Sixſcore thouſand Pound*;
So with the King's Drums Men for Sleep compound.
But modeſt *Sandwich* thought it might agree
With the State-prudence, to do leſs than he;
And to excuſe their timorouſneſs and ſloth,
They found how *George* might now do leſs than both.
First *Smith* muſt for *Legborn*, with force enough
To venture back again, but not go through.
Beaufort is there, and to their dazling Eyes
The diſtance more the Object magnifies;

Yet this they gain, that *Smith* his time ſhould loſe,
And for my Duke too cannot interpoſe.
But fearing that our Navy, *George* to break,
Might yet not be ſufficiently weak;
The Secretary, that had never yet
Intelligence, but from his own Gazette,
Diſcovers a great Secret, fit to ſell,
And pays himſelf for't, e'er he would it tell;
Beaufort is in the Channel; Hixy here!
Doxy *Thouloon*! *Beaufort* is ev'ry where.
Herewith aſſembling the Supreme Divan,
Where enters none but Devil, *NED* and *NAN*,
And upon this pretence they ſtraight deſign'd,
The Fleet to ſep'rate, and the World to blind.
Monk to the *Dutch*, and *Rupert* (here the Wench
Could not but ſmile) is deſtin'd to the *French*.
To write the Order, *Briſtol*'s Clerk is choſe;
One ſlit in's Pen, the other in his Noſe.
For he firſt brougbt the News, it is his place;
He'll ſee the Fleet divided like his Face;
And through the cranny in his griſly part,
To the *Dutch* Chink Intelligence impart.
The Plot ſucceeds; the *Dutch* in haſte prepar'd,
And poor Peel-Garlick *George*'s Arſe they ſhar'd;
And then preſuming of his certain Wrack,
To help him late, they ſend for *Rupert* back.
Officious *Will* ſeem'd fitteſt, as afraid,
Leſt *George* ſhould look too far into his Trade.
At the firſt Draught they pauſe, with Stateſmens care,
They write it foul, then copy is as fair;
And then compare them, when at laſt it's ſign'd,
Will ſoon his Purſe-ſtrings, but no Soul could find.
At Night he ſends it by the Common Poſt,
To ſave the King of an Expreſs the coſt.
Lord, what ado to pack one Letter hence!
Some Patents paſs with leſs circumference.
Well *George*, in ſpite of them thou ſafe doſt ride,
Leſſen'd I hope in nought but thy backſide;
For as to Reputation, this Retreat
Of thine exceeds the Victories ſo great.

Nor

Nor ſhalt thou ſtir from hence, by my conſent,
Till thou haſt made the *Dutch* and *Them* repent.
'Tis true, I want ſo long the Nuptial Gift,
But as I oft have done, I'll make a ſhift.
Nor will I with vain Pomp accoſt the Shore,
To try thy Valour at *the Buoy o' th' Nore.*
Fall to thy Work there *George*, as I do here;
Cheriſh the Valiant up, Cowards caſhire:
See that the Men have Pay, and Beef, and Beer,
Find out the Cheats of the four Millioneer.
Out of the very Beer, they ſell the Malt;
Powder of Powder, from powder'd Beef they Salt.
Put thy Hand to the Tub, inſtead of Ox,
They victual with *French Pork* that hath the Pox.
Ne'er ſuch ill Cotqueans by ſmall Arts do wring,
Ne'er ſuch ill Huſwives in the managing!
Purſers at Sea know fewer Cheats than they,
Marriners on Shore leſs madly ſpend their Pay.
See that thou haſt new Sails thy ſelf, and ſpoil
All their Sea-market, and their *Cable coyl.*
Look that good *Chaplains* on each Ship do wait,
Nor the Sea-Dioceſs be impropriate.
Look to the ſick and wounded Pris'ners; all
Is Prize; they rob even the *Hoſpital.*
Recover back the Prizes too; in vain
We fight, if all be *taken* that is *ta'en.*
Now by our Coaſt the *Dutchman, like a Flight*
Of feeding Ducks, Ev'ning and Morning light:
How our *Land-Hectors* tremble, void of Senſe,
As if they came ſtraight to tranſport them hence.
Some Sheep are ſtoll'n; the Kingdom's all array'd,
And ev'n *Prsbyters* now call'd on for aid.
They wiſh ev'n *George* divided to commmand,
One half of him at Sea, and one on Land.
What's that I ſee! ah, 'tis my *George* agen!
It ſeems they in ſev'n Weeks have rigg'd him then,
The curious Heav'ns with Lightning him ſurrounds,
To view him and his Name in *Thunder* ſounds.
But with the ſame ſhift goes, their Navy's near:
So, e'er we hunt, the Keeper ſhoots the Deer.

Stay Heaven a while, and thou ſhalt ſee him Sail,
And *George* too, he can Thunder, Lighten, Hail.
Happy the time that I e'er wedded *George*,
The Sword of *England* and the *Holland* Scourge.
Avant *Rotterdam* Dog, *Ruyter* avant,
Thou Water-Rat, thou Shark, thou Cormorant:
I'll teach thee to ſhoot Sciſſors: I'll repair
Each Rope thou loſeſt *George*, out of this Hair.
'Tis ſtrong and coarſe enough; I'll hem this ſhift,
E're thou ſhalt lack a Sail, and lie a-drift.
Bring home the old ones, *I again will ſew,*
And darn them up, to be as good as new.
What, twice diſabled! never ſuch a thing!
Now *Soveraign* help him that brought in the *King*.
Guard thy Poſteriors, *George*, e'er all be gone,
Tho' Jury-Maſts, thou'ſt Jury-Buttocks none.
Courage! How bravely (whet with this diſgrace)
He turns, and Bullets ſpits in *Ruyter's* Face.
They fly, they fly, their Fleet doth now divide,
But they diſcard their *Trump*; our *Trump* is *Hyde*.
Where are you now, *de Ruyter*, with your Bears?
See where your Merchants burn about your Ears.
Fire out the Waſps, *George*, from the hollow Trees,
Cram'd with the Honey of our *Engliſh* Bees.
Ah now they are paid for *Guinea:* e'er they ſteer
To the Gold Coaſt, they find it hotter here.
Turn all your Ships to Stoves e'er you ſet forth,
To warm your Traffick in the frozen North.
Ah *Sandwich*! had thy Conduct been the ſame,
Bergen had ſeen a leſs but richer Flame;
Nor *Ruyter* liv'd new Battels to repeat,
And oftner beaten be, than we can beat.
Scarce had *George* leiſure after all his pain,
To tye his Breeches; *Ruyter's* out again.
Thrice in one Year! Why ſure this Man is wood:
Beat him like Stock-fiſh, or he'll ne'er be good.
I ſee them both again prepare to try;
The firſt ſhot through each other with the Eye.
Then — but the ruling Providence that muſt
With Human Projects play, as Wind with Duſt,

Raiſes

Raiſes a Storm. So Conſtables a Fray
Knock down, and ſend them both well cuff'd away.
Plant now *New England* Firs in *Engliſh* Oak,
Build your Ships Ribs proof to the Cannon-ſtroke:
To get the Fleet to Sea, exhauſt the Land;
Let Longing Princes pine for the Command:
Strong March-panes! Wafers lights! ſo thin a puff
Of angry Air can ruin all that Huff:
So Champions have ſhar'd the Liſts and Sun,
The Judge throws down's Award, and they (have done.
For ſhame come home *George*, 'tis for *thee* too *much*
To Fight at once *with Heaven and the* Dutch.
Woe's me! what ſee I next, alas! the Fate
I ſee of *England*, and its utmoſt Date.
Thoſe Flames of theirs at *which* we fondly ſmile,
Kindle like *Torches* our *Sepulchral Pile.*
War, Fire, and Plague againſt us all conſpire;
We *the War*, God *the Plague*, who rais'd *the Fire*?
See *how* Men all like *Ghoſts*, while *London* burns,
Wander, and *each* over his Aſhes mourns!
Curs'd be *the Man that firſt begat this War*,
In an ill *Hour*, under a blazing Star.
For *Others* ſport, two Nations fight a Prize;
Between them both, Religion wounded dies.
So of firſt Troy, *the angry Gods unpaid*,
Raz'd the Foundations which themſelves had laid.
Welcome, tho' late, dear *George*: here (thou bin,
We'd ſcap'd: (let *Rupert* bring the Navy in.)
Thou ſtill muſt help them out when in the mire;
Gen'ral at Land, at Plague, at Sea, at Fire.
Now thou art gone, ſee *Beaufort* dares approach,
And our Fleet angling, as to catch a *Roach.*
Gibſon farewel, till next we put to Sea:
Truth is, thou'ſt drawn her in Effigie.

To

To the KING. By Sir *John Denham.*

GReat Prince, and ſo much Greater, as more wiſe;
Sweet as our Life, and dearer than our Eyes;
What Servants will conceal, and Councils ſpare
To tell, the Painter and the Poets dare.
And the aſſiſtance of an Heavenly Muſe,
And Pencil, repreſent the Crimes abſtruſe.
Here needs no Fleet, no Sword, no Foreign Foe;
Only let Vice be damn'd, and Juſtice flow.
Shake but, like Jove, *thy Locks divine, and frown,*
Thy Scepter will ſuffice to guard thy Crown.
Hark to Caſſandra's *Song, e'er Fate deſtroy,*
By thy loud-Navy's wooden Horſe, thy Troy.
As our Apollo, *from the Tumults wave,*
And gentle Calms, tho' but in Oars will ſave;
So Philomel *her ſad Embroydery ſtrung,*
And vocal Silks tun'd with her Needles Tongue.
The Pictures dumb in Colours loud reveal'd;
The Tragedies at Court ſo long conceal'd;
But when reſtor'd to Voice inclos'd with Wings,
To Woods and Groves what once the Painter ſings.

Directions to a Painter. By Sir John Denham.

DRaw *England* ruin'd, by what was given before,
Then draw the Commons ſlow in giving more.
Too late grown wiſer, they their Treaſure ſee
Conſum'd by Fraud, or loſt by Treachery;
And vainly now would ſome Account receive
Of thoſe vaſt Sums which they ſo idly gave,
And truſted to the management of ſuch
As *Dunkirk* ſold, to make War with the *Dutch.*
Dunkirk, deſign'd once to a nobler Uſe,
Than to erect a petty Lawyer's Houſe.
But what Account could they from thoſe expect,
Who to grow Rich themſelves the State neglect?

Men,

Men, who in *England* have no other Lot,
Than what they by betraying it have got;
Who can pretend to nothing but Diſgrace,
Where neither Birth nor Merit find a place.
Plague, Fire, and War, have been the Nation's Curſe,
But to have theſe our Rulers, is a worſe.
Yet draw theſe Cauſers of the Kingdom's Woe,
Still urging Dangers from our growing Foe,
Asking new Aid for War with the ſame Face,
As if, when given, they meant not to make Peace.
Mean while they cheat the Publick with ſuch haſte,
They will have nothing, that may eaſe it, paſt.
The Law 'gainſt *Iriſh* Cattle they condemn,
As ſhewing diſtruſt o'th' King, that is, of them.
Yet they muſt now ſwallow this bitter Pill,
Or Money want, which was the greater ill.
And then the King to *Weſtminſter* is brought,
Imperfectly to ſpeak the Chanc'llors Thought;
In which, as if no Age could parallel
A Prince and Council that had rul'd ſo well,
He tells the Parliament he cannot brook,
Whate'er in them like Jealouſy doth look:
Adds, that no Grievances the Nation load,
While we're undone at home, deſpis'd abroad.
Thus paſt the *Iriſh* with the Money-Bill,
The firſt not half ſo good, as th' other ill.
With theſe new Millions might we not expect
Our Foes to vanquiſh, or our ſelves protect;
If not to beat them off uſurped Seas,
At laſt to force an honourable Peace?
But tho' the angry Fate, or Folly rather,
Of our perverted State allow us neither;
Could we hope leſs, than to defend our Shores,
Or guard our Harbours, Forts, our Ships and Stores?
We hop'd in vain: Of theſe remaining are,
Not what we ſav'd, but wat the *Dutch* did ſpare.
Such was our Rulers generous Stratagem;
A Policy worthy of none but them.
After two Millions more laid on the Nation,
The Parliament grows ripe for Prorogation;

They

They riſe, and now a Treaty is confeſt,
'Gainſt which before theſe State-cheats did proteſt.
A Treaty which too well makes it appear,
Theirs, not the Kingdom's Intereſt, is their care.
Stateſmen of old, *thought Arms the way to* Peace;
Ours ſcorn ſuch thred-bare Policies as theſe:
All, that was given for the *State*'s Defence,
They think too little for their own Expence:
Or if from that they any thing can ſpare,
It is to buy Peace, not maintain a War.
For which great work Embaſſadors muſt go
With bare Submiſſions to our arming Foe.
Thus leaving a defenceleſs *State* behind,
Vaſt Fleets preparing by the *Belgians* find;
Againſt whoſe Fury what can us defend?
Whilſt our great Politicians here depend
Upon the *Dutch* good Nature: *For when Peace*
(Say they) *is making, Acts of War muſt ceaſe.*
Thus were we by the Name of *Truce* betray'd,
Tho' by the *Dutch* nothing like it was made.
Here, Painter, let thine Art deſcribe a Story,
Shaming our Warlike Iſland's ancient Glory:
A Scene which never on our Seas appear'd,
Since our firſt Ships were on the Ocean ſteer'd.
Make the *Dutch* Fleet while we ſupinely ſleep,
Without Oppoſers, Maſters of the Deep:
Make them ſecurely the *Thames*-mouth invade,
At once depriving us of that and Trade:
Draw Thunder from their floating Caſtles, ſent
Againſt our Forts weak, as our Government:
Draw *Wollidge*, *Deptford*, *London*, and the *Tower*,
Meanly abandon'd to a Foreign Power.
Yet turn their firſt Attempt another way,
And let their Cannons upon *Sheerneſs* play;
Which ſoon deſtroy'd, their lofty Veſſels ride
Big with the hope of the approaching Tide.
Make them more help from our Remiſneſs find,
Than from the Tide, or from the *Eaſtern* Wind.
Their Canvas ſwelling with a proſp'rous Gale,
Swift as our Fears make them to *Chatham* ſail:

Thro'

Thro' our weak Chain their Fireſhips break their way,
And our great Ships (unmann'd) become their Prey.
Then draw the fruit of our ill-manag'd Coaſt,
At once our Honour, and our Safety loſt:
Bury thoſe Bulwarks of our Iſle in Smoak,
While their thick Flames the neighb'ring Country choak:
The *Charles* eſcapes the raging Element,
To be with Triumph into *Holland* ſent;
Where the glad People to the Shore reſort,
They ſee their Terror now become their Sport.
But Painter, fill not up thy Piece before
Thou paint'ſt Confuſion on our troubled Shore:
Inſtruct then thy bold Pencil to relate
The ſaddeſt Marks of an ill-govern'd State.
Draw th' injur'd Seamen deaf to all Command,
While ſome with Horror and Amazement ſtand:
Others will know no Enemy but they
Who have unjuſtly robb'd them of their Pay;
Boldly refuſing to oppoſe a Fire,
To kindle which, our Errors did conſpire.
Some (tho' but few) perſuaded to obey,
Uſeleſs for want of Ammunition ſtay:
The Forts deſign'd to guard our Ships of War,
Void both of Powder and of Bullets are:
And what paſt Reigns in peace did ne'er omit,
The preſent (whilſt invaded) doth forget.
Surpaſſing *Chatham*, make *Whitehall* appear,
If not in danger, yet at leaſt in fear.
Make our Dejection (if thou canſt) ſeem more,
Than our Pride, Sloth, and Ign'rance did before:
The King of Danger now ſhews far more fear,
Than he did ever to prevent it, care;
Yet to the City doth himſelf convey,
Bravely to ſhew he was not run away:
Whilſt the *Black Prince*, and our *Fifth Harry*'s Wars,
Are only acted on our Theatres.
Our Stateſmen finding no expedient
(In fear of danger) but a Parliament,
Twice would avoid, by clapping up a Peace;
The Cure's to them as bad as the Diſeaſe.

But Painter, end not, till it does appear
Which moſt, the *Dutch* or Parliament, they fear.
As *Nero* once, with Harp in hand, ſurvey'd
His flaming *Rome*; and as that burnt, he plaid:
So our great Prince, when the *Dutch Fleet* arriv'd,
Saw his Ships burn; and as they burnt, he ——

Directions to a Painter. By *Sir* John Denham.

PAinter, where was't thy former Work did ceaſe?
Oh, 'twas at *Parliament*, and the brave *Peace*.
Now for a *Cornucopia*: Peace, all know,
Brings *Plenty* with it; wiſh it be not *Woe*.
Draw Coats of *Pageantry* and Proclamations
Of *Peace*, concluded with one, two, three Nations.
Canſt thou not on the Change make Merchants grin,
Look outward ſmiles, whiles vexing thoughts within?
Thou art no Artiſt, if thou canſt not feign,
And counterfeit the counterfeit diſdain.
Draw a brave Standard, ruffling at a rate
Much other, than it did for *Chatham*'s Fate,
The *Tow'r* Guns too, thundring their Joy, that they
Have ſcap'd the danger of being ta'en away:
Theſe, as now Mann'd, for Triumph are, not Fight;
As painted Fire for ſhow, not Heat or Light.
Amongſt the roar of theſe, and the mad ſhout
Of a poor nothing underſtanding Rout,
That think the *On and Off-Peace* now is true,
Thou might'ſt draw Mourners for *Black Bartholmew*:
Mourners in *Sion!* Oh 'tis not to be
Diſcover'd! draw a Curtain courteouſly
To hide them. Now proceed to draw at Night
A Bonefire here and there; but none too bright,
Nor laſting; for 'twas Bruſhwood, as they ſay,
Which they that hop'd for Coals now flung away.
But ſtay, I had forgot my Mother; draw
The Church of England 'mong the *Opera*,
To play their part too; or the *Dutch* will ſay,
In *War* and *Peace* they've born the Bells away.

At this end then, two or three Steeples ringing,
At th' other end draw *Quires*, *Te Deum* ſinging;
Between them leave a ſpace for Tears: Remember
That 'tis not long to th' Second of *September*.
Now if thou skill'ſt perſpective Landskip, draw
At diſtance what perhaps thine Eyes ne'er ſaw;
Polyroon, *Spicy Iſlands*, *Kits*, or *Guinea*:
Surinam, *Nova Scotia*, or *Virginia*:
No, no; I mean not theſe, pray hold your Laughter;
Theſe things are far off, not worth looking after:
Give not a hint of theſe: Draw Highland, Lowland,
Mountains and Flats: Draw *Scotland* firſt, then *Holland*.
See, canſt thou ken the *Scots* frowns? Then draw thoſe
That ſomething had to get, but nought to loſe.
Canſt thou through Fogs diſcern the *Dutchmen* drink?
Buſs-Skippers, lately Capers, ſtamp to think
Their catching craft is over; ſome have ta'en,
To eke their War, a Warrant from the *Dane*.
But paſſing theſe, their Stateſmen view a while,
In ev'ry graver Countenance a Smile:
Copy the piece there done, wherein you'll ſee
One laughing out, *I told you how't would be!*
Draw next a pompous interchange of Seals;
But curs'd be he that Articles reveals
Before he knows them: Now for this take light
From him that did deſcribe Sir *Edward*'s Fight:
You may perhaps the truth on't doubt; what tho'?
You'll have it then *Cum Privilegio*.
Then draw our Lords-Commiſſioners advance,
Not homewards, but for *Flanders*, or for *France*;
To parly there a while, until they ſee
How things in Parliament reſented be.
So much for Peace. Now for a Parliament;
A petty Seſſion draw, with what content,
Gueſs by their Countenance, who came up poſt,
And quickly ſaw they had their Labour loſt:
Like the ſmall Merchants when they Bargains ſell;
Come hither *Jack*: What ſay? Come kiſs, Farewel:
But 'twas abortive, born before its Day;
No wonder then it dy'd ſo ſoon away;

Yet

Yet breath'd it once, and that with ſuch a force,
It blaſted Thirty thouſand Foot and Horſe.
As once *Promethus* Man did ſneeze ſo hard,
As routed all that new rais'd ſtanding Guard
Of Teeth, to keep the Tongue in order: So
Down fall our new Gallants without a Foe.
But if this little one could do ſo much,
What will the next? Give a Prophetick touch,
If thou know how; if not, leave a great ſpace,
For great things to be pourtray'd in their place.
Now draw the ſhadow of a Parliament,
As if to ſcare the upper World 'twere ſent:
Croſs your ſelves, Gentlemen, for Shades will fright,
Eſpecially if't be an *Engliſh* Sprite:
Vermilion this Man's Guilt, cerule his Fears;
Sink th' others Eyes deep in his Head with cares:
Another thoughtful on accounts to ſee
How his Diſburſements with Receipts agree.
Peep into Coaches, ſee Perriwigs neglected,
Croſs'd Arms and Legs of ſuch, as are ſuſpected,
Or do ſuſpect what's coming, and foreſee
Themſelves muſt ſhare in this Polutrophy.
Painter, haſt travel'd? Didſt thou e'er ſee *Rome?*
That fam'd piece there, *Angelo*'s day of Doom?
Horror and Anguiſh of Deſcenders there,
May teach thee how to paint Deſcenders here.
Canſt thou deſcribe the empty Shifts, are made,
Like that which Dealers call *Forcing of Trade.*
Some ſhift their Crimes, ſome Places; and among
The reſt, ſome will their Countries too, e'er long.
Draw in a Corner, Gameſters, ſhuffling, cutting,
Their little Crafts no Wit together putting.
How to pack Knaves, 'mong Kings and Queens, to make
A ſaving Game, whilſt Heads are at the Stake.
But croſs their Cards, until it be confeſt,
Of all the Play fair Dealing is the beſt.
Draw a Veil of Diſpleaſure, one to *Hide*,
And ſome prepar'd to ſtrike a blow on's ſide.
Let him that built high, now creep low to ſhelter;
When Potentates muſt tumble *Helter Skelter.*

The

The Purſe, Seal, Mace, are gone, as it was fit,
Such Marks as theſe are could not but be hit.
The Purſe, Seal, Mace are gone; *Bartholmew*-day,
Of all the Days i'th' Year, they're ta'en away.
The Purſe, Seal, Mace are gone, but to another
Mitre, I wiſh not ſo, tho' to my Brother:
I care not for Tranſlation to a See,
Unleſs they would tranſlate to *Italy*.
Now draw a Sail playing before the Wind,
From the *North-Weſt*; that which it leaves behind,
Curſes or Out-cries, mind them not, till when
They do appear Realities, and then
Spare not to paint them in their Colours, tho'
Crimes of a Viceroy; Deputies have ſo
Been ſerv'd e'er now. But if the Man prove true,
Let him with *Pharaoh*'s Butler have his due.
Make the ſame wind blow ſtrong againſt the Shore
Of *France*, to hinder ſome from coming o'er.
And rather draw the Golden Veſſel burning,
E'en there, than hither with her Fraight returning.
'Tis true, the noble Treaſurer is gone,
Wiſe, Faithful, Loyal, ſome ſay the only one!
Yet I will hope we've Pilots left behind
Can ſteer our Veſſel without Southern wind.
Women have groſly ſnar'd the wiſeſt Prince
That ever was before, or hath been ſince:
And Grannum *Athaliah* in that Nation,
Was a great hinderer of Reformation.
Paint in a new Piece painted *Jezebel*,
Giv'n to adorn the Dining-room of Hell.
Hang by her others of the Gang; for more
Deſerve a place with *Roſamond*, *Jane Shore*, &c.
Stay, Painter, now look, here's below a ſpace
I' th' bottom of this, what ſhall we there place?
Shall it be *Pope*, or *Turk*, or *Prince*, or *Nun*?
Let the reſolve be *Neſcio*. So have done.
Expoſe thy Piece now to the World to ſee,
Perhaps they'll ſay of It, of Thee, of Me,
Poems and Paints can ſpeak ſometimes bold Truths,
Poets and Painters are Licentious Youths.

Quæ ſequuntur, in limine Thalami Regii, à neſcio quo nebulone ſcripta, reperiebantur.

Bella fugis, bellas ſequeris, belloque repugnas
Et bellatori, ſunt tibi bella Thori
Imbelles imbellis amas, adazque videris
Mars ad opus Veneris, Martis ad arma Venus.

The laſt Inſtructions to a Painter, about the Dutch *Wars*, 1667. *By* A. Marvel, *Eſq.*

After two ſitttings now our Lady-State
To end her Picture does the third time wait;
But e'er thou falleſt to work, firſt Painter ſee,
If't be'nt too ſlight grown, or too hard for thee.
Canſt thou paint without Colours? then 'tis right:
For ſo we too without a Fleet can fight.
Or canſt thou daub a Sign-poſt, and that ill?
'Twill ſute our great Debauch and little Skill.
Or haſt thou mark'd how antique Maſters limn
The Aly-roof with Snuff of Candle dim,
Sketching in ſhady Smoak, prodigious Tools?
'Twill ſerve this Race of Drunkards, Pimps and Fools.
But if to match our Crimes thy Skill preſumes,
As the *Indians* draw out Luxury in Plumes.
Or if to ſcore out our compendious Fame,
With *Hook* then through your Microſcope take aim;
Where like the new Comptroller all Men laugh,
To ſee a tall Louſe brandiſh a white Staff.
Elſe ſhalt thou oft thy guiltleſs Pencil curſe,
Stamp on thy Palate, nor perhaps the worſe.
The Painter ſo long having vext his Cloth,
Of his Hounds mouth to feign the raging Froth,
His deſperate Pencil at the work did dart;
His Anger reacht that Rage which paſt his Art.
Chance finiſht that, which Art could not begin,
And he ſate ſmiling how his Dog did grin.

So

So may'ſt thou perfect by a lucky blow,
What all thy ſofteſt touches cannot do.
Paint then St. *Albans* full of Soop and Gold,
The new Courts pattern, Stallion of the old.
Him neither Wit, nor Courage did exalt,
But Fortune choſe him for her pleaſure's Salt.
Paint him with Dray-man's Shoulders, Butchers Mein,
Member'd like Mule, with Elephantine Chin.
Well he the Title of St. *Albans* bore;
For never *Bacon* ſtudied Nature more:
But Age allaying now that youthful Heat,
Fits him in *France* to play at Cards and Cheat.
Draw no Commiſſion, leſt the Court ſhould lie,
And diſavowing Treaty, ask ſupply;
He needs no Seal but to St. *James*'s Leaſe,
Whoſe Breeches were the Inſtruments of Peace.
Who if the *French* diſpute his Power, from thence
Can ſtrait produce them a Plenipotence.
Nor fears he the *Moſt Chriſtian* ſhould trapan
Two Saints at once, St. *Germans* and *Alban*;
But thought the Golden Age was now reſtor'd,
When Men and Women took each others Word.
Paint then again her Highneſs to the Life,
Piloſopher beyond *Newcaſtle*'s Wife:
She naked can *Archimedes* ſelf put down
For an Experiment upon the Crown.
She perfected that Engine oft eſſay'd,
How after Child-birth to renew a Maid;
And found how Royal Heirs may be matur'd
In fewer Months than Mothers once endur'd.
Hence *Crowder* made the rare Inventreſs free
Of's Highneſſes *Royal Society*.
(Happieſt of Women, if ſhe were but able
To make her glaſſe Duke once malleable.)
Paint her with Oyſter-lip, and Breath of Fame,
Wide Mouth, that Sparagus may well proclaim;
With Chancellor's Belly, and ſo large a Rump,
There (not behind the Coach) her Pages jump:
Expreſs her ſtudying now, if *China* Clay
Can, without breaking, venom'd Juice convey.

Or how a mortal Poiſon ſhe may draw
Out of the Cordial Meal of the *Cacoa*.
Witneſs the Stars of Night, and thou the pale
Moon, that o'ercome with the ſick Steam didſt fail.
Ye Neighbouring Elms that your green Leaves did ſhed,
And Fauns that from the Womb abortive fled.
Not unprovok'd ſhe tries forbidden Arts,
But in her ſoft breaſt Love's hid Cancer ſmarts,
While ſhe revolves at once *Sydney*'s Diſgrace,
And her ſelf ſcorn'd for emulous *Denham*'s Face,
And nightly hears the hated Guard away
Galloping with the Duke to other Prey.
Paint *Caſtlemain* in Colours that will hold;
Her, not her Picture, for ſhe now grows old.
She thro' her Lackey's Drawers as he ran,
Diſcern'd Love's cauſe, and a new flame began:
Her wonted Joys thenceforth, and Court ſhe ſhuns,
And ſtill within her mind the Footman runs.
His brazen Calves, his brawny Thighs, (the Face
She ſlights) his Feet ſhap'd for a ſmoother Race.
Poring with her Glaſs, ſhe re-adjuſts
Her Locks, and oft-tir'd Beauty now diſtruſts;
Fears leſt he ſcorn'd a Woman once aſſay'd,
And now firſt wiſht ſhe e'er had been a Maid.
Great Love! how doſt thou triumph, and how reign,
That to a Groom could'ſt humble her diſdain!
Stript to her Skin, ſee how ſhe ſtooping ſtands,
Nor ſcorns to rub him down with thoſe fair Hands,
And waſhing (leſt the Scent her Crime diſcloſe)
His ſweaty Hoofs, tickles him betwixt the Toes.
But envious Fame too ſoon began to note
More Gold in's Fob, more Lace upon his Coat;
And he unwary, and of Tongue too fleet,
No longer could conceal his Fortune ſweet.
Juſtly the Rogue was whipt in *Porters* Den,
And *Jermain* ſtreight has leave to come again.
Ah, Painter! now could *Alexander* live,
And this *Campaſpe* the *Apelles* give.
Draw next a pair of Tables opening, then
The Houſe of Commons clattering like the Men.

Deſcribe

Deſcribe the Court and Country both ſet right
On oppoſite Points, the Black againſt the White.
Thoſe having loſt the Nation at Tick Tack,
Theſe new advent'ring how to win it back.
The Dice betwixt them muſt the fate divide,
(As chance does ſtill in multitudes decide)
But here the Court doth its advantage know,
For the Cheat, *Turner*, for them both muſt throw;
As ſome from Boxes, he ſo from the Chair
Can ſtrike the Dye, and ſtill with them go ſhare.
Here Painter reſt a while, and ſurvey
With what ſmall Arts the publick Game they play;
For ſo too, *Rubens* with Affairs of State
His labouring Pencil oft would recreate.
The cloſe Cabal mark'd how the Navy eats,
And thought all loſt that goes not to the Cheats.
So therefore ſecretly for Peace decrees,
Yet as for War the Parliament would ſqueeze;
And fix to the Revenue ſuch a Sum
Should *Goodrick* ſilence, and make *Paſton* dumb,
Should pay Land Armies, ſhould diſſolve the vain
Commons, and ever ſuch a Court maintain,
Hyde's Avarice, *Bennet*'s Luxury ſhould ſuffice,
And what can theſe defray but the Exciſe?
Exciſe a Monſter, worſe than e'er before,
Frighted the Midwife, and the Mother tore.
A thouſand Hands ſhe has, and thouſand Eyes,
Breaks into Shops, and into Cellars pries.
With hundred Rows of Teeth the Shark exceeds,
And on all Trades like *Caſawar* ſhe feeds;
Chops off the piece where'er ſhe cloſe the Jaw,
Elſe ſwallows all down her indented Maw.
She ſtalks all day in Streets conceal'd from ſight,
And flies like Batts with Leathern Wings by Night:
She waſts the Country, and on Cities preys:
Her, of a Female Harpy in Dog-days,
Black *Birch*, of all the Earth-born Race moſt hot,
And moſt rapacious, like himſelf begot;
And of his Brat enamour'd, as't increaſt,
Bugger'd in Inceſt with the mongrel Beaſt.

Say Muſe, for nothing can eſcape thy ſight,
(And, Painter wanting other, draw this Fight)
Who in an *Engliſh* Senate fierce debate
Could raiſe ſo long for this new Whore of State.
Of early Wittals firſt the Troop march'd in,
For Diligence renown'd, and Diſcipline.
In Royal haſt they left their Wives in Bed,
And *Denham* theſe with one conſent did Head.
Of the old Courtiers next a Squadron came,
That ſold their Maſter, led by *Aſhburnham*.
To them ſucceeds a deſpicable Rout,
But knew the Word, and well could face about;
Expectants pale with hopes of Spoil allur'd,
Tho' yet but Pioneers, and led by *Steward*.
Then damning Cowards rang'd the vocal Plain:
Wood theſe command, Knight of the Horn, and Cane.
Still his Hook-ſhoulder ſeems the blow to dread,
And under's Arm-pit he defends his Head.
The poſture ſtrange Men laugh at, of his Pole,
Hid with his Elbow, like the Spice he ſtole.
Headleſs St. *Dennis* ſo his Head does bear,
And both of them alike *French* Martyrs were.
Court Officers, as us'd, the next place took,
And follow'd *F—x*, but with diſdainful look,
His Birth, his Youth, his Brokage all diſpraiſe
In vain; for always he commands that pays.
Then the Procurers under *Progers* fil'd,
Gentleſt of Men, and his Lieutenant mild;
Bronkard Love's Squire, through all the Field array'd,
No Troop was better clad, nor ſo well paid.
Then marcht the Troop of *Clarendon* all full,
Haters of Fowl, to Teal preferring Bull:
Groſs Bodies, groſſer Minds, and groſſer Cheats,
And bloated *Wren* conduct them to their Seats.
Charlton advances next (whoſe Wife does awe
The Mitred Troop) and with his looks gives Law.
He march'd with Beaver cockt of Biſhop's Brim,
And hid much Fraud under an aſpect grim.
Next the Lawyers mercenary Band appear,
Finch in the Front, and *Thurland* in the Rear.

The

The Troop of Privilege, a Rabble bare
Of Debtors deep, fell to *Trelawney*'s care;
Their Fortune's error they ſuppli'd in Rage,
Nor any further would than theſe engage.
Then marcht the Troops, whoſe valiant Acts before
(Their publick Acts) oblig'd them to do more.
For Chimnies ſake they all Sir *Pool* obey'd,
Or in his abſence him that firſt it laid.
Then came the thrifty Troop of Privateers,
Whoſe Horſes each with other interferes:
Before them *Higgins* rides with Brow compact,
Mourning, his Counteſs anxious for his Act.
Sir *Frederick* and Sir *Solomon* draw Lots,
For the Command of Politicks and *Scots*:
Thence fell to words——but Quarrels to adjourn,
Their Friends agreed they ſhould command by turn.
Carteret the Rich did the Accountants guide,
And in ill *Engliſh* all the World defi'd.
The Papiſts (but of thoſe the Houſe had none
Elſe) *Talbot* offer'd to have led them on.
Bold *Duncomb* next, of the Projectors chief,
And old *Fitz-Harding* of the Eaters Beef.
Late and diſorder'd out the Drunkards drew,
Scarce them their Leaders, they their Leaders knew:
Before them enter'd equal in Command,
Apſley and *Brotherick* marching hand in hand.
Laſt then but one *Powel*, that could not ride,
Left the *French* Standard weltring in his ſtride;
He, to excuſe his ſlowneſs, Truth confeſt,
That 'twas ſo long before he could be dreſt.
The Lords Sons laſt, all theſe did reinforce,
Cornbury before them manag'd Hobby-Horſe.
Never before nor ſince, an Hoſt ſo ſteel'd
Troop on to Muſter in the *Tuttle-Field*.
Not the firſt Cock-horſe that with Cork was ſhod
To reſcue *Albemarle* from the Sea-Cod:
Nor the late Feather-man whom *Tomkins* fierce
Shall with one breath like Thiſtle-Down diſperſe.
All the two *Coventries* their Generals choſe,
For one had much, the other nought to loſe.

Not better choice all accidents could hit,
While Hector *Harry* ſteers by *Will* the Wit.
They both accept the charge with merry glee,
To fight a Battel from all Gun-ſhot free.
Pleas'd with their Numbers, yet in Valour wiſe,
They feign'd a Parley, better to Surprize;
They that e'er long ſhall the rude *Dutch* upbraid,
Who in a time of Treaty durſt invade.
Thick was the Morning, and the Houſe was thin,
The Speaker early, when they all fell in.
Propitious Heavens! had not you them croſt,
Exciſe had got the Day, and all been loſt:
For t'other ſide all in cloſe Quarters lay
Without Intelligence, Command or Pay.
A ſcatter'd Body which the Foe ne'er tri'd,
But often did among themſelves divide.
And ſome run o'er each Night, while others ſleep,
And undeſcri'd return'd 'fore Morning peep.
But *Strangeways* that all Night ſtill walkt the round,
For Vigilance and Courage both renown'd;
Firſt ſpi'd the Enemy, and gave the Alarm,
Fighting it ſingle till the reſt might Arm:
Such *Roman Cockles* ſtood before the Foe,
The failing Bridge behind, the Streams below.
Each ran as Chance him guides to ſeveral Poſt,
And all to pattern his example, boaſt;
Their former Trophies they recal to mind,
And now to edge their Anger, Courage grind.
Firſt enter'd forward *Temple*, Conqueror
Of *Iriſh* Cattle, and Solicitor.
Then daring *S——r*, that with Spear and Shield
Had ſtretch'd the Monſter Patent on the Field.
Keen *Whorwood* next in aid of Damſel frail,
That pierc'd the Giant *Mordant* through his Mail:
And ſurly *Williams* the Accountants bane,
And *Lovelace* young of Chimny-men the Cane.
Old *Waller*, Trumpet-General, ſwore he'd write
This Combat truer than the Naval Fight:
Of birth, ſtate, wit, ſtrength, courage, *How'rd* preſumes,
And in his Breaſt wears many *Montezumes*.

Theſe

Theſe with ſome more with ſingle Valour ſtay
The adverſe Troops, and hold them all at bay.
Each thinks his Perſon repreſents the whole,
And with that thought does multiply his Soul;
Believes himſelf an Army; theirs one Man,
As eaſily conquer'd, and believing can
With heart of Bees ſo full and head of Mites,
That each, tho' Duelling, a Battel fights.
Such once *Orlando* famous in Romance,
Brought whole Brigades like Larks upon his Lance.
But ſtrength at laſt ſtill under number bows,
And the faint Sweat trickl'd down *Temple*'s Brows,
Even Iron *Strangeway*'s chafing yet gave back,
Spent with Fatigue, to breath a while Toback——
When marching in, a ſeaſonable Recruit
Of Citizens, and Merchants held diſpute,
And charging all their Pikes, a ſullen Band
Of *Presbyterian Switzers* made a ſtand.
Nor could all theſe the Field have long maintain'd,
But for th' unknown Reſerve that ſtill remain'd;
A groſs of *Engliſh* Gentry nobly born,
Of clear Eſtates, and to no Faction ſworn,
Dear Lovers of their King, and Death to meet
For Country's Cauſe, that glorious thing and ſweet;
To ſpeak not forward, but in Action brave,
In giving generous, but in Council grave;
Candidly credulous for once, nay twice;
But ſure the Devil can't cheat them thrice.
The Van and Battel tho' retiring, falls
Without diſorder in their Intervals;
Then cloſing all in equal Front, fall on,
Led by Great *Garraway*, and Great *Littleton*.
Lee equal to obey, or to command,
Adjutant-General was ſtill at hand.
The Marſhal-Standard *Sands* diſplaying ſhows.
St. *Dunſtan* in it, tweaking Satan's Noſe.
See ſudden chance of War, to paint, or write,
Is longer Work, and harder than to fight:
At the firſt Charge the Enemy give out,
And the *Exciſe* receives a total Rout.

Broken

Broken in Courage, yet theMen the ſame,
Reſolve henceforth upon their other Game;
Where Force had fail'd, with Stratagem to play,
And what haſte loſt, recover by delay.
St. *Albans* ſtraight is ſent to, to forbear,
Leſt the ſure Peace (forſooth) too ſoon appear.
The Seamens clamours to three ends they uſe,
To cheat they pay, feign want, and th' Houſe accuſe.
Each day they bring the Tale, and that too true,
How ſtrong the *Dutch* their Equipage renew.
Mean time through all the Yards their Orders run,
To lay the Ships up, ceaſe the Keels begun.
The Timber rots, the uſeleſs Ax does ruſt;
Th' unpractis'd Saw lies buried in its Duſt;
The buſy Hammer ſleeps, the Ropes untwine,
The Store and Wages all are mine and thine.
Along the Coaſts and Harbours they take care
That Money lacks, nor Forts be in repair.
Long thus they cou'd againſt the Houſe conſpire,
Load them with Envy, and with ſitting tire:
And the lov'd King, that's never yet deni'd,
Is brought to beg in publick, and to chide:
But when this fail'd, and Months enough were ſpent,
They with the firſt days profer ſeem content;
And to Land-Tax from the Exciſe turn round,
Bought off with Eighteen hundred thouſand pound.
Thus like fair Thieves, the Commons Purſe they ſhare,
But all the Members Lives conſulting ſpare.
Blither than Hare that hath eſcap'd the Hounds,
The Houſe prorogu'd, the Chancellor rebounds.
Not ſo decrepid *Æſop*, haſht and ſtew'd
With Magick Herbs, roſe from the Pot renew'd;
And with freſh Age felt his glad Limbs unite,
His Gout (yet ſtill he curſt) had left him quite.
What Froſts to Fruits, what Arſnik to the Rat,
What to fair *Denham* mortal Chocolat:
What an Account to *Carteret*, that and more
A Parliament is to the Chancellor.
So the ſad Tree ſhrinks from the Morning's Eye,
But blooms all Night and ſhoots its Banches high.

So

So at the Sun's receſs, again returns
The Comet dread, and Earth and Heaven burns.
Now *Mordant* may within his Caſtle Tower
Impriſon Parents, and their Child deflower.
The *Iriſh* Herd is now let looſe, and comes
By Millions over, not by Hecatombs:
And now, now the *Canary* Patent may
Be broach'd again for the great *Holy-day.*
See how he reigns in his new Palace culminant,
And ſits in State Divine like *Jove* the Fulminant.
Firſt *Buckingham* that durſt 'gainſt him rebel,
Blaſted with Lightning, ſtruck with Thunder, fell.
Next the twelve Commons are condemn'd to groan,
And roll in vain at *Siſyphus*'s Stone.
But ſtill he car'd, whilſt in revenge he brav'd
That Peace ſecur'd, and Money might be ſav'd:
Gain and Revenge, Revenge and Gain are ſweet,
United moſt, when moſt by turns they meet:
France had St. *Albans* promis'd (ſo they ſing)
St. *Albans* promis'd him, and he the King.
The Court forthwith is order'd all to cloſe,
To play for *Flanders*, and the Stake to loſe;
While chain'd together, two Embaſſadors
Like Slaves ſhall beg for Peace at *Holland*'s Doors.
This done, among his *Cyclops* he retires
To forge new Thunder, and inſpect their Fires.
The Court, as once of War, now fond of Peace,
All to new Sports their wanton Fears releaſe.
From *Greenwich* (where Intelligence they hold)
Comes news of Paſtime martial and old.
A Puniſhment invented firſt to awe
Maſculine Wives tranſgreſſing Nature's Law;
Where when the brawny Female diſobeys,
And beats the Husband, till for Peace he prays,
No concern'd Jury damage for him finds,
Nor partial Juſtice her behaviour binds;
But the juſt Street does the next Houſe invade,
Mounting the Neighbour couple on lean Jade;
The Diſtaff knocks, the Grains from Kettle fly,
And Boys and Girls in Troops run hooting by.

Prudent

Prudent Antiquity! that knew by ſhame,
Better than Law, domeſtick Broils to tame;
And taught youth by Spectual innocent,
So thou and I dear Painter repreſent
In quick Effigie, others faults; and feign,
By making them ridiculous, to reſtrain:
With homely ſight they choſe thus to relax
The Joys of State for the new Peace and Tax.
So *Holland* with us had the Maſtery tri'd,
And our next Neighbours, *France* and *Flanders* ride.
But a freſh News the great Deſignment nips
Off, at the Iſle of *Candy*, *Dutch* and Ships.
Bab May, and *Arlington* did wiſely ſcoff,
And thought all ſafe, if they were ſo far off:
Modern Geographers! 'Twas there they thought
Where *Venice* twenty years the *Turks* had fought.
(While the firſt year our Navy is but ſhewn,
The next divided, and the third we've none.)
They by the Name miſtook it for that Iſle
Where Pilgrim *Palmer* travell'd in Exile,
With the Bull's horn to meaſure his own head,
And on *Paſiphae*'s Tomb to drop a Bead.
But *Morrice* learn'd, demonſtrates by the Poſt,
This Iſle of *Candy* was on *Eſſex* Coaſt.
Freſh Meſſengers ſtill the ſad news aſſure,
More tim'rous now we are than firſt ſecure.
Falſe terrors our believing fear deviſe,
And the *French* Army one from *Calais* ſpies.
Bennet and *May*, and thoſe of ſhorter reach,
Change all for Guineas, and a Crown for each;
But wiſer Men, and Men foreſeen in chance,
In *Holland* theirs had lodg'd before, and *France*.
Whitehall's unſafe, the Court all meditates
To fly to *Windſor*, and mure up the Gates.
Each doth the other blame, and all diſtruſt.
(But *Mordant* new oblig'd would ſure be juſt.)
Not ſuch a fatal ſtupefaction reign'd
At *London*'s Flames, nor to the Court complain'd.
The *Bloodworth* Chanc'lor gives, (then does recal)
Orders, amaz'd, at laſt gives none at all.

St.

St. *Albans* write too, that he may bewail
To Monſieur *Lewis*, and tell Coward tale,
How that the *Hollanders* do make a noiſe,
Threaten to beat us, and are naughty Boys.
Now *Doleman's* diſobedient, and they ſtill
Uncivil, his unkindneſs would us kill.
Tell him our Ships unrig'd, our Forts unmann'd,
Our Money's ſpent, elſe 'twere at his command;
Summon him therefore of his word, and prove
To move him out of pity, if not love:
Pray him to make *De Wit* and *Ruyter* ceaſe,
And whip the *Dutch*, unleſs they'll hold their peace.
But *Lewis* was of memory but dull,
And to St. *Albans* too undutiful:
Nor Word, nor near Relation did revere,
But ask'd him bluntly for his Character.
The gravell'd Count did with this anſwer faint,
(His Character was that which thou didſt Paint)
And ſo enforc'd like Enemy or Spy,
Truſſes his Baggage, and the Camp does fly:
Yet *Lewis* writes, and leſt our heart ſhould break,
Condoles us morally out of *Seneque*.
Two Letters next unto *Breda* are ſent,
In Cypher one to *Harry* Excellent:
The firſt entruſts (our Verſe that Name abhors)
Plenipotentiary Embaſſadors;
To prove by Scripture, Treaty does imply
Ceſſation, as the Look Adultery;
And that by Law of Arms, in Martial ſtrife,
Who yields his Sword, has title to his Life.
Presbyter *Hollis* the firſt point ſhould clear,
The ſecond *Coventry* the Cavalier:
But would they not be argu'd back from Sea,
Then to return home ſtraight *infectâ re*.
But *Harry's* order'd, if they wont recall
Their Fleet, to threaten——we'll give them all.
The *Dutch* are then in Proclamation ſhent,
For ſin againſt the eleventh Commandment.
Hyde's flippant ſtyle there pleaſantly curvets,
Still his ſharp wit on States and Princes whets:

So

So *Spain* could not eſcape his laughter's ſpleen,
None but himſelf muſt chuſe the King a Queen.
But when he came the odious Clauſe to pen,
That ſummons up the Parliament agen,
His Writing-maſter many times he bann'd,
And wiſht himſelf the Gout to ſeize his hand;
Never old Lecher more repugnant felt,
Conſenting for his Rupture to be gelt.
But ſtill in hope he ſolac'd e'er they come
To work the Peace, and ſo to ſend them home;
Or in their haſty Call to find a flaw
Their Acts to vitiate, and them over-aw:
But more rely'd upon this *Dutch* pretence,
To raiſe a two-edg'd Army for's defence.
First then he march'd our whole *Militia*'s force,
(As if alas we Ships, or *Dutch* had Horſe,)
Then from the uſual common place he blames
Theſe, and in ſtanding Armies praiſe declaims:
And the wiſe Court, that alway lov'd it dear,
Now thinks all but too little for their fear.
Hide ſtamps, and ſtraight upon the ground the ſwarms
Of currant *Myrmidons* appear in Arms;
And for their Pay he writes as from the King,
With that curs'd Quill pluckt from a Vulture's wing,
Of the whole Nation now to ask a Loan;
(The Eighteen hundred thouſand pounds are gone.)
This done, he pens a Proclamation ſtout
In reſcue of the Bankers Banquerout.
His Minion-Imps that in his ſecret part
Lie nuzzling at the Sacramental Wart;
Horſe-leeches ſucking at the Hæm'roy'd Vein,
He ſucks the King, they him, he them again.
The Kingdom's Farm he lets to them bids leaſt;
(Greater the Bribe) and cheats at Intereſt.
Here Men induc'd by ſafety, gain, and eaſe,
Their Money lodge, confiſcate when he pleaſe:
Theſe can at need, at inſtant with a Scrip
(This lik'd him beſt) his Caſh beyond Sea whip:
When *Dutch* invade, and Parliament prepare;
How can he Engines ſo convenient ſpare?

Let

Let no man touch them, or demand his own,
Pain of diſpleaſure of great *Clarendon.*
The State affairs thus marſhall'd, for the reſt,
Monk in his Shirt againſt the *Dutch* is preſt.
Often (dear Painter) have I ſate and mus'd
Why he ſhould ſtill b' on all Adventures us'd:
Do they for nothing ill, like Aſhen-wood,
Or think him like Herb-*John* for nothing good?
Whether his Valour they ſo much admire,
Or that for Cowardiſe they all retire.
As, Heaven in Storms they call, in guſts of State
On *Monk* and Parliament, yet both do hate.
All Cauſes ſure concur, but muſt they think
Under *Herculian* labours he may ſink.
Soon then the *Independent* Troops would cloſe,
And *Hyde*'s laſt project of his place diſpoſe.
Ruyter the while that had our Ocean curb'd,
Sail'd now amongſt our Rivers undiſturb'd;
Survey'd their Chryſtal Streams and Banks ſo green,
And Beauties e'er this never naked ſeen;
Through the vain Sedge the baſhful Nymphs he ey'd,
Boſoms, and all which from themſelves they hide.
The Sun much brighter, and the Sky more clear
He finds, the Air and all things ſweeter here:
The ſudden change, and ſuch a tempting ſight,
Swells his old Veins with freſh blood, freſh delight.
Like am'rous Victors he begins to ſhave,
And his new face looks in the *Engliſh* Wave.
His ſporting Navy all about him ſwim,
And witneſs their complacence in their trim.
Their ſtreaming Silks play through the weather fair,
And with inveigling Colours court the Air.
While the Red Flags breath on their Top-maſts high
Terror and War, but want an Enemy.
Among the Shrouds the Seamen ſit and ſing,
And wanton Boys on every Rope do cling:
Old *Neptune* ſprings the Tydes, and Waters lent,
(The Gods themſelves do help the provident)
And where the deep Keel on the ſhallow cleaves
With Trident's Leaver and great Shoulder heaves.

Æolus

Æolus their Sails inſpires with Eaſtern Wind,
Puffs them along, and breaths upon them kind.
With pearly Shell, the *Tritons* all the while
Sound the Sea-march, and guide to *Sheppy* Iſle.
So have I ſeen in *April*'s bud ariſe,
A Fleet of Clouds ſailing along the Skies.
The liquid Region with their Squadrons fill'd,
Their airy Sterns the Sun behind does gild,
And gentle Gales them ſteer, and Heaven drives,
When all on ſudden their calm Boſom rives,
With Thund'r and Lightning from each armed Cloud,
Shepherds themſelves in vain in Buſhes ſhroud.
So up the Stream the *Belgick* Navy glides,
And at *Sheerneſs* unloads its ſtormy Sides.
Sprag there, tho' practis'd in the Sea command,
With panting heart, lay like a fiſh on land,
And quickly judg'd the Fort was not tenable;
Which if a Houſe, yet were not tenantable.
No man can ſit there ſafe, the Cannon pours
Thorough th' Walls untight, and Bullets ſhowers.
The Neighbourhood ill, and an unwholſome ſeat,
So at the firſt ſalute reſolves retreat;
And ſwore that he would never more dwell there,
Until the City put it in repair.
So he in Front, his Gariſon in rear,
March'd ſtreight to *Chatham* to increaſe the fear.
There our ſick Ships unrigg'd in Summer lay,
Like moulting Fowl, a weak and eaſy Prey:
For whoſe ſtrong bulk Earth ſcarce could Timber find,
The Ocean Water, or the Heavens Wind.
Thoſe Oaken Giants of the ancient Race,
That rul'd all Seas, and did our Channel grace.
The conſcious Stag, tho' once the Foreſt's dread,
Flies to the Wood, and hides his armleſs Head:
Ruyter forthwith a Squadron does untack,
They ſail ſecurely through the River's track.
And *Engliſh* Pilot too (Oh ſhame! Oh ſin!)
Cheated of's Pay, was he that ſhew'd them in:
Our wretched Ships within their Fate attend,
And all our hopes now on frail Chain depend:

(Engine

(Engine ſo ſlight to guard us from the Sea,
It fitter ſeem'd to Captivate a Flea;)
A Skipper rude ſhocks it without reſpect,
Filling his Sails more force to recollect.
Th' *Engliſh* from ſhore the Iron deaf invoke
For its laſt aid, Hold Chain, or we are broke!
But with her ſailing weight the *Holland* Keel,
Snapping the brittle Links, does thorough reel,
And to the reſt the opening paſſage ſhew:
Monk from the Bank that diſmal ſight does view.
Our feather'd Gallants which came down that day
To be Spectators ſafe of the New Play,
Leave him alone when firſt they hear the Gun,
(*Cornb'ry* the fleeteſt) and to *London* run.
Our Seamen, whom no dangers ſhape could fright,
Unpaid, refuſe to mount our Ships for ſpight:
Or to their Fellows Swim on board the *Dutch*,
Who ſhew the tempting Metal in their clutch.
Oft had he ſent, of *Duncomb* and of *Legg*
Cannon and Powder, but in vain, to begg;
And *Upnor* Caſtle's ill deſerted Wall,
Now needful does for Ammunition call,
He finds, where-'ere he ſuccour might expect,
Confuſion, Folly, Treachery, Fear, Neglect.
But when the *Royal Charles* (what rage! what grief!)
He ſaw ſeiz'd, and could give her no relief;
That Sacred Keel that had, as he, reſtor'd
Its exil'd Sov'reign on its happy board,
And thence the *Britiſh* Admiral became,
Crown'd for that merit with his Maſter's Name:
That pleaſure-boat of War, in whoſe dear ſide
Secure, ſo oft he had his Foe defy'd,
Now a cheap Spoil, and the mean Victor's ſlave,
Taught the *Dutch* Colours from its Top to wave,
Of former Glories the reproachful thought
With preſent ſhame compar'd, his mind diſtraught.
Such from *Euphrates* bank a Tigreſs fell
After her Robbers for her Whelps does yell;
But ſees enrag'd the River flow between,
Fruſtrate Revenge, and Love by loſs more keen;

At her own Breaſt her uſeleſs Claws does arm,
She tears her ſelf, 'cauſe him ſhe cannot harm.
The Guards plac'd for the Chain's and Fleet's defence,
Long ſince were fled on many a feign'd pretence,
Daniel had there adventur'd, Man of might,
Sweet Painter draw his Picture while I write.
Paint him of Perſon tall, and big of Bone,
Large Limbs like Ox, not to be kill'd but ſhown;
Scarce can burnt Iv'ry feign a hair ſo black,
Or Face ſo red, thine Oker and thy Lack,
Mix a vain terror in his Martial look,
And all thoſe lines by which men are miſtook;
But when by ſhame conſtrain'd to go on Board,
He heard how the wild Cannon nearer roar'd,
And ſaw himſelf confin'd like Sheep in Pen,
Daniel then thought he was in Lions Den:
But when the frightful Fire-Ships he ſaw,
Pregnant with Sulphur nearer to him draw,
Captain, Lieutenant, Enſign, all make haſte,
E'er in the fiery Furnace they be caſt;
Three Children tall unſing'd, away they row:
Like *Shadrack*, *Meſheck* and *Abednego*.
Each doleful day ſtill with freſh loſs returns,
The *Loyal London* now a third time burns.
And the true *Royal Oak*, and *Royal James*,
Ally'd in Fate, increaſe with theirs her flames.
Of all our Navy none ſhould now ſurvive,
But that the *Ships* themſelves were taught to dive;
And the kind River in its Creek them hides,
Fraughting their pierced Keels with Ouzy ſides,
Up to the Bridge contagious Terror ſtruck,
The *Tow'r* it ſelf with the near danger ſhook;
And were not *Ruyter's* Maw with ravage cloy'd,
Ev'n *London's* aſhes had been then deſtroy'd;
Officious fear, however to prevent
Our loſs, does ſo much more our loſs augment.
The *Dutch* had robb'd thoſe Jewels of the Crown,
Our Merchant-men, leſt they ſhould burn, we drown:
So when the Fire did not enough devour,
The Houſes were demoliſh'd near the Tow'r.

Thoſe

Thoſe *Ships* that yearly from their teeming hole
Unloaded here the Birth of either Pole,
Fir from the North, and Silver from the Weſt,
From the South Perfumes, Spices from the Eaſt;
From *Gambo* Gold, and from the *Ganges* Jems,
Take a ſhort Voyage underneath the *Thames:*
Once a deep River, now with Timber floor'd,
And ſhrunk, leſs Navigable, to a Ford.
Now nothing more at *Chatham*'s left to burn,
The *Holland* Squadron leiſurely return;
And ſpight of *Ruperts* and of *Albermarles*,
To *Ruyter*'s Triumph led the Captive *Charles.*
The pleaſing ſight he often does prolong,
Her Maſt erect, tough Cordage, Timber ſtrong,
Her moving ſhape, all theſe he doth ſurvey,
And all admires, but moſt his eaſy Prey.
The *Seamen* ſearch her all within, without,
Viewing her ſtrength, they yet their Conqueſt doubt;
Then with rude ſhouts ſecure, the Air they vex,
With gamſom joy inſulting on her Decks;
Such the fear'd *Hebrew* Captive, blinded, ſhorn,
Was led about in ſport, the publick ſcorn.
Black day accurſt! on thee let no man hale
Out of the Port, or dare to hoyſe a Sail,
Or row a Boat in thy unlucky hour,
Thee, the Years Monſter, let thy Dam devour;
And conſtant time to keep his courſe yet right,
Fill up thy ſpace with a redoubled Night.
When aged *Thames* was bound with Fetters baſe,
And *Medway* chaſte raviſht before his face,
And their dear Off-ſpring murder'd in their ſight,
Thou and thy fellows held'ſt the odious light.
Sad chance ſince firſt that happy Pair was wed,
When all the Rivers grac'd their Nuptial Bed,
And Father *Neptune* promis'd to reſign
His Empire old to their Immortal Line;
Now with vain grief their vainer hopes they rue,
Themſelves diſhonour'd, and the Gods untrue;
And to each other helpleſs couple mourn,
As the ſad Tortoiſe for the Sea does groan:

But moſt they for their darling *Charles* complain,
And were it burnt, yet leſs would be their pain.
To ſee that fatal pledge of Sea command,
Now in the Raviſher *de Ruyter*'s hand;
The *Thames* roar'd, ſwooning *Medway* turn'd her tyde,
And were they mortal, both for grief had dy'd.
The Court in Farthering yet it ſelf does pleaſe,
(And female *Steward* there rules the four *Seas*,)
But fate does ſtill accumulate our woes,
And *Richmond* her commands, as *Ruyter* thoſe.
After this loſs, to reliſh diſcontent,
Some one muſt be accus'd by puniſhment;
All our Miſcarriages on *Pett* muſt fall,
His Name alone ſeems fit to anſwer all.
Whoſe counſel firſt did this mad War beget?
Who all Commands ſold through the Navy? *Pett.*
Who would not follow when the *Dutch* were beat?
Who treated out the Time at *Bergen*? *Pett.*
Who the *Dutch* Fleet with Storms diſabled met?
And rifling Prizes, them neglected? *Pett.*
Who with falſe News prevented the Gazette,
The Fleet divided, writ for *Rupert*? *Pett.*
Who all our Seamen cheated of their debt,
And all our Prizes who did ſwallow? *Pett.*
Who did adviſe no Navy out to Set?
And who the Forts left unprepar'd? *Pett.*
Who to ſupply with Powder did forget
Languard, *Sheerneſs*, *Graveſend* and *Upnor*? *Pett.*
Who all our Ships expos'd in *Chattham* Nett?
Who ſhould it be but the Fanatick *Pett*?
Pett, the Sea-architect in making *Ships*,
Was the firſt cauſe of all theſe Naval ſlips.
Had he not built, none of theſe faults had been;
If no Creation, there had been no ſin;
But his great Crime, one Boat away he ſent,
That loſt our Fleet, and did our flight prevent.
Then that reward might in its turn take place,
And march with puniſhment in equal pace;
Southampton dead, much of the Treaſure's care
And place in Council fell to *Duncomb*'s ſhare.

All

All men admir'd, he to that pitch could fly,
Powder ne'er blew man up ſo ſoon, ſo high;
But ſure his late good husbandry in Peeter,
Shew'd him to manage the *Exchequer* meeter;
And who the Forts would not vouchſafe a Corn,
To laviſh the King's Money more would ſcorn.
Who hath no Chimneys, to give all, is beſt,
And ableſt Speaker, who of Law hath leaſt.
Who leſs Eſtate for Treaſurer moſt fit,
And for a Chanc'llor he that has leaſt wit.
But the true Cauſe was that in's Brother *May*,
Th' Exchequer might the Privy-Purſe obey.
And now draws near the Parliaments return,
Hide and the Court again begin to mourn;
Frequent in Council, earneſt in debate,
All Arts they try how to prolong its date,
Grave Primate *Shelden* (much in preaching there)
Blames the laſt Seſſion, and this more does fear;
With *Boynton* or with *Middleton* 'twere ſweet,
But with a Parliament abhors to meet;
And thinks 'twill ne'er be well within this Nation,
Till it be govern'd by a Convocation.
But in the *Thames*-mouth ſtill *de Ruyter* laid,
The Peace not ſure, new Army muſt be paid;
Hide ſaid he hourly waits for a Diſpatch,
Harry came Poſt juſt as he ſhew'd his Watch:
All to agree the Articles were clear,
The *Holland* Fleet and Parliament ſo near.
Yet *Harry* muſt jobb back and all mature,
Binding e'er th' Houſes meet the Treaty ſure;
And 'twixt neceſſity and ſpight, till then
Let them come up ſo to go down again.
Up ambles Country Juſtice on his Pad,
And Veſt beſpeaks to be more ſeemly clad:
Plain Centlemen are in Stage-Coach o'erthrown,
And Deputy-Lieutenants in their own;
The portly Burgeſs through the weather hot
Does for his Corporation ſweat and trot:
And all with Sun and Choller come aduſt,
And threaten *Hide* to raiſe a greater duſt.

But freſh, as from the Mint, the Courtiers fine
Salute them, ſmiling at their vain deſign;
And *Turner* gay up to his Perch doth march,
With Face new bleacht, ſmoothed and ſtiff with Starch,
Tells them he at *Whitehall* had took a turn,
And for three days thence moves them to adjourn.
Not ſo, quoth *Tomkins*, and ſtreight drew his Tongue,
Truſty as Steel that always ready hung;
And ſo proceeding in his motion warm,
Th' Army ſoon rais'd he doth as ſoon diſarm.
True *Trojan*! whilſt this Town can Girls afford,
And long as Cyder laſts in *Hereford*,
The Girls ſhall always kiſs thee, tho' grown old,
And in eternal Healths thy Name be troul'd.
Mean while the certain News of Peace arrives
At Court, and ſo reprieves their guilty Lives.
Hyde orders *Turner* that he ſhould come late,
Leſt ſome new *Tomkins* ſpring a freſh Debate:
The King that early rais'd was from his reſt,
Expects, as at a Play, till *Turner*'s dreſt.
At laſt together *Eaton* came and he,
No Dial more could with the Sun agree:
The Speaker ſummon'd to the Lords repairs,
Nor gave the Commons leave to ſay their Pray'rs,
But like his Pris'ners to the Bar them led,
Where mute, they ſtand to hear their Sentence read;
Trembling with joy and fear, *Hyde* them Prorogues,
And had almoſt miſtook, and call'd them Rogues.
Dear Painter, draw this Speaker to the Foot,
Where Pencil cannot, there my Pen ſhall do't.
That may his Body, this his Mind explain;
Paint him in Golden Gown with Maces train;
Bright Hair, fair Face, obſcure and dull of Head,
Like Knife with Iv'ry Haft, and edge of Lead:
At Prayers his eyes turn up the pious white,
But all the while his private Bill's in ſight:
In chair he ſmoking ſits like Maſter Cook,
And a Poll-bill does like his Apron look.
Well was he Skill'd to Seaſon any Queſtion,
And make a *Sawce* fit for *White-hall*'s digeſtion,

Whence

Whence every day the Palate more to tickle,
Court-Muſhroms ready are ſent in to pickle.
When Grievances urg'd he ſwells like ſquatted Toad,
Friſks like a Frog to croak a Taxes load:
His patient Piſs he could hold longer than
An Urinal, and ſit like any Hen;
At Table jolly as a Country Hoſt,
And ſoaks his Sack with *Norfolk* like a Toaſt;
At Night than *Chanticlere* more brisk and hot,
And Serjeants Wife ſerves him for *Portelott*.
Paint laſt the King, and a dead ſhade of Night,
Only diſperſt by a weak Taper's light:
And thoſe bright gleams that dart along and glare
From his clear Eyes (yet theſe too dart with care)
There, as in the calm horror all alone,
He wakes and muſes of th' uneaſy Throne:
Raiſe up a ſudden ſhape with Virgins face,
Tho' ill agree her poſture, hour or place;
Naked as born, and her round Arms behind,
With her own Treſſes interwove and twin'd:
Her Mouth lockt up, a blind before her Eyes,
Yet from beneath her Veil her bluſhes riſe,
And ſilent Tears her ſecret Anguiſh ſpeak;
Her Heart throbs, and with very ſhame would break.
The object ſtrange in him no terror mov'd,
He wondred firſt, then pitied, then he lov'd;
And with kind hand does the coy Viſion preſs,
Whoſe beauty greater ſeem'd by her diſtreſs:
But ſoon ſhrunk back, chill'd with a touch ſo cold,
And th' airy Picture vaniſht from his hold.
In his deep thoughts the wonder did increaſe,
And he divin'd 'twas *England*, or the Peace.
Expreſs him ſtartling next, with liſt'ning Ear,
As one that ſome unuſual noiſe doth hear;
With Cannons, Trumpets, Drums, his Door ſurround,
But let ſome other Painter draw the ſound:
Thrice he did riſe, thrice the vain tumult fled,
But again thunders when he lies in bed.
His mind ſecure does the vain ſtroke repeat,
And finds the Drums *Lewis*'s March did beat,

Shake then the Room, and all his Curtains tear,
And with blue ſtreaks infect the Taper clear,
While the pale Ghoſt his Eyes doth fix admire
Of Grandſire *Harry*, and of *Charles* his Sire.
Harry ſits down, and in his open Side
The griſly Wound reveals of which he dy'd:
And Ghoſtly *Charles*, turning his Coller low,
The purple Thred about his Neck doth ſhow:
Then whiſp'ring to his Son in words unheard,
Through the lockt Door, both of them diſappear'd:
The wondrous Night the penſive King revolves,
And riſing ſtreight on *Hyde*'s diſgrace reſolves.
At his firſt ſtep he *Caſtlemain* does find,
Bennet and *Coventry* as 'twere deſign'd;
And they not knowing the ſame thing propoſe,
Which his hid Mind did in his depths incloſe:
Through their feign'd ſpeech their ſecret Hearts he knew,
To her own Husband *Caſtlemain* untrue;
Falſe to his Maſter, *Briſtol*, *Arlington*,
And *Coventry* falſer than any one,
Who to his Brother, Brother would betray;
Nor therefore truſts himſelf to ſuch as they.
His Father's Ghoſt too whiſper'd him one Note,
That who does cut his Purſe will his cut Throat:
But in wiſe anger he their Crimes forbear,
As Thieves repriev'd from Executioner:
While *Hyde* provok'd, his foaming Tusk does whet,
To prove them Traytors, and himſelf the *Pett*.
Painter, adieu: How well our Arts agree!
Poetick Picture, Painted Poetry!
But this great Work is for our Monarch fit,
And henceforth *Charles* only to *Charles* ſhall ſit.
His Maſter-hand the Ancients ſhall out-do,
Himſelf the Painter, and the Poet too.

The Royal *SCOT.*

By Cleaveland's *Ghoſt, upon the Death of Captain* Douglas, *burnt on his Ship at* Chatham.

OF the old Heroes, when the Warlike Shades
Saw *Douglas* marching on the *Elyſium* Glades,
They all conſulting gather'd in a Ring,
Which of their Poets ſhould his Welcome ſing:
And as a favourable Penance choſe
Cleaveland, on whom they would that task impoſe:
He underſtood, but willingly addreſt
His ready Muſe to court that noble Gueſt.
Much had he cur'd the tumour of his Vein,
He judg'd more clearly now, and ſaw more plain;
For thoſe ſoft Airs had temper'd every Thought,
And of wiſe *Lethe* he had drunk a Draught,
Abruptly he began, diſguiſing Art,
As of his Satyr this had been a part.
Not ſo, brave *Douglas*, on whoſe lovely Chin,
The early Down but newly did begin:
And modeſt Beauty yet his Sex did veil,
While envious Virgins hopes he is a Male.
His yellow Locks curles back themſelves to ſeek,
Nor other Courtſhip knew but to his Cheek.
Oft has he in chill *Esk* or *Seyn* by Night,
Hardned and cool'd, his Limbs ſo ſoft, ſo white;
Among the Reeds to be eſpy'd by him
The Nymphs would ruſtle, he would forwards ſwim;
They ſigh'd, and ſaid, Fond Boy, why ſo untame,
That fly'ſt Loves fires, reſerv'd for other flame?
Firſt on his Ship he fac't that horrid Day,
And wond'red much at thoſe that run away:
No other fear himſelf could comprehend,
Than leſt Heaven fall e'er thither he aſcend;
But entertains the while his time too ſhort,
With birding at the *Dutch*, as if in ſport,

Or

Or waves his Sword, and could he then conjure
Within his Circle, knows himſelf ſecure.
The fatal Bark him boards with grapling Fire,
And ſafely through its Port the *Dutch* retire.
That precious Life he yet diſdains to ſave,
Or with known Art to try the gentle Wave;
Much him the honour of his ancient Race
Inſpir'd, nor would he his own Deeds deface;
And ſecret Joy in his calm Soul does riſe,
That *Monk* looks on to ſee how *Douglas* dies.
Like a glad Lover the fierce flames he meets,
And tries his firſt Embraces in their Sheets:
His Shape exact, which the bright flames infold,
Like the Sun's Statue ſtands of burniſht Gold.
Round the tranſparent Fire about him glows,
As the clear Amber on the Bees does cloſe;
And as on Angels heads their Glories ſhine,
His burning Locks adorn his Face divine.
But when in his immortal Mind he felt
His alt'ring Form, and ſoder'd Limbs to melt;
Down on the Deck he laid himſelf, and dy'd,
With his dear Sword repoſing by his ſide,
And on the flaming Plank ſo reſts his Head,
As one that warm'd himſelf, and went to Bed.
His Ship burns down, and with his Reliques ſinks,
And the ſad Stream beneath his Aſhes drinks.
Fortunate Boy! If either Pencils Fame,
Or if my Verſe can propagate thy Neme;
When *Æta* and *Alcides* are forgot,
Our *Engliſh* Youth ſhall ſing the Valiant *Scot*.
Skip Saddles *Pegaſus*, thou needſt not brag,
Sometimes the *Galloway* proves the better Nag.
Shall not a Death ſo generous, when told,
Unite our diſtance, fill our Breeches old?
Such in the *Roman Forum*, *Curtius* brave
Galloping down, clos'd up the gaping Cave.
No more diſcourſe of *Scotch* and *Engliſh* Race,
Nor chaunt the fabulous Hunt of *Chevy Chaſe*.
Mixt in *Corinthian* Metal at thy Flame
Our Nation's melting, thy *Coloſſus* frame:

Prick

Prick down the Point, whoever has the art,
Where Nature *Scotland* does from *England* part.
Anatomiſts may ſooner fix the Cells
Where Life reſides, and Underſtanding dwells:
But this we know, tho' that exceeds our Skill,
That whoſoever ſep'rates them does ill.
Will you the *Tweed* that ſullen Bounder call
Of Soyl, of Wit, of Manners, and of all?
Why draw you not as well the thrifty Line
From *Thames*, from *Humber*, or at leaſt the *Tine*?
So may we the State Corpulence redreſs,
And little *England*, when we pleaſe make leſs.
What *Ethic* River is this wond'rous *Tweed*,
Whoſe one Bank Vertue, t'other Vice does breed?
Or what new Perpendicular does riſe
Up from her Streams, continu'd to the Skies,
That between us the common Air ſhould bar,
And ſplit the Influence of every Star?
But who conſiders right, will find, indeed,
'Tis *Holy Iſland* parts us, not the *Tweed*.
Nothing but Clergy could us two ſeclude,
No *Scotch* was ever like a Biſhop's Feud,
All Litanies in this have wanted Faith;
There's no *Deliver us, from a Biſhop's Wrath.*
Never ſhall *Calvin* pardon'd be for Sales,
Never for *Burnet*'s ſake, the *Lauderdales*?
For *Becket*'s ſake *Kent* always ſhall have Tales.
Who Sermons e'er can pacifie and Prayers?
Or to the Joynt-ſtools reconcile the Chairs.
Tho' Kingdoms Join, yet Church will Kirk oppoſe,
The Mitre ſtill divides, the Crown does cloſe;
As in *Rogation-Week* they whip us round,
To keep in mind the *Scotch* and *Engliſh* Bound.
What th' Ocean binds, is by the Biſhops rent,
Then Seas make Iſlands in our Continent.
Nature in vain us in one Land compiles,
If the Cathedral ſtill ſhall have its Iſles.
Nothing, not Bogs, nor Sands, nor Seas, nor *Alps*,
Separate the World ſo as the Biſhops Scalps.

Stretch

Stretch for the Line, their Circingle alone,
'Twill make a more unhabitable Zone.
The friendly Load-ſtone has not more combin'd,
Than Biſhops crampt the Commerce of Mankind.
Had it not been for ſuch a Biaſs ſtrong,
Two Nations had ne'er miſs'd the Mark ſo long.
The World in all doth but two Nations bear,
The Good, the Bad, and theſe mixt every where:
Under each Pole place either of theſe two;
The Bad will baſely, Good will bravely do.
And few, indeed, can parallel our Climes,
For Worth Heroick, or Heroick Crimes:
The tryal would, however, be too nice,
Which ſtronger were, a *Scotch* or *Engliſh* Vice:
Or whether the ſame Virtue would reflect
From *Scotch* or *Engliſh* Heart the ſame effect.
Nation is all but Name, a *Shiboleth*,
Where a miſtaken Accent cauſes Death.
In Paradiſe Names only Nature ſhow'd,
At *Babel* Names from Pride and Diſcord flow'd;
And ever ſince Men with a Female Spight,
Firſt call each other Names, and then they fight.
Scotland and *England*, cauſe of juſt uproar,
Do Man and Wife ſignifie, Rogue and Whore.
Say but a *Scot*, and ſtraight we fall to Sides,
That Syllable, like a *Pict*'s Wall, divides.
Rational Mens Words, Pledges are of Peace,
Perverted, ſerve Diſſention to increaſe.
For ſhame extirpate from each Loyal Breaſt,
That ſenſeleſs Rancour againſt Intereſt.
One King, one Faith, one Language, and one Iſle,
Engliſh and *Scotch*, 'tis all but Croſs and Pile.
Charles, our Great Soul, this only underſtands,
He our Affections both, and Wills commands.
And where twin-Sympathies cannot atone,
Knows the laſt Secret, how to make us one.
Juſt ſo the prudent Husbandman that ſees
The idle Tumult of his factious Bees;
The Morning Dews, and Flowers neglected grown,
The Hive a Comb-Caſe, every Bee a Drone;

Powders

Powders them o'er, till none diſcerns his Foes,
And all themſelves in Meal and Friendſhip loſe:
The Inſect Kingdom ſtraight begins to thrive,
And all work Honey for the common Hive.
Pardon, young Hero, this ſo long Tranſport,
Thy Death more noble did the ſame extort.
My former Satyr for this Verſe forget;
My fault againſt my Recantation ſet.
I ſingle did againſt a Nation write,
Againſt a Nation thou didſt ſingly fight.
My differing Crimes does more thy Virtue raiſe,
And ſuch my Raſhneſs beſt thy Valour praiſe.
Here *Douglas* ſmiling ſaid, He did intend,
After ſuch Frankneſs ſhewn, to be his Friend.
Forewarn'd him therefore, leſt in time he were
Metempſycos'd to ſome *Scotch* Presbyter.

By *A. M.*

Britannia *and* Raleigh. By *A. Marvell*, Eſq.

Br. AH *Raleigh*, when thou didſt thy Breath reſign
To trembling *James*, would I had quitted (mine.
Cubs didſt thou call them? Hadſt thou ſeen this Brood,
Of *Earls*, and *Dukes*, and *Princes* of the Blood;
No more of *Scotiſh* Race thou wouldſt complain,
Theſe would be Bleſſings in this ſpurious Reign.
Awake, ariſe from thy long bleſt repoſe,
Once more with me partake of mortal Woes.
Ra. What mighty Pow'r hath forc'd me from my (reſt?
Oh mighty Queen, why ſo untimely dreſt?
Brit. Favour'd by Night, conceal'd in this Diſguiſe,
Whilſt the *Lewd Court* in drunken ſlumber lies,
I ſtole away; and never will return,
Till *England* knows who did her City burn:
Till *Cavaliers* ſhall Favourites be deem'd,
And Loyal Sufferers by the Court eſteem'd:
Till *Leigh* and *Galloway* ſhall Bribes reject:
Thus *O——ns* Golden Cheat I ſhall detect;

Til

Till Atheiſt *Lauderdale* ſhall leave this Land,
And *Commons Votes* ſhall *Cut-Noſe* Guards disband:
Till *Kate* a happy Mother ſhall become,
Till *Charles* loves *Parliaments*, and *James* hates *Rome*.
Ral. What fatal Crimes make you for ever fly
Your once lov'd *Court*, and *Martyr*'s Progeny?
Brit. A *Colony* of *French* poſſeſs the *Court*;
Pimps, *Prieſts*, *Buffoons*, in Privy-Chamber ſport.
Such ſlimy Monſters ne'er approacht the *Throne*
Since *Pharaoh*'s Days, nor ſo defil'd a Crown.
In ſacred Ear *Tyrannick* Arts they croak,
Pervert his Mind, and good Intention choak:
Tell him of Golden *Indies*, Fairy Lands,
Leviathan, and abſolute Commands.
Thus Fairy-like the *King* they ſteal away,
And in his room a Changling *Lewis* lay.
How oft have I him to himſelf reſtor'd,
In's Left the Scale, in's Right-hand plac'd the Sword?
Taught him their uſe, what Dangers would enſue
To them who ſtrive to ſeparate theſe two?
The bloody *Scotiſh Chronicle* read o'er
Shew'd him how many Kings in purple Gore
Were hurl'd to Hell by cruel Tyrant *Lore*.
The other day fam'd *Spencer* I did bring,
In lofty Notes, *Tudor*'s bleſt Race to ſing;
How *Spain*'s proud powers her Virgin Arms control'd,
And golden Days in peaceful Order roul'd:
How like ripe Fruit ſhe dropt from off her Throne,
Full of grey Hairs, good Deeds and great Renown.
As the *Jeſſean* Hero did appeaſe
Saul's ſtormy Rage, and ſtopt his black Diſeaſe;
So the learn'd Bard, with artful Song ſuppreſt
The ſwelling Paſſion of his canker'd Breaſt:
And in his Heart kind Influences ſhed
Of *Countrys* Love, by *Truth* and *Juſtice* bred:
Then to perform the Cure ſo well begun,
To him I ſhew'd this glorious ſetting Sun,
How by her Peoples Looks purſu'd from far,
So mounted on a bright Celeſtial Car
Out-ſhining *Virgo*, or the *Julian* Star.

Whilſt

Whilſt in Truth's Mirrour this good Scene he ſpy'd,
Enter'd a *Dame* bedeck'd with ſpotted Pride,
Fair *Flower-de-Luce* within an Azure Field,
Her left-hand Bears the ancient *Gallick* Shield,
By her uſurp'd; her Right a bloody Sword,
Inſcrib'd *Leviathan*, our Sovereign Lord;
Her tow'ry Front a fiery Meteor bears,
An Exhalation bred of Blood and Tears;
Around her *Jove*'s lewd rav'nous Curs complain,
Pale Death, Luſts, Tortures, fill her pompous Train:
She from the eaſy King Truth's Mirrour took,
And on the ground in ſpiteful Fall it broke;
Then frowning, thus, with Proud Diſdain, ſhe ſpoke:
Are thred-bare Virtues Ornaments for *Kings?*
Such poor pedantick Toys teach Underlings!
Do *Monarchs* riſe by Virtue or by Sword?
Who e'er grew great by keeping of his Word?
Vitrue's a faint *Green-ſickneſs* to brave Souls,
Daſtards their Hearts, their active Heat controuls:
The Rival God, Monarchs of t'other World,
This mortal poyſon among Princes hurl'd;
Fearing the mighty Projects of the Great,
Shall drive them from their proud Celeſtial Seat,
If not o'er-aw'd: This new found holy Cheat.
Thoſe pious Frauds to ſlight t'inſnare the Brave,
Are proper Arts the long-ear'd Rout t'inſlave.
Bribe hungry Prieſts to deify your Might,
To teach your Will's your only Rule to Right,
And ſound Damnation to all dare deny't.
Thus Heavens deſigns 'gainſt Heaven you ſhall turn
And make them feel thoſe Powers they once did ſcorn.
When all the gobling Intereſt of Mankind,
By Hirelings ſold to you, ſhall be reſign'd;
And by Impoſtures God and Man betray'd,
The Church and State you ſafely may invade:
So boundleſs *Lewis* in full Glory ſhines,
Whilſt your ſtarv'd Power in Legal Fetters pines.
Shake off thoſe Baby-bands from your ſtrong Arms,
Henceforth be deaf to that old Witches Charms:

Taſte

Taſte the delicious Sweets of Sovereign Power,
'Tis Royal Game whole Kingdoms to deflower.
Three ſpotleſs Virgins to your Bed I'll bring,
A ſacrifice to you their God and King:
As theſe grow ſtale, we'll harraſs Human kind,
Rack Nature, till new Pleaſures you ſhall find,
Strong as your Reign, and beauteous as your Mind.
When ſhe had ſpoke a confus'd Murmur roſe,
Of *French*, *Scotch*, *Iriſh*, all my mortal Foes:
Some *Engliſh* too, O ſhame! diſguis'd I ſpy'd,
Led all by the wiſe Son-in-Law of *Hide*:
With Fury drunk, like *Bachanals*, they roar,
Down with that common Magna Charta Whore.
With Joynt Conſent, on helpleſs me they flew,
And from my *Charles* to a baſe Goal me drew,
My reverend Age expos'd the Scorn and Shame,
To Prigs, Bawds, Whores, was made the publick-Game.
Frequent Addreſſes to my *Charles* I ſend,
And my ſad State did to his Care commend:
But his fair Soul transform'd by that *French* Dame,
Had loſt a Senſe of Honour, Juſtice, Fame.
Like a tame Spinſter in's *Seraigi'* he ſits,
Beſieg'd by Whores, Buffoons, and Baſtard Chits;
Lull'd in ſecurity, rowling in Luſt,
Reſigns his Crown to Angel *Carwell*'s Truſt.
Her Creature *O——n* the Revenue ſteals,
Falſe *F——h*, Knave *Ang——eſy*, miſguide the Seals.
Mac-James the *Iriſh Biggots* does adore;
His *French* and *Teague* commands on Sea and Shore:
The *Scotch Scalado* of our *Court* two Iſles,
Falſe *Lauderdale* with *Ordure* all defiles.
Thus the States Night marr'd by this helliſh Rout,
And no one left theſe Furies to caſt out.
Ah! *Vindex* come, and purge the poyſon'd State;
Deſcend, deſcend, e'er the Cure's deſperate. (ſave,
Ral. Once more Great *Queen* thy Darling ſtrive to
Snatch him again from Scandal and the Grave:
Preſent to's Thoughts his long ſcorn'd *Parliament*,
The Baſis of his Throne and Government.

In

In his deaf Ears ſound his dead Father's Name;
Perhaps that Spell may's erring Soul reclaim.
Who knows what good Effects from thence may ſpring?
'Tis God-like good to ſave a falling King.
Brit. Rawleigh, no more; for long in vain I've try'd,
The *Stewart* from the Tyrant to divide;
As eaſily Learn'd *Vertuoſo*'s may
With the Dog's Blood his gentle Kind convey
Into the Wolf, and make him Guardian turn
T' th' bleating Flock, by him ſo lately torn.
If this Imperial Juice once taint his Blood,
'Tis by no potent Antidote withſtood.
Tyrants, like Lep'rous Kings, for publick Weal
Should be immur'd, leſt the Contagion ſteal
Over the whole. Th' Elect of th' *Jeſſean* Line,
To this firm Law their Scepter did reſign:
And ſhall this baſe Tyrannick Brood invade
Eternal Laws, by God for Mankind made?
To the ſerene *Venetian* State I'll go,
From her ſage Mouth fam'd Principles to know:
With her the Prudence of the Ancients read,
To teach my People in their ſteps to tread.
By their great Pattern ſuch a State I'll frame,
Shall Eternize a glorious laſting Name.
Till then, my *Rawleigh*, teach our noble Youth
To love Sobriety, and holy Truth.
Watch and preſide over their tender Age,
Leſt *Court-Corruption* ſhould their Souls engage.
Teach them how *Arts* and *Arms* in thy young Days
Employ'd our Youth, not Taverns, Stews and Plays.
Tell them the generous Scorn their riſe does owe
To *Flattery*, *Pimping*, and a *Gaudy Show*.
Teach them to ſcorn the *Carwells*, *Portſmouths*, *Nells*,
The *Clevelands*, *O——ns*, *Berties*, *Lauderdales*,
Poppea, *Tegoline*, and *Arteria's* Name,
Who yield to theſe in Lewdneſs, Luſt and Fame.
Make 'em admire the *Talbots*, *Sidneys*, *Veres*,
Drake, *Ca'ndiſh*, *Blake*; Men void of ſlaviſh Fears,
True Sons of Glory, Pillars of the State,
On whoſe fam'd Deeds all Tongues and Writers wait:

When with fierce Ardour their bright *Souls* do burn,
Back to my deareſt Country I'll return.
Tarquin's juſt Judge, and *Cæſar*'s equal Peers,
With them I'll bring to dry my Peoples Tears.
Publicola with healing Hands ſhall pour
Balm in their Wounds, and ſhall their Life reſtore:
Greeks Arts, and *Roman* Arms, in her conjoyn'd
Shall *England* raiſe, relieve oppreſt Mankind.
As *Jove*'s great Son th' infeſted Globe did free
From noxious Monſters, hell-born Tyranny:
So ſhall my *England* in a Holy War,
In Triumph lead chain'd *Tyrants* from afar:
Her true *Cruſado* ſhall at laſt pull down
The *Turkiſh* Creſcent, and the *Perſian* Sun.
Freed by thy Labours, Fortunate, Bleſt Iſle,
The Earth ſhall reſt, the Heav'n ſhall on thee ſmile;
And this kind Secret for Reward ſhall give,
No poyſon'd Tyrants on the Earth ſhall live.

Advice to a Painter. By A. Marvel, *Eſq.*

SPread a large Canvas, *Painter*, to contain
The great *Aſſembly*, and the num'rous Train;
Where all about him ſhall in Triumph ſit
Abhorring *Wiſdom*, and deſpiſing *Wit*;
Hating all *Juſtice*, and reſolv'd to Fight,
To rob their native Country of their Right.
Firſt draw his *Highneſs* proſtrate to the *South*,
Adoring *Rome*, this Label in his *Mouth*,
Moſt holy Father! being joyn'd in League
With Father *Patrick*, *D——by*, and with Teague;
Thrown at your Sacred Feet, *I humbly bow*,
I, and the wiſe *Aſſociates* of my Vow;
A Vow, nor *Fire*, nor *Sword* ſhall ever end,
Till all this *Nation* to your *Foot-ſtool* bend.
Thus arm'd with Zeal and Bleſſing from *your Hands*,
I'll raiſe my *Papiſts*, and my *Iriſh* Bands,

And

And by a noble well-contrived Plot,
Manag'd by wiſe *Fitz-Gerald*, and by *Scot*;
Prove to the World, I'll make old *England* know,
That *common Senſe* is my *eternal Foe*,
I ne'er can *fight* in a more *glorious Cauſe*,
Than to deſtroy their *Liberty* and *Laws*.
Their Houſe of *Commons* and their Houſe of *Lords*;
Their *Parchment Preſidents*, and dull *Records*.
Shall *theſe* e'er dare to contradict *my* Will,
And think *a Prince o' th' Blood can e'er do ill*?
It is our *Birth-right* to have Power to kill.
Shall they e'er dare to think they ſhall decide
The way to *Heaven*? And who ſhall be my *Guide*?
Shall they pretend to ſay, That *Bread* is *Bread*,
If we affirm it is a God indeed?
Or there's no *Purgatory* for the Dead?
That *Extreme Unction* is but common Oyl,
And not infallible the *Roman Soil*.
I'll have thoſe *Villains* in our *Notions* reſt;
And I do ſay it, therefore it's the beſt.
Next, *Painter*, draw us *Mordant* by his *Side*,
Conveying his *Religion*, and his *Bride*.
He who long ſince abjur'd the Royal Line,
Does now in *Popery* with his Maſter joyn.
Then draw the *Princeſs* with her Golden Locks,
Haſtning to be envenom'd with the *P——x*.
And in her youthful Veins receive a Wound;
Which ſent *N. H.* before her under Ground;
The Wound of which the tainted *C——ret* fades,
Laid up in ſtore for a new *Set* of *Maids*.
Poor *Princeſs*! born under a ſullen Star,
To find ſuch Welcome when you came ſo far.
Better ſome jealous Neighbour of your own
Had call'd you to a ſound tho' petty *Throne*:
Where 'twixt a wholſome Husband and a Page,
You might have linger'd out a lazy Age,
That on dull Hopes of being here a Queen;
E're Twenty die, and rot before Fifteen.
Now, *Painter*, ſhew us in the blackeſt Dye,
The Counſellors of all this Villany.

Clifford, who firſt appear'd in humble Guiſe,
Was always thought too gentle, meek, and wiſe.
But when he came to act upon the Stage,
He prov'd the mad *Cathegus* of our Age.
He, and his Duke, had both too great a Mind,
To be by *Juſtice*, or by *Law* confin'd:
Their doiling Heads can bear no other Sounds,
Than Fleets and Armies, Battles, Blood and Wounds.
And to deſtroy our Liberty, they hope
By *Iriſh* Fools, and an old doting *Pope*.
Next, *Talbot*, muſt by his great Maſter ſtand,
Laden with *Folly*, *Fleſh*, and *ill-got Land*.
He's of a ſize indeed to fill a *Porch*,
But ne'er can make a *Pillar of the Church*.
His Sword is all his Arg'ment, not his Book,
Altho' no Scholar, he can act the Cook.
And will cut Throats again, if he be paid;
In th' *Iriſh* Shambles he firſt learn'd the Trade.
Then *Painter* ſhew thy Skill, and in fit place
Let's ſee the *Nuncio Arundel*'s ſweet Face,
Let the Beholders by thy Art eſpy
His *Senſe* and *Soul*, as ſquinting as his Eye.
Let *Bellaſis* autumnal Face be ſeen,
Rich with the Spoils of a poor *Algerine*;
Who truſting in him, was by him betray'd,
And ſo ſhall we when his advice's obey'd.
The *Heroe* once got Honour by his Sword,
He got his Wealth by breaking of his Word.
And now his Daughter he hath got with Child,
And Pimps to have his Family defil'd.
Next *Painter* draw the Rabble of the Plot,
German, *Fitz-Gerald*, *Loftus*, *Porter*, *Scot*.
Theſe are fit Heads indeed, to turn a State,
And change the Order of a Nation's Fate;
Ten Thouſand ſuch as theſe ſhall ne'er controul
The ſmalleſt *Atom* of an *Engliſh* Soul.
Old *England* on its ſtrong Foundation ſtands,
Defying all their *Heads*, and all their *Hands*.
Its ſteady *Baſis* never could be ſhook,
When *wiſer Men* her *Ruin* undertook;

And can her *Guardian-Angel* let her ſtoop
At laſt, to *Mad-men*, *Fools*, and to the *Pope?*
No *Painter*, no; cloſe up this Piece, and ſee
This Crowd of *Traytors* hang'd in *Effigie*.

Noſtradamus's Prophecy. By *A. Marvel*, Eſq.

FOR Faults and Follies *London*'s Doom ſhall fix,
And ſhe muſt ſink in Flames in *Sixty-ſix*;
Fire-Balls ſhall fly, but few ſhall ſee the Train,
As far as from *Whitehall* to *Pudding-Lane*;
To burn the City which again ſhall riſe,
Beyond all hopes, aſpiring to the Skies,
Where Vengeance dwells. But there is one thing more
(Tho' its Walls ſtand) ſhall bring the City low'r:
When Legiſlators ſhall their Truſt betray,
Saving their own, ſhall give the reſt away;
And thoſe falſe Men by th' eaſy People ſent,
Give Taxes to the *King* by *Parliament*;
When bare-fac'd *Villains* ſhall not bluſh to cheat,
And *Chequer* Doors ſhall ſhut up *Lombard-ſtreet*:
When Players come to Act the part of *Queens*,
Within the Curtains, and behind the Scenes:
When *Sodomy* ſhall be prime Min'ſters Sport,
And *Whoring* ſhall be the leaſt Crime at Court:
When Boys ſhall take their *Siſters* for their Mate,
And practiſe *Inceſt* between ſeven and Eight:
When no Man knows in whom to put his truſt,
And e'en to rob the *Chequer* ſhall be juſt:
When Declarations, Lies, and every Oath
Shall be in uſe at *Court*, but *Faith* and *Troth*.
When two good Kings ſhall be at *Brentford* Town,
And when in *London* there ſhall be not one;
When the Seat's given to a talking Fool,
Whom wiſe Men laugh at, and whom Women rule;
A Min'ſter able only in his Tongue,
To make harſh empty *Speeches* two hours long:
When an old *Scotch* Covenanter ſhall be
The Champion for th' *Engliſh* Hierarchy:

When Biſhops ſhall lay all Religion by,
And ſtrive by Law t'eſtabliſh Tyranny:
When a lean *Treaſurer* ſhall in one Year
Make himſelf fat, his King and People bare:
When th' *Engliſh* Prince ſhall *Engliſh* men deſpiſe,
And think *French* only Loyal, *Iriſh* Wiſe:
When *Wooden Shoon* ſhall be the *Engliſh* wear,
And *Magna Charta* ſhall no more appear;
Then th' *Engliſh* ſhall a greater *Tyrant* know,
Than either *Greek* or *Latin* Story ſhow;
Their Wives to's Luſt expos'd, their Wealth to's ſpoil,
With Groans to fill his Treaſury they toil;
But like the *Bellides*, muſt ſigh in vain;
For that ſtill fill'd, flows out as faſt again:
Then they with envious Eyes ſhall *Belgium* ſee,
And wiſh in vain *Venetian* Liberty.
The Frogs too late grown weary of their Pain,
Shall pray to *Jove* to take him back again.

Sr Edmunbury Godfrey's *Ghoſt*.

IT happen'd in the twy-light of the Day,
As *England*'s Monarch in his Cloſet lay,
And *Chiffinch* ſtep'd to fetch the Female-Prey,
The bloody ſhape of *Godfrey* did appear,
And in ſad Vocal ſounds theſe things declare.
'Behold, Great *Sir*, I from the Shades am ſent,
'To ſhew theſe Wounds that did your Fall prevent.
'My panting Ghoſt, as Envoy, comes to call,
'And warn you, leſt, like me, y' untimely fall;
'Who againſt Law your Subjects Lives purſue,
'By the ſame Rule may dare to murder you.
'I, for *Religion*, *Laws*, and *Liberties*,
'Am mangled thus, and made a *Sacrifice*.
'Think what befel Great *Egypt*'s hardned King,
'Who ſcorn'd the Prophets oft admoniſhing.
'Shake off your Brandy-ſlumbers; for my Words
'More Truth than all your cloſe Cabal affords;

'A

'A Court you have with Luxury o'er-grown,
'And all the Vices e'er in Nature known;
'Where Pimps and Pandors in their Coaches ride,
'And in Lampoons and Songs your Luſt deride.
'Old Bawds and ſlighted Whores, there tell with ſhame,
'The dull Romance of our Laſcivious Flame.
'Players and Scaramouches are your Joy;
'Prieſts and *French* Apes do all your Land annoy:
'Still ſo profuſe, you are inſolvent grown,
'A mighty Bankrupt on a Golden Throne,
'Your nauſeous Palate the worſt Food doth crave,
'No wholſom Viands can an Entrance have:
'Each Night you lodge in that *French Syren*'s Arms,
'She ſtraight betrays you with her wanton Charms;
'Works on your Heart, ſoftned with Love and Wine,
'And then betrays you to ſome *Philiſtine*.
'Imperial Luſt does o'er your Scepter ſway;
'And tho' a *Sovereign*, makes you to obey.
'She that from *Lisbon* came with ſuch Renown,
'And to inrich you with the *Africk* Town;
'In nature mild, and gentle as a Dove;
'Yet for Religion can a *Serpent* prove:
'Prieſt-rid with Zeal, ſhe plots, and did deſign
'To cut your Thread of Life, as well as mine;
'Yet Thoughts ſo ſtupid have your *Soul* poſſeſt,
'As if inchanted by ſome Magick Prieſt:
'There's no Examples urge you to relent,
'You pardon guilty, puniſh innocent.
'Next he who 'gainſt the *Senate*'s Vote did wed,
'Took defil'd *H.* and *Eſte* to his Bed.
'Fiend in his Face, Apoſtate in his Name,
'Contriv'd to Wars to your eternal ſhame.
'He ancient Laws and Liberties defies;
'On ſtanding Guards and new rais'd Force relies.
'The *Teague* he courts, and doth the *French* admire,
'And fain he would be mounted one ſtep higher.
'All this by you muſt needs be plainly ſeen,
'And yet he awes you with his daring *Spleen:*
'Th' unhappy Kingdom ſuffer'd much of old,
'When *Spencer* and looſe *Gaveſton* controul'd;

'Yet they by juſt Decrees were timely ſent
'To ſuffer a perpetual Baniſhment.
'But your bold *Stateſmen* nothing can reſtrain,
'Their moſt enormous Courſes you maintain.
'They like thoſe head-ſtrong Horſes of the Sun,
'Guided by the unskilful *Phaeton*.
'Your tott'ring Chariot bears through uncouth ways,
'Till the next World's inflamed with your Rays.
'Witneſs that Man, who had for divers Years
'Pay'd the *brib'd Commons Penſions* and *Arrears*;
'Tho' your Exchequer was at his Command,
'Durſt not before his juſt Accuſers ſtand:
'His Crimes and Treaſons of ſo black a hue,
'None dare to prove his Advocate but you.
'Who e'er within your Palace Walls remain,
'Abhor your Actions, ſerve you but for Gain.
'The *Aſſyrians* (as Hiſtories relate)
'Had once a King grown ſo Effeminate;
'All State-Affairs ſeem'd irkſome in his ſight,
'In Spinning-Wheels he plac'd his whole delight:
'With his lewd *Strumpet*-Crew he did retire,
'Condemn'd and loath'd, he ſet himſelf on fire,
'And only in this Act the World did own,
'The greateſt Manhood of his Life was ſhown.
'*Rome* ne'er to ſuch a glorious State had grown,
'Had not Luxurious *Tarquin* there been known,
'A ſingle Rape was deem'd ſuch a Diſgrace,
'Th' extirpate both his odious Name and Race:
'Tho' he from *Tuſcan* Kings did ſuccour crave,
'Yet they with Arms purſu'd him to the Grave.
'Ingenuous People always have withſtood,
'What ſtains their Honour, or the publick Good.
'Truſt not in Prelates falſe Divinity,
'Who wrong their Prince, and ſhame their Deity,
'Making their God ſo partial in their Cauſe,
'Exempting Kings alone from human Laws;
'Theſe lying Oracles they did infuſe
'Of old, and did your *Martyr'd Sire* abuſe.
'Their ſtrong Deluſions did him ſo inthral,
'No Cautions would anticipate his Fall.

'Repent

'Repent in time, and baniſh from your ſight
'The Pimp, the Whore, Buffoon, Church-Paraſite:
'Let innocence deck your remaining Days,
'That after-Ages may unfold your Praiſe:
'So may Hiſtorians in new methods write,
'And draw a Curtain 'twixt your black and white.
The Ghoſt ſpake thus, groan'd thrice, and ſaid no more;
Straight in came *Chiffinch*, *hand* in *hand*, with Whore;
The King, tho' much concern'd 'twixt Joy and Fear,
Starts from the Couch, and bids the Dame draw near.

An Hiſtorical Poem. By A. Marvel, *Eſq.*

OF a Tall Stature and of Sable Hue;
Much like the Son of *Kiſh*, that lofty *Jew*:
Twelve years compleat he ſuffer'd in Exile,
And kept his Father's Aſſes all the while.
At length by wonderful impulſe of Fate,
The People call him home to help the State;
And what is more, they ſend him Money too,
And clothe him all from Head to Foot, anew.
Nor did he ſuch ſmall Favours then diſdain,
But in his Thirtieth year began his Reign:
In a ſlaſht Doublet then he came aſhore,
And dubb'd poor *Palmer*'s Wife his Royal Wh——:
Biſhops, Deans, Peers, and Pimps, and Knights he made,
Things highly fitting for a Monarch's trade;
With Women, Wine, and Viands of Delight,
His Jolly Vaſſals feaſt him Day and Night:
But the beſt times have ever ſome allay,
His younger Brother dy'd by Treachery.
Bold *James* ſurvives, no Dangers make him flinch,
He marries Seignior *Fal——b*'s Pregnant Wench.
The pious Mother Queen hearing her Son
Was thus enamour'd on a Butter'd Bun;
And that the Fleet was gone in Pomp and State
To fetch for *Charles*, the Flow'ry *Lisbon Kate*,
She chaunts *Te Deum*, and ſo comes away,
To wiſh her hopeful Iſſue timely Joy.

Her

Her moſt Uxorious Mate ſhe rul'd of old,
Why not with eaſy Youngſters make as Bold?
From the *French* Court ſhe haughty Topicks brings,
Deludes their Pliant Nature with vain things;
Her Miſchief-breeding Breaſt did ſo prevail,
The new-got Flemiſh Town was ſet to ſale;
For theſe and *Germains* Sins ſhe founds a Church,
So ſlips away, and leaves us in the Lurch.
Now the Court-ſins did every Place defile,
And Plagues and War fell heavy on the Iſle.
Pride nouriſht Folly, Folly a Delight
With the *Batavian* Commonwealth to fight:
But the *Dutch* Fleet fled ſuddenly with Fear,
Death and the Duke ſo dreadful did appear.
The dreadful Victor took his ſoft Repoſe,
Scorning purſuit of ſuch Mechanick Foes.
But now *Y*——*k*'s Genitals grew over-hot,
With *D*——*ham* and *Carneig*'s infected Plot;
Which with Religion ſo inflam'd his Ire,
He left the City when 'twas got on Fire.
So *Philip*'s Son, inflamed with a Miſs,
Burnt down the Palace of *Perſepolis*.
Foil'd thus by *Venus*, he *Bellona* woos,
And with the *Dutch* a ſecond War renews.
But here his *French*-bred Proweſs prov'd in vain,
De Ruyter claps him in *Sole-Bay* again.
This Iſle was well reform'd, and gain'd Renown,
Whilſt the braye *Tudors* wore th' Imperial Crown;
But ſince the Royal Race of *St*——*s* came,
It has recoil'd to Popery, and Shame.
Miſguided Monarchs, rarely Wiſe and Juſt;
Tainted with Pride and with impetuous Luſt.
Should we the *Black-Heath* Project here relate,
Or count the various Blemiſhes of State,
My Muſe would on the Reader's Patience grate.
The poor *Priapus King* led by the Noſe,
Looks as a thing ſet up to ſcare the Crows;
Yet in the Mimicks of the Spinſtrian ſport,
Out-does *Tiberius*, and his Goatiſh Court.

In

In Loves Delight none did 'em e'er excel,
Not *Tereus* with his Siſter *Philomel*.
As they at *Athens*, we at *Dover* meet,
And gentlier far the *Orleans* Dutcheſs treat.
What ſad Event attended on the ſame,
We'll leave to the Report of Common Fame.
The *Senate*, which ſhould head-ſtrong Princes ſtay,
Lets looſe the Reins, and gives the Realm away;
With laviſh Hands they conſtant Tributes give,
And Annual Stipends for their Guilt receive;
Corrupt with Gold, they Wives and Daughters bring
To the Black Idol for an Offering.
All but Religious Cheats might juſtly ſwear,
He true Vicegerent to old *Molock* were.
Prieſts were the firſt Deluders of Mankind,
Who with vain Faith made all their Reaſon blind;
Not *Lucifer* himſelf more proud than they,
And yet perſwade the World they muſt obey;
'Gainſt Avarice and Luxury complain,
And practiſe all the Vices they arraign.
Riches and Honour they from Lay-men reap,
And with dull *Crambo* feed the ſilly Sheep.
As *Killigrew* buffoons his Maſter, they
Droll on their God, but a much duller way,
With *Hocus Pocus*, and their Heavenly ſlight
They gain on tender Conſciences at Night.
Whoever has an over zealous Wife,
Becomes the Prieſt's *Amphitrio*, during Life.
Who would ſuch Men Heaven's Meſſengers believe,
Who from the Sacred Pulpit dare deceive?
Baal's wretched Curates Legerdemain'd it ſo,
And never durſt their Tricks above-board ſhow.
When our firſt Parents Paradiſe did grace,
The *Serpent* was the Prelate of the Place.
Fond *Eve* did for this ſubtil Tempter's ſake,
From the forbidden Tree the Pippin take.
His God and Lord this Preacher did betray,
To have the weaker Veſſel made his Prey;
Since Death and Sin did humane Nature blot,
The chiefeſt Bleſſings *Adam*'s Chaplain got.

Thrice

Thrice wretched they, who Nature's Laws deteſt;
And trace the ways fantaſtick of a Prieſt;
Till native Reaſon's baſely forc'd to yield,
And Hoſts of upſtart Errors gain the Field.
My Muſe preſum'd a little to digreſs,
And touch their holy Function with my Verſe.
Now to the State again ſhe tends direct,
And does on Giant *Lauderdale* reflect.
This haughty Monſter, with his ugly Claws,
Firſt temper'd Poyſon to deſtroy our Laws;
Declares the Council's Edicts are beyond
The moſt Authentick Statues of the Land.
Sets up in *Scotland* A-la-mode *de France*;
Taxes, Exciſe, and Armies does advance.
This *Saracen* his Country's Freedom broke,
To bring upon our Necks the heavier Yoke.
This is the Savage Pimp without diſpute,
Firſt brought his Mother for a Proſtitute.
Of all the Miſcreants, e'er went to Hell,
This Villain Rampant bears away the Bell.
Now muſt my Muſe deplore the Nation's Fate,
Like a true Lover, for her dying Mate.
The Royal Evil ſo malignant grows,
Nothing the dire Contagion can oppoſe.
In our Weal publick ſcarce one thing ſucceeds,
For one man's weakneſs a whole Nation bleeds,
Ill-luck ſtarts up, and thrives like evil weeds.
Let *Cromwell*'s Ghoſt ſmile with contempt to ſee
Old *England* ſtrugling under Slavery.
His meager Highneſs now has got aſtride,
Does on *Britannia*, as on *Churchil*, ride.
White-liver'd D—— for his ſwift Jack-all,
To hunt down's Prey, and hopes to maſter all.
Clifford and *Hide* before had loſt the Day;
One hang'd himſelf, the other ran away.
'Twas want of Wit and Courage made them fail,
But *O——ne* and the *D——ke* muſt needs prevail.
The *Duke* now vaunts with *Popiſh* Mirmidons;
Our Fleets, our Ports, our Cities, and our Towns,

Are

Are *Man'd* by him, or by his *Holineſs*,
Bold *Iriſh* Ruffians to his Court addreſs:
This is the Colony to plant his Knaves,
From hence he picks and culls his Murdering Braves.
Here for an Enſign, or Lieutenant's place,
They'll kill a Judge or Juſtice of the Peace.
At his Command *Mac* will do any thing;
He'll burn a City, or deſtroy a King.
From *Tiber* came th' Advice-Boat monthly home,
And brought new Leſſons to the Duke from *Rome*:
Here with curs'd Precepts, and with Counſels dire,
The godly Cheat-King (would be) did inſpire:
Heaven had him Chieftain of *Great Britain* made,
Tells him the Holy Church demands his Aid;
Bad him be bold, all Dangers to defy,
His Brother, ſneaking Heretick, ſhould die.
A Prieſt ſhould do it, from whoſe ſacred ſtroke,
All *England* ſtraight ſhould fall beneath his Yoke.
God did renounce him, and his Cauſe diſown,
And in his ſtead had plac'd him on his Throne.
From *Saul* the Land of promiſe thus was rent,
And *Jeſſe*'s Son plac'd in the Government.
The Holy Scripture vindicates his Cauſe,
And Monarchs are above all Human Laws.
Thus ſaid the Scarlet Whore to her Gallant,
Who ſtraight deſign'd his Brother to ſupplant:
Fiends of Ambition here his Soul poſſeſt,
And thirſt of Empire calentur'd his Breaſt.
Hence Ruin and Deſtruction had enſu'd,
And all the People been in Blood imbru'd,
Had not Almighty Providence drawn near,
And ſtopt his Malice in its full career:
Be wiſe, you Sons of Men, tempt God no more,
To give you Kings in's wrath to vex you ſore:
If a King's Brother can ſuch miſchiefs bring,
Then how much greater miſchiefs ſuch a King?

Hodge's *Viſion from the Monument*, December 1675. *By* A. Marvel, *Eſq.*

A Country Clown call'd Hodge, *went up to view*
The Pyramid; pray mark what did enſue.

WHen *Hodge* had numbred up how many ſcore
The airy Pyramid contain'd, he ſwore,
No Mortal Weight e'er climb'd ſo high before:
To the beſt vantage plac'd he views around
Th' Imperial Town, with lofty Turrets crown'd;
That wealthy Storehouſe of the bounteous Flood,
Whoſe peaceful Tides o'reflow our Land with Good;
Confuſed Forms flit by his wandring Eyes,
And his rapt Soul's o'erwhelm'd with Extaſies:
Some God it ſeems has enter'd his plain Breaſt,
And with's Abode the ruſtick *Manſion* bleſt;
Almighty Change he feels in every part,
Light ſhines in's Eyes, and Wiſdom rules his Heart:
So when her pious Son fair *Venus* ſhew'd
His flaming *Troy*, with ſlaughter'd *Dardans* ſtrew'd;
She purg'd his Opticks, fill'd with mortal Night,
And *Troy*'s ſad Doom he read by Heaven's Light.
Such Light Divine broke on the clouded Eyes
Of humble *Hodge*.
Regions remote, Courts, Councils, Policies,
The circling Wills of Tyrants Treacheries:
He Views, Diſcerns, Uncyphers, Penetrates,
From *Charles*'s Dukes, to *Europe*'s armed States.
Firſt he beholds proud *Rome* and *France* combin'd,
By double Vaſſalage t' enſlave Mankind;
That wou'd the Soul, this wou'd the Body ſway,
Their Bulls and Edicts none muſt diſobey.
For theſe with War ſad *Europe* they inflame,
Rome ſays for God, and *France* declares for Fame:
See Sons of *Satan*, know Religion's force
Is Gentleneſs, Fame bought with Blood a Curſe.
He whom all ſtil'd Delight of humane Kind,
Juſtice and Mercy, Truth with Honour join'd;

His

His kindly Rays cheriſh the teeming Earth,
And ſtrugling Virtue bleſt with proſperous Birth;
Like Chaos you the tott'ring Globe invade,
Religion cheat, and War ye make a Trade.
Next the lewd Palace of the Plotting King,
To's Eyes new Scenes of Frantick Folly bring;
Behold (ſays he) the Fountain of our Woe,
From whence our Vices and our Ruin flow:
Here Parents their own Off-ſpring proſtitute,
By ſuch vile Arts t'obtain ſome viler Suit;
Here blooming Youth adore *Priapus* Shrine,
And Prieſts pronounce him Sacred and Divine.
The *Goatiſh* God behold in his *Alcove*,
(The ſecret Scene of Damn'd inceſtuous Love)
Melting in Luſt, and drunk like *Lot* he lies
Betwixt two bright Daughter-Divinities:
Oh! that like *Saturn* he had eat his Brood,
And had been thus ſtain'd with their impious Blood,
He had in that leſs Ill, more Manhood ſhew'd.
Ceaſe, ceaſe, (O *C*——) thus to pollute our Iſle,
Return, return to thy long wiſh'd Exile;
There with thy Court defile thy Neighbour-States,
And with their Crimes precipitate their Fates.
See where the Duke in damn'd Divan does ſit,
To's vaſt Deſigns wracking his Pigmy Wit;
Whilſt a Choice Senate of th' *Ignatian* Crew,
The ways to Murder, Treaſon, Conqueſt ſhew.
Diſſenters they oppreſs with Laws ſevere,
That whilſt to wound thoſe Innocents, we fear,
Their curſed Sect we may be forc'd to ſpare.
Twice the Reform'd muſt fight a Bloody Prize,
That *Rome* and *France* may on their Ruin riſe.
Old *Bonner* ſingle *Hereticks* did burn,
Theſe Reform'd Cities into Aſhes turn,
And every Year new Fires make us mourn:
Ireland ſtands ready for his Cruel Reign;
Well fatned once, he gapes for Blood again,
For Blood of *Engliſh* Martyrs baſely ſlain.
Our valiant Youth abroad muſt learn the Trade
Of unjuſt War, their Country to invade,

Whilſt

Whilſt others here do guard us, to prepare
Our galled Necks his Iron Yoke to bear.
Lo how the Wight already is betray'd,
And *Baſhaw Holmes* does the poor Iſle invade;
T' enſure the Plot, *France* muſt her Legions lend
Rome to reſtore, and to enthrone *Rome*'s Friend:
'Tis in return, *James* does our Fleet betray;
(That Fleet whoſe Thunder made the World obey;)
Ships once our Safety, and our glorious might,
Are doom'd with Worms and Rottenneſs to fight;
Whilſt *France* rides Sovereign o'er the *Britiſh Main*,
Our Merchants robb'd, and our brave Seamen ta'ne.
Thus this raſh *Phaeton* with fury hurl'd,
And rapid Rage conſumes our *Britiſh* World.
Blaſt him, Oh Heavens! in his mad Career,
And let this Iſle no more his Frenzy fear.
C——J——, 'tis he that all good Men abhor,
Falſe to thy ſelf, but to thy Friend much more;
To him who did thy promis'd Pardon hope, [*Coleman.*
Whilſt with pretended Joy he kiſs'd the Rope:
O'rewhelm'd with Guilt, and gaſping out a Lie,
Deceiv'd and unprepar'd, thou let'ſt him Die,
With equal Gratitude and Charity.
In ſpight of *Jermin*, and of Black-mouth'd Fame,
This *S——ts* Trick legitimates thy Name.
With one conſent we all her Death deſire,
Who durſt her Husband's and her King's conſpire;
And now juſt Heaven's prepar'd to ſet us free,
Heaven and our Hopes are both oppos'd by thee.
Thus fondly thou do'ſt *Hide*'s old Treaſon own,
Thus mak'ſt thy new ſuſpected Treaſon known.
Bleſs me! What's that at *Weſtminſter* I ſee?
That piece of Legiſlative Pageantry!
To our dear *James*, has *Rome* her Conclave lent?
Or has *Charles* bought the *Paris Parliament*?
None elſe would promote *James* with ſo much Zeal,
Who by Proviſo hopes the Crown to Steal:
See how in humble guiſe the Slaves advance,
To tell a Tale of Army, and of *France*.

Whilſt

Whilſt proud Prerogative in ſcornful Guiſe,
Their Fear, Love, Duty, Danger does deſpiſe;
There in a brib'd Committee they contrive
To give our Birth-rights to Prerogative:
Give, did I ſay? They ſell, and ſell ſo dear,
That half each Tax *D——y* diſtributes there.
D——y, 'tis fit the price ſo great ſhould be,
They ſell Religion, ſell their Liberty.
Theſe Vipers have their Mothers Entrails torn;
And wou'd by force a ſecond time be born;
They haunt the place to which you once were ſent,
This Ghoſt of a departed Parliamant. *Octob. the*
Gibbets and Halters Country men prepare, 15*th.* 76.
Let none, let none, their Renegadoes ſpare.
When that Day comes, we'll part the Sheep and Goats.
The ſpruce brib'd Monſieurs from the true Grey Coats.
New Parliaments, like *Manna*, all Taſtes pleaſe,
But kept too long, our Food turns our Diſeaſe;
From that loath'd ſight, *Hodge* turn'd his weeping Eyes,
And *London* thus alarms with Loyal Cries.
Tho' common Danger does approach ſo nigh,
This ſtupid Town ſleeps in Security:
Out of your Golden dream awake, awake,
Your All, your All, tho' you ſee't not's at Stake;
More dreadful Fires approach your falling Town,
Than thoſe that burnt your ſtately Structures down,
Such fatal Fires as once in *Smithfield* ſhone.
If then ye ſtay till *Edwards* Order give, *Mayor.*
No mortal Arm your Safety can retrieve;
See how with Golden Baits the crafty *Gaul*
Has brib'd our Geeſe to yield the Capitol;
And will ye tamely ſee your ſelves betray'd?
Will none ſtand up in our dear Country's Aid?
Self-preſervation, Nature's firſt great Law,
All the Creation, except Man, does awe;
'Twas in him fix'd, till lying Prieſts defac'd
His Heav'n-born Mind, and Nature's Tablets raz'd.
Tell me (ye forging Crew) what Law reveal'd
By God, to Kings the *Jus Divinum* ſeal'd

If to do good, ye *Jus Divinum* call,
It is the grand Prerogative of all:
If to do Ill unpuniſh'd be their Right,
Such Power's not granted that great King of Night,
Man's Life moves on the Poles of hope and fear,
Reward and Pain all Orders do revere.
But if your dear Lord Sov'raign you would ſpare,
Admoniſh him in his Blood-thirſty Heir:
So when the Royal Lion does offend,
The beaten Cur's Example makes him mend.
This ſaid, poor *Hodge*, then in a broken tone,
Cry'd out, Oh *Charles*! thy Life, thy Life, thy Crown;
Ambitious *James*, and Bloody Prieſts conſpire,
Plots, Papiſts, Murders, Maſſacre, and Fire;
Poor Proteſtants! With that his Eyes did roll,
His Body fell, out fled his frighted Soul.

A Dialogue between two Horſes. By Andrew Marvel, *Eſq*; 1674.

The Introduction.

WE read in profane and ſacred Records
Of Beaſts, that have utter'd *Articulate Words*;
When *Magpies* and *Parrots* cry, *Walk Knaves, walk*,
It is a clear proof that Birds too may talk.
And Statues, without either Wind-pipes or Lungs,
Have ſpoken as plainly as Men do with Tongues:
Livy tells a ſtrange Story, can hardly be fellow'd,
That a ſacrific'd Ox, when his Guts were out, bellow'd.
Phalaris had a Bull, which as grave Authors tell you,
Would roar like a Devil with a Man in his Belly.
Friar Bacon had a Head that ſpake, made of Braſs;
And *Balaam* the Prophet was reprov'd by his Aſs.
At *Delphos* and *Rome*, Stocks and Stones now and then
Have to Queſtions return'd Articulate Anſwers. (Sirs,
All *Popiſh* Believers think ſomething divine,
When Images ſpeak, poſſeſſeth the Shrine:

But

But they that *Faith Catholick* ne'er underſtood,
When Shrines give Anſwer, as Knaves, on the Rood;
Thoſe Idols ne'er ſpoke, but are Miracles done
By the *Devil*, a *Prieſt*, a *Fryer* or a *Nun*.
If the *Roman* Church, good Chriſtians, oblige ye
To believe Man and Beaſt have ſpoke in Effigie,
Why ſhould we not credit the publick Diſcourſes
In a Dialogue between two Inanimate Horſes?
The Horſes, I mean of *Wool Church* and *Charing*——
Who told many Truths worth any Man's hearing.
Since *Viner* and *Osborn* did buy, and provide 'em,
For the two mighty Monarchs that now do beſtride 'em.
The ſtately braſs Stallion, and the white Marble Steed
One Night came together, by all 'tis agreed;
When both Kings, being weary of ſitting all Day,
Were ſtollen off *Incognito* each his own way.
And then the two Jades, after mutual Salutes,
Not only diſcourſed, but fell to Diſputes.

The Dialogue.

W. Quoth marble Horſe, it would make a Stone ſpeak,
To ſee a *Lord Mayor* and a *Lombard-ſtreet* break:
Thy Founder and mine to cheat one another,
When both Knaves agreed to be each others Brother.
C. Here *Charing* broke forth, and thus he went on,
My Braſs is provoked as much as thy Stone,
To ſee Church and State bow down to a Whore,
And the King's chief *Miniſter* holding the Door;
The Money of Widows and Orphans imploy'd,
And the Bankers quite broke to maintain the Whores
W. To ſee *Dei Gratia* writ on the Throne, (Pride.
And the K---s wicked Life ſay, God there is none.
C. That he ſhould be ſtil'd Defender of the Faith,
Who believes not a jot what the Word of God ſaith.
W. That the D-- ſhould turn Papiſt, and that Church defy,
For which his own Father a Martyr did die.
C. Tho' he chang'd his Religion, I hope he's ſo civil,
Not to think his own Father is gone to the Devil.

W. That Bondage and Beggary ſhou'd be in a Nation,
By a curſt Houſe of Commons, and a bleſt Reſtoration.
C. To ſee a white Staff make a Beggar a Lord,
And ſcarce a wiſe Man at a long Council-board.
W. That the Bank ſhou'd be ſeiz'd, yet the Cheq. ſo poor,
Lord ha' Mercy, and a *Croſs* might be ſet on the door.
C. That a Million and half ſhould be the Revenue,
Yet the King of his Debts pay no man a Penny.
W. That a K-- ſhould conſume three Kingdoms Eſtates,
And yet all the Court be as poor as Church-Rats.
C. That of four Seas Dominion, and of their guarding,
No token ſhou'd appear but a poor Copper Farthing.
W. Our Worm-eaten Ships to be laid up at *Chatham*,
Not our Trade to ſecure, but for Fools to come at 'em.
C. And our few Ships abroad become *Tripoli*'s ſcorn,
By pawning for Victuals their Guns at *Legborn*.
W. That making us Slaves by Horſe and Foot-Guard,
For reſtoring the King ſhall be all our reward.
C. The baſeſt ingratitude that ever was heard,
But Tyrants ungrateful are always afraid.
W. On *Harry* the VII's Head, he that plac'd the Crown,
Was after rewarded by loſing his own.
C. That Parliament-men ſhould rail at the Court,
And get good Preferments immediately for't.
To ſee them that ſuffer both for Father and Son,
And helped to bring the latter to his Throne:
That with their Lives and Eſtates did loyally ſerve,
And yet for all this can nothing deſerve;
The King looks not on 'em, Preferments deny'd 'em,
The *Roundheads* inſult, and the *Courtiers* deride 'em.
And none get Preferments, but who will betray
Their Country to ruin, 'tis that ope's the way
Of the bold talking Members.——
W.——If the Baſtards you add,
What a number of raſcally Lords have been made.
C. That Traitors to th' Country in a brib'd Houſe of *C.*
Should give away Millions at every Summons.
W. Yet ſome of thoſe Givers, ſuch beggarly Villains,
As not to be truſted for twice fifty Shillings.

C. No

C. No wonder that Beggars ſhould ſtill be for giving,
Who out of what's given, do get a good living:
W. Four Knights & a Knave, who were Burgeſſes made,
For ſelling their Conſciences were liberally paid.
C. How baſe are the Souls of ſuch low prized Sinners,
Who vote with the Country for *Drink* & for *Dinners.*
W. 'Tis they that brought on us this ſcandalous Yoke,
Of exciſing our Cups, and taxing our Smoak.
C. But thanks to the Whores who made the K—— dogged,
For giving no more the R——are prorogued.
W. That a King ſhould endeavour to make a *War* ceaſe,
Which augments and ſecures his own *Profit* & *Peace.*
C. And Plenipotentiaries ſent into *France,* (Brains.
With an addle-headed Knight, and a Lord without
W. That the King ſhould ſend for another *French Whore,*
When one already had made him ſo poor:
C. The Miſſes take place, and advance to be Dutcheſs,
With Pomp great as Queens in their Coach and ſix Horſes: (Lords,
Their Baſtards made Dukes, Earls, Viſcounts and
And all the High Titles that Honour affords.
W. While theſe Brats and their Mothers do live in ſuch plenty,
The Nation's impoveriſht, and the Chequer quite empty:
And tho' War was pretended when the Money was lent,
More on Whores than in Ships, or in War, hath been ſpent.
C. Enough, dear Brother, altho' we ſpeak Reaſon;
Yet truth many times being puniſh'd for Treaſon,
We ought to be wary, and bridle our Tongue,
Bold ſpeaking hath done both Men and Beaſts wrong.
When the Aſs ſo boldly rebuked the Prophet,
Thou knoweſt what danger was like to come of it;
Tho' the Beaſt gave his Maſter ne'er an ill word,
Inſtead of a Cudgel *Balaam* wiſh'd for a Sword.
W. Truth's as bold as a Lion, I am not afraid,
I'll prove every tittle of what I have ſaid:

Our Riders are abſent, who is't that can hear?
Let's be true to our ſelves, who then need we fear?
Where is thy K—gone? (*Ch.*) To ſee Biſhop *Laud.*
W. To cuckold a Scriv'ner, mine's in Maſquerade;
On ſuch Occaſions he oft ſtrays away,
And returns to remount me about break of Day.
In very dark Nights ſometimes you may find him
With a Harlot got up on my Crupper behind him.
C. Pauſe Brother a while, and calmly conſider
What thou haſt to ſay againſt my *Royal Rider.*
W. Thy Prieſt-ridden King turn'd deſperate fighter
For the *Surplice, Lawn ſleeves,* the *Croſs* and the *Mitre*;
Till at laſt on the Scaffold he was left in the lurch
By Knaves, that cry'd up themſelves for the Church,
Arch-Biſhops and Biſhops, Arch-Deacons and Deans.
C. Thy King will ne'er fight unleſs 't be for *Queans.*
W. He that dies for Ceremonies, dies like a Fool;
C. The K——on thy back is a lamentable Tool.
W. The Goat and the Lyon I equally hate,
And Freemen alike value Life and Eſtate:
Tho' the Father and Son be different Rods,
Between the two Scourges we find little odds;
Both Infamous ſtand in three Kingdoms Votes,
This for Picking our Pockets, that for Cutting our Throats:
C. More tolerable are the Lion King's Slaughters,
Than the Goat-making Whores of our Wives and our Daughters,
The Debauched and Cruel ſince they equally gall us,
I had rather bear *Nero* than *Sardanapalus.*
W. One of the two Tyrants muſt be ſtill our Caſe,
Under all that ſhall reign of the falſe *S*— Race.
De Wit and *Cromwell* had each a brave Soul,
I freely declare it, I am for old *Noll*;
Tho' his Government did a Tyrant reſemble,
He made *England* great, and his Enemies tremble.
C. Thy Rider puts no man to Death in his Wrath,
But is bury'd alive in Luſt and in Sloth.
W. What is thy Opinion of *James* Duke of *York*?
C. The ſame that the Frogs had of *Jupiter*'s Stork.

With

With the *Turk* in his Head, and the *Pope* in his Heart,
Father *Patrick*'s Diſciples will make *England* ſmart.
If e'er he be King, I know *Britain*'s Doom,
We muſt all to a Stake, or be Converts to *Rome*.
Ah! *Tudor*, ah! *Tudor*, we have had *Stu--s* enough;
None ever reign'd like old *Beſs* in the Ruff.
Her *Walſingham* could dark Counſels unriddle,
And our Sir *J——ph* write News-Books, and fiddle.
W. Truth Brother, well ſaid, but that's ſome what bitter,
His perfum'd Predeceſſor was never more fitter:
Yet we have one Secretary Honeſt and Wiſe;
For that very Reaſon, he's never to riſe.
But can'ſt thou deviſe when things will be mended?
C. When the Reign of the Line of the *S---ts* is ended.

Concluſion.

If Speeches from Animals in *Rome*'s firſt Age,
Prodigious Events did ſurely preſage,
That ſhould come to paſs; all Mankind may ſwear,
That which two Inanimate Horſes declare.
But I ſhould have told you before the Jades parted,
Both gallop'd to *Whitehall*, and there humbly farted;
Which Tyranny's downfal portended much more
Than all that the Beaſts had ſpoken before.
If the *Delphick Sybil*'s Oracular Speeches
(As learned Men ſay) came out of their Breeches,
Why might not our Horſes, ſince Words are but Wind,
Have the Spirit of Prophecy likewiſe behind?
Tho' Tyrants make Laws, which they ſtrictly proclaim,
To conceal their own Faults and cover their own Shame;
Yet the Beaſts in the Field, and the Stones in the Wall,
Will publiſh their Faults and and propheſy their Fall;
When they take from the People the Freedom of words,
They teach them the ſooner to fall to their Swords.
Let the City drink Coffee, and quietly groan,
(They that conquer'd the Father won't be Slaves to the Son)
For Wine and ſtrong Drink make Tumults encreaſe,
Chocolate, Tea and Coffee, are Liquors of Peace;

No Quarrel or Oaths among thoſe that drink 'em,
'Tis *Bacchus* and the Brewer, ſwear dam'em and ſink 'em.
Then *C*——*s* thy late Edict againſt Coffee recal,
There's ten times more Treaſon in Brandy and Ale.

On the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, preſenting the late King and Duke of York *each with a Copy of their Freedom,* Anno Dom. 1674.

By *A. Marvel,* Eſq.

I.

THE *Londoners* Gent. to the King do preſent
In a Box the City Maggot;
'Tis a thing full of Weight that requires the Might
Of whole *Guild-Hall* Team to drag it.

II.

Whilſt their *Churches* unbuilt, and their *Houſes* undwelt,
And their Orphans want Bread to feed 'em;
Themſelves they've bereft of the little Wealth they (had left.
To make an Offering of their Freedom.

III.

O ye addle-brain'd Cits! who henceforth in their wits
Would intruſt their Youth to your heading?
When in Diamonds and Gold you have him thus inrol'd,
You know both his Friends and his Breeding?

IV.

Beyond Sea he began, where ſuch a Riot he ran,
That every one there did leave him;
And now he's come o'er ten times worſe than before,
When none but ſuch Fools would receive him.

V.

He ne'er knew, not he, how to ſerve or be free,
Tho' he has paſt through ſo many Adventures;
But e'er ſince he was bound, (that is, he was crown'd(
He has every Day broke his Indentures.

He

VI.

He ſpends all his Days in running to Plays,
When he ſhould in the Shop be poring;
And he waſtes all his Nights in his conſtant Delights
Of Revelling, Drinking, and Whoring.

VII.

Throughout *Lumbard-ſtreet* each Man he did meet,
He would run on the *Score* and *Borrow*;
When they ask'd for their own, he was broke and gone,
And his Creditors left to ſorrow.

VIII.

Tho' oft bound to the Peace, yet he never would ceaſe
To vex his poor Neighbours with Quarrels;
And when he was beat, he ſtill made his Retreat
To his *Cleavelands*, his *Nells*, and his *Carwels*.

IX.

Nay, his Company lewd, were twice grown ſo rude,
That had not Fear taught him Sobriety,
And the Houſe being well bar'd with guard upon guard
They'd rob'd us of all our Propriety.

X.

Such a Plot was laid, had not *Aſhley* betray'd,
As had cancell'd all former Diſaſters; (Trumpets,
And your Wives had been Strumpets to his Highneſs's
And Foot-boys had all been your Maſters.

XI.

So many are the Debts, and the Baſtards he gets,
Which muſt all be defray'd by *London*,
That notwithſtanding the Care of Sir *Thomas Player*,
The Chamber muſt needs be undone.

XII.

His Words nor his Oath can bind him to Troth,
And he values not Credit or Hiſtory;
And tho' he has ſerv'd thro' two Prenticeſhips now,
He knows not his Trade nor his Myſtery.

XIII.

Then *London* rejoice in thy fortunate Choice,
To have made him free of thy Spices;
And do not miſtruſt he may once grow more juſt,
When he'as worn off his Follies and Vices.

And

XIV.

And what little thing is that which you bring
To the Duke, the Kingdom's Darling?
Ye hug it and draw, like Ants at a Straw,
Tho' too ſmall for the Griſtle of Sterling.

XV.

Is it a Box of Pills to cure the Duke's Ills?
(He is too far gone to begin it)
Or that your fine Show in Proceſſioning go,
With the Pix and the Hoſt within it.

XVI.

The very firſt Head of the Oath you him read,
Shew you all how fit he's to govern,
When in Heart (you all knew) he ne'er was nor will be (true
To his Country or to his Sovereign.

XVII.

And who could ſwear, that he would forbear
To cull out the good of an Alien,
Who ſtill doth advance the Government of *France*
With a *Wife* and *Religion Italian*?

XVIII.

And now, Worſhipful Sirs, go fold up your Furs,
And *Vyners* turn again, turn again;
I ſee who e'er's freed, you for Slaves are decreed,
Until you *burn again*, *burn again*.

On Blood's *Stealing the Crown. Written in Latin by* Andrew Marvel *Eſq. And tranſlated by* Fleet Shepherd.

WHen daring *Blood*, his Rent to have regain'd,
Upon the *Engliſh* Diadem diſtrain'd,
He choſe the Caſſock, Surſingle and Gown,
The fitteſt Mask for one that robs the Crown;
But his Lay-pity underneath prevail'd,
And whilſt he ſav'd the Keeper's Life he fail'd;
With the Prieſt's Veſtment had he but put on
The Prelate's Cruelty, the Crown had gone.

Farther

Farther Inſtructions to a Painter, 1670.
By *A. Marvel*, Eſq.

Painter, once more thy Pencil re-aſſume,
And draw me in one Scene *London* and *Rome*;
Here holy *Charles*, there good *Aurelius* ſat,
Weeping to ſee their Sons degenerate:
His *Romans* taking up the Teemer's Trade,
The *Britons* jigging it in Maſquerade;
Whilſt the brave Youths tir'd with the Toil of State,
Their wearied Minds, and Limbs to recreate,
Do to their more belov'd Delights repair,
One to his——, the other to his Player.
Then change the Scene, and let the next preſent
A Landskip of a Motly Parliament;
And place hard by the Bar on the Left-hand,
Circean Clifford with his charming Wand:
Our Pig-ey'd —— on his —— Faſhion,
Set by the worſt Attorny of our Nation:
This great Triumvirate that can divide
The Spoils of *England*; and along that ſide
Place *Falſtaff*'s Regiment of thred-bare Coats,
All looking this way, how to give their Votes.
And of his dear Reward let none deſpair,
For Mony comes when *Sey*——*r* leaves the Chair:
Change once again, and let the next afford
The Figure of a Motly Council-Board
At *Arlington*'s, and round about it ſat
Our mighty *Maſters* in a warm Debate:
Full Bowls, and luſty Wine repeat,
To make them t'other Council-board forget:
That while the King of *France* with powerful Arms,
Gives all his fearful Neighbours ſtrange Alarms;
We in our glorious Bacchanals diſpoſe
The humbled Fate of a *Plebeian* Noſe.
Which to effect, when thus it was decreed,
Draw me a Champion mounted on a Steed,

And

And after him a brave Brigade of Horſe,
Arm'd at all points ready to reinforce,
His, this Aſſault upon a ſingle Man;
'Tis this muſt make *Obryon* great in Story,
And add more Beams to *Sandy*'s former Glory.
Draw our *Olympia*, next in Council ſate,
With *Cupid*, *S*——*r*, and the Tool of State.
Two of the firſt Recanters of the Houſe,
That aim at Mountains, and bring forth a Mouſe;
Who make it by their mean Retreat appear,
Five Members need not be demanded here:
Theſe muſt aſſiſt her in her Countermines,
To overthrow the *Derby*-Houſe Deſigns.
Whilſt Poſitive walks, like *Woodcock* in the *Park*,
Contriving Projects with a Brewer's Clark:
Thus all employ themſelves, and without pity,
Leave *Temple* ſingly to be beat i'th' City.

A. Marvel.

Oceana & Britannia. By *A. Marvel*, Eſq.

Non ego ſum Vates, ſed priſci conſcius ævi.

Oceana. WHither, O whither wander I forlorn?
Fatal to Friends, and to my Foes a ſcorn.
My pregnant Womb is labouring to bring forth
Thy Off-ſpring *Archon*, Heir to thy juſt worth.
Archon, O *Archon*, hear my groaning Cries!
Lucina help, aſſwage my Miſeries.
Saturnian Spite purſues me thro' the Earth,
No Corner's left to hide my long-wiſht Birth.
Great Queen o'th' Iſles yield me a ſafe Retreat
From the crown'd Gods, that would my Infants eat.
To me, O *Delos*, on my Childbed ſmile,
My happy Seed ſhall fix thy floating Iſle:
I feel fierce Pangs aſſault my teeming Womb,
Lucina, O *Britannia*, Mother come.

Brit.

Brit. What doleful Shrieks pierce my affrighted Ear!
Shall I ne'er reſt from this lewd Raviſher?
Rapes, Burnings, Murders are his Royal Sport,
Theſe *Modiſh Monſters* haunt his perjur'd Court.
No tumbling Player ſo oft e'er chang'd his Shape,
As this Goat, Fox, Wolf, timorous *French* Ape.
True Proteſtants in *Roman* Habits dreſt,
With *Scrogs* he baits, that rav'nous Butchers Beaſt.
Treſilian Jones, that fair-fac'd Crocodile,
Tearing their Hearts, at once doth weep and ſmile:
Neronian Flames at *London* do him pleaſe,
At *Oxford* plots to act *Agathocles*.
His Plots reveal'd, his Mirth is at an end,
And's fatal hour ſhall know no Foe nor Friend.
Laſt *Martyr*'s Day I ſaw a Cherub ſtand
Acroſs my Seas, one Foot upon the Land,
The other on the enthrall'd *Gallick* Shore,
Aloud proclaim their time ſhall be no more.
This mighty Power Heav'ns equal Ballance ſway'd,
And in one Scale Crowns, Croſiers, Scepters laid;
I'th' other a ſweet ſmiling Babe did lie,
Circled with Glories, deck'd with Majeſty.
With ſteddy hand he pois'd the Golden Pair,
The gilded Gew-gaws mounted in the Air,
The ponderous Babe deſcending in its Scale,
Leapt on my Shore——
Nature triumph'd, Joy eccho'd thro' the Earth,
The Heav'ns bow'd down to ſee the bleſſed Birth.
What's that I hear? A new-born Babe's ſoft Cries,
And joyful Mother's tender Lullabies!
'Tis ſo, behold my Daughter's paſt all harms,
Cradling an Infant in her fruitful Arms;
The very ſame th' Angelick Viſion ſhew'd
In Mien, in Majeſty how like a God.
What a firm health does on her Viſage dwell?
Her ſparkling Eyes immortal Youth foretel.
Rome, *Sparta*, *Venice*, could not all bring forth
So ſtrong, ſo temperate, ſuch laſting Worth.
Marpeſia, from the North with ſpeed advance,
Thy Siſter's Birth brings thy Deliverance;

Fergu-

Fergusian Founders this just Babe exceeds,
I'th' Arts of Peace and mighty Martial Deeds.
Ye *Panopeians* kneel unto your equal Queen,
Safe from the foreign Sword, and barbarous Skeen.
Transports of Joy divert my yearning Heart,
From my dear Child, my Soul, my better part.
Heav'n show'r her choicest Blessings on thy Womb,
Our present help, our stay in time to come.
Thou best of Daughters, Mothers, Matrons, say
What forc'd thy Birth, and got this glorious Day?
Ocea. Scap'd the slow Jaws o'th' grinding Pensioners,
I fell i'th' Traps of *Rome*'s dire Murderers;
Twice rescu'd by my Loyal Senate's Power,
Twice I expected my Babe's happy Hour.
Malignant Force twice check'd their pious Aid,
And to my Foes as oft my State betray'd.
Great, full of pain, in a dark Winters-night,
Threatned, pursu'd, escap'd by sudden flight.
Pale Fear gave speed to my weak trembling Feet,
And far I fled e'er Day our World could greet.
That dear-lov'd Light which the whole Globe doth (chear
Spur'd on my Flight, and added to my Fear;
Whilst black Conspiracy, that Child of Night,
In Royal Purple clad, out-dares the Light.
By Day her self the Faith's Defender stiles,
By Night digs Pits, and spreads her Papal Toils.
By Day he to the pompous Chappel goes,
By Night with *York* adores *Rome*'s Idol-shows:
Witness ye Stars and silent Powers of Night,
Her Treacheries have forc'd my innocent Flight.
With the broad Day my danger too drew near,
Of Help, of Council void, how shall I steer?
I'th' Pulpit damn'd, Strumpet at Court proclaim'd;
Where should I hide, where should I rest defam'd?
Tortur'd in thought, I rais'd my weeping Eyes,
And sobbing Voice to the all-helping Skies;
As by Heaven sent, a Reverend Sire appears,
Charming my Grief, stopping my Flood of Tears:
His busy circling Orbs (two restless Spies)
Glanc'd to and fro, out-ranging *Argos* Eyes.

Like

Like fleeting Time, on's Front one lock did grow,
From his glib Tongue torrents of Words did flow,
Propoſe, Reſolve, *Agrarian* Forty one,
Lycurgus, *Brutus*, *Solon*, *Harrington*.
He ſaid he knew me in my Swadling Bands,
Had often danc'd me in his careful Hands.
He knew Lord *Archon* too, then wept and ſwore,
Enſhrin'd in me, his Fame he did adore.
His Name I ask'd, he ſaid, *Politico*,
Deſcended from the Divine *Nicholo*.
My State he knew, my Danger ſeem'd to dread,
And to my Safety vow'd Hand, Heart and Head.
Grateful Returns I up to Heaven ſend,
That in diſtreſs had ſent me ſuch a Friend.
I ask'd him where I was? Pointing, he ſhew'd
Oxford's old Towers, once the learn'd Arts abode.
(Once great in Fame, now a pyratick Port,
Where *Romiſh Prieſts* and *Elviſh Monks* reſort)
He added, Near a new-built College ſtood,
Endow'd by *Plato* for the publick Good.
Thither allur'd by learned honeſt Men,
Plato vouchſaf'd once more to live again.
Securely there I might my ſelf repoſe,
From my fierce Griefs, and my more cruel Foes.
Tir'd with long flights, e'en hunted down with fear,
The welcome News my drooping Soul did chear.
His pleaſing Words ſhortned the time and way,
And me beguil'd at *Plato*'s Houſe to ſtay.
When we came in, he told me (after reſt)
He'd ſhew me *Plato* and's *Venetian* Gueſt,
I ſcarce reply'd, with Wearineſs oppreſt.
To my deſin'd Apartment I repair'd,
Invoking Sleep and Heaven's Almighty Guard.
My waking Cares and ſtabbing Frights recede,
And nodding Sleep dropt on my drowſy Head.
At laſt the Summons of a buſy Bell,
And glimmering Lights did Sleep's kind Miſts diſpel.
From Bed I ſtole, and creeping by the Wall,
Thro' a ſmall Chink I ſpy'd a ſpacious Hall;

Tapers

Tapers as thick as Stars did ſhed their Light
Around the Place, and made a Day of Night.
The curious Art of ſome great Maſter's hand
Adorn'd the Room—*Hide*, *Clifford*, *D—y*, ſtand
In one large Piece, next them the two *Dutch wars*,
In bloody Colours paint our fatal Jars.
Here *London* Flames in Clouds of Smoke aſpire,
Done to the life, I'd almoſt cry'd out Fire.
But living Figures did my Eyes divert
From thoſe and many more of wondrous Art.
There entred in three Mercinary Bands;
(The different Captains had diſtinct Commands)
The Beggar's deſperate Troop did firſt appear,
Littleton led, proud *S——re* had the Rear.
The diſguis'd *Papiſts* under *Garroway*,
Talbot Lieutenant (none had better pay)
Next greedy *Lee* led Party-colour'd Slaves,
Deaf Fools i'th' right, i'th' wrong ſagacious Knaves,
Brought up by *M——*, then a nobler Train,
(In Malice mighty, impotent in Brain)
The *Pope*'s Solicitors brought into th' Hall,
Not guilty Lay, much guilty Spiritual.
I alſo ſpy'd behind a private Skreen,
Colebert and *Portſmouth*, *York* and *Mazarine*.
Immediately in cloſe Cabal they joyn,
And all applaud the glorious Deſign.
'Gainſt me and my lov'd Senate's free-born Breath,
Dire threats I heard, the Hall did eccho Death.
A Curtain drawn, another Scene appear'd,
A tingling Bell, a mumbling Prieſt I heard.
At Elevation every Knee ador'd
The Baker's Craft, infallible's vain Lord.
When *Catiline* with Vipers did conſpire
To murder *Rome*, and bury it in Fire,
A Sacramental Bowl of humane Gore
Each Villain took, and as he drank he ſwore.
The Cup deny'd, to make their Plot compleat,
Theſe *Catilines* their conjur'd Gods did eat.
Whilſt to their Breaden Whimſies they did kneel,
I crept away, and to the Door did ſteal:

As

As I got out, by Providence I flew
To this close Wood, too late they did pursue.
That dreadful night my childbed throws brought on,
My Cries mov'd yours and Heaven's Compassion.
Brittannia. O happy Day! A Jubilee proclaim,
Daughter adore th' unutterable Name.
With grateful Heart breathe out thy self in Prayer,
In the mean time thy Babe shall be my Care.
There is a Man, my Island's Hope and Grace,
The chief Delight of Joy and humane Race;
Expos'd himself to War, in tender Age,
To free his Country from the *Gallick* Rage;
With all the Graces blest his riper Years,
And full blown Vertue wak'd the Tyrant's fears.
By's Sire rejected, but by Heaven he's call'd
To break my Yoke, and rescue the Enthrall'd.
This, this is he who with a stretch'd-out Hand,
And matchless Might shall free my groaning Land.
On Earth's proud *Basilisks* he'll justly fall,
Like *Moses* Rod, and prey upon them all.
He'll guide my People through the raging Seas,
To Holy Wars and certain Victories.
His spotless Fame, and his immense Desert,
Shall plead Love's Cause, and storm this Virgin's Heart.
She like *Ægeria* shall his Breast inspire
With Justice, Wisdom, and Celestial Fire.
Like *Numa* he her Dictates shall obey,
And by her Oracles the World shall sway.

A Satyr in Answer to a Friend, 1682.

'Tis strange that you, to whom I've long been known,
Should ask me why I always rail at th' Town.
As a good Hound when he runs near his Prey,
With double Eagerness is heard to Bay:
So when a Coxcomb doth offend my sight,
To ease my Spleen, I strait go home and write:
I love to bring Vice ill-conceal'd to Light.

And I have found that they that Satyr write,
Alone can ſeaſon th' uſeful with the ſweet.
Should I write Songs, and to cool Shades confin'd,
Expire with Love, who hate all Womankind!
Then in my Cloſet like ſome fighting Sparks,
Thinking on *Phillis* Love upon my Works!
I grant I might with bolder Muſe inſpir'd,
Some *Hero* ſing worthy to be admir'd.
Our King hath Qualities might entertain,
With nobleſt Subjects *Waller*'s lofty Pen.
But then you'l own no Man is thought his Friend,
That doth not love the *Pope*, and *York* commend.
He who his evil Counſellors diſlikes,
Say what he will, ſtill like a Traytor ſpeaks.
Now I Diſſimulation cannot bear,
Truth and good Senſe my Lines alike muſt ſhare.
I love to call each Creature by his Name,
H—— a Knave, *S*—— an honeſt Man.
With equal Scorn I always did abhor
Th' Effeminate Fops, and buſtling Men of War.
The careful Face of Miniſters of State,
I always judg'd to be a downright Cheat.
The ſmiling Courtier, and the Counſellor grave,
I always thought two different Marks of Knave.
They that talk loud, and they that draw i'th' Pit,
Theſe want of Courage ſhew, thoſe want of Wit.
Thus all the World endeavours to appear,
What they'd be thought to be, not what they are.
If any then by moſt unhappy Choice,
Seek for Content in *London*'s Crowd and Noiſe,
Muſt form his Words and Manners to the place:
If he'll ſee Ladies, muſt like *Villers* dreſs,
In a ſoft tone without one word of Senſe,
Muſt talk of Dancing and the Court of *France*;
Muſt praiſe alike the Ugly and the Fair,
Buckley's good Nature, *Felton*'s Shape and Hair,
Exalt my Lady *Portſmouth*'s Birth and Wit,
And vow ſhe's only for a Monarch fit;
Altho' the fawning Coxcombs all do know,
She's lain with *Beaufort* and the Count *de Leau*.

This

This Method, with ſome Ends of Plays
Baſely apply'd, and dreſt in a *French* Phraſe,
To Ladies favour, can e'en *Hewit* raiſe.

He that from Buſineſs would Preferment get,
Plung'd in the Toils and Infamies of State,
All Senſe of Honour from his Breaſt muſt drive,
And in a courſe of Villanies reſolve to live;
Muſt cringe and flatter the King's *Owls* and *Curs*;
Nay worſe, muſt be obſequious to his Whores:
Muſt always ſeem t' approve what they commend;
What they diſlike, by him muſt be contemn'd.
And when at laſt by a thouſand different Crimes,
The Monſter to his wiſht-for Greatneſs climbs,
He muſt in his continu'd Greatneſs wait,
With Guilt and Fears, th' impriſon'd *Danby*'s Fate.
This Road has *H——x* and *S——r* gone,
And thus muſt anſwer for the Ills they've done.
Who then would live in ſo depriv'd a Town,
Where Pleaſure is but Folly, Power alone
By Infamy obtain'd? ——— ———

Wiſe *Heraclitus* all his life-time griev'd;
Democritus in endleſs Laughter liv'd;
Yet to the firſt no Fears of Plots were known,
Nor Parliaments remov'd to *Popiſh* Town.
Murders not favour'd, Virtues not ſuppreſt,
Laws not derided, Commons not oppreſt;
Nor King, who *Claudius* like, expels his Son,
To make th' Imperious *Nero* Prince of *Rome*; ———
Nor yet to move the others merry Vein,
Did Cuckolds (who each Boy i'th' ſtreet could name)
Moſt learned Proof in publick daily give,
That they themſelves do their own ſhame contrive;
While their lewd Wives, ſcouring from place to place,
T' expoſe their ſecret Members, hide their Face.

But lo! how would this Sage have burſt his Spleen,
Had he ſeen Whore and Fool with merry King;
And Miniſters of State at Supper ſit,
Miſtaking bawdy Ribaldry for Wit;
Whilſt *C——s* with tottering Crown and empty Purſe,
(Derided by his Foes, to's Friends a Curſe)

Abandon'd now by every Man of Wit,
Delights himſelf with any he can get;
Pimps, Fools, and Paraſites, make up the Rout,
For want of Wedding-Garments none's left out.
But I ſhall weary both my ſelf and you,
To tell you all the Follies that I know:
How a great Lord, in number ſoft, thought fit
(Tho' void of Senſe) to ſet up for a Wit;
And how with wondrous Spirit, he and's Friend
An Epitaph to cruel *Cloris* pen'd;
His Name (I think) I hardly need to tell,
For who ſhou'd't be but the Lord *Ar——l*?
But ſhould I here waſte Paper to declare
The ſenſeleſs tricks of every ſilly Peer,
I'd as good tell you how many ſeveral ways
The truſty Duke his Country ſtill betrays;
How full the World is ſtuff'd of Knave and Fool,
How to be very Honeſt is counted dull:
How to ſpeak plain, and Greatneſs to deſpiſe,
Is thought a Madneſs, but Flattery is wiſe;
Diſſimulation excellent, to cheat a Friend
A very Trifle, provided ſtill our End
Be but the Snare we call our Intereſt,
Then nothing is ſo bad, but that is beſt.
I'll therefore end this vain Satyrick Rage,
And leave the Biſhops to reform the Age.

The Hiſtory of Inſipids: *A Lampoon*, 1676. *By the Lord* Roch——r.

I.

CHaſt, pious, prudent, *C*—— the Second,
The Miracle of thy Reſtoration,
May like to that of Quails be reckon'd
Rain'd on the *Iſraelitiſh* Nation;
The wiſh'd for Bleſſing from Heav'n ſent,
Became their Curſe and Puniſhment.

The

2.

The Vertues in thee, *C*—— inherent,
Altho thy Count'nance be an odd-piece,
Prove thee as true a God's Vicegerent
As e'er was *Harry* with a Codpiece:
For Chaſtity and pious Deeds,
His Grandſire *Harry*, *C*—— exceeds.

3.

Our *Romiſh* Bondage-breaker *Harry*,
Eſpouſed half a dozen Wives;
C—— only one reſolv'd to marry,
And other Mens he never——
Yet hath he Sons and Daughters more,
Than e'er had *Harry* by threeſcore.

4.

Never was ſuch a Faith's Defender,
He like a politick Prince and Pious,
Gives liberty to Conſcience tender,
And doth to no Religion tye us.
Turks, *Chriſtians*, *Jews*, *Papiſts*, he'll pleaſe us,
With *Moſes*, *Mahomet*, or *J*——*s*.

5.

In all Affairs of Church or State,
He very Zealous is, and able,
Devout at Prayers, and ſits up late
At the Cabal and Council-Table;
His very Dog at Council-Board,
Sits grave and wiſe as any Lord.

6.

Let *C*——his Policy no man flout,
The wiſeſt Kings have all ſome Folly;
Nor let his Piety any doubt;
C——like a Sovereign wiſe and holy,
Makes young Men Judges of the Bench,
And Biſhops thoſe that love a Wench.

7.

His Father's Foes he doth reward,
Preſerving thoſe that cut off's Head;
Old Cavaliers the Crown's beſt Guard,
He let's them ſtarve for want of Bread.

Never was any King endow'd
With ſo much Grace and Gratitude.

8.

Blood that wears Treaſon in his Face,
Villain compleat, in Parſon's Gown,
How much is he at Court in Grace
For ſtealing *Ormond* and the Crown?
Since Loyalty does no man good,
Let's ſteal the King and out-do *Blood.*

9.

A Parliament of Knaves and Sots,
Members by name, you muſt not mention,
He keeps in Pay, and buys their Votes;
Here with a Place, there with a Penſion.
When to give Money he can't cologue 'um,
He doth with Scorn prorogue, prorogue 'um.

10.

But they long ſince, by too much giving,
Undid, betray'd and ſold the Nation;
Making their Memberſhips a Living,
Better than e'er was Sequeſtration.
God give thee *C*—— a Reſolution,
To damn the Knaves by Diſſolution.

11.

Fame is not grounded on Succeſs,
Tho' Victories were *Cæſar*'s Glory;
Loſt Battels make not *Pompey* leſs,
But left them ſtiled great in Story.
Malicious Fate doth oft deviſe
To beat the Brave, and Fool the Wiſe.

12.

Charles in the firſt *Dutch* War ſtood fair
To have been Sovereign of the Deep;
When *Opdam* blew up in the Air,
Had not his Highneſs gone to ſleep,
Our Fleet ſlack'd Sails, fearing his waking,
The *Dutch* elſe had been in ſad taking.

13.

The *Bergen* Buſineſs was well laid,
Tho' we paid dear for that Deſign:

Had

Had we not three days parl'ing ſtaid,
The *Dutch* Fleet there, *Charles*, had been thine.
Tho' the falſe *Dane* agreed to ſell 'um,
He cheated us, and ſaved *Skellum*.

14.

Had not *Charles* ſweetly chous'd the States,
By *Bergen* baffle grown more wiſe,
And made them ſhit as ſmall as Rats,
By their rich *Smyrna* Fleet's ſurprize.
Had haughty *Holms* but call'd in *Spragg*,
Hans had been put into a Bag.

15.

Miſts, Storms, ſhort Victuals, adverſe Winds,
And once the Natives wiſe Diviſion,
Defeated *Charles* his beſt deſigns,
Till he became his Foes Deriſion.
But he had ſwing'd the *Dutch* at *Chatham*,
Had he had Ships but to come at 'um.

16.

Our *Blackheath* Hoſt without diſpute,
Rais'd, (put on Board, why, no man knows)
Muſt *Charles* have render'd abſolute
Over his Subjects, or his Foes.
Has not the *French* King made us Fools,
By taking *Maeſtricht* with our Tools?

17.

But *Charles*, what could thy Policy be,
To run ſo many ſad Diſaſters;
To joyn thy Fleet with falſe *D' Etree*,
To make the *French* of *Holland* Maſters?
Was't *Carwell*, Brother *James*, or *Teague*,
That made thee break the Triple League?

18.

Could *Robin Viner* have foreſeen
The glorious Triumphs of his Maſter,
The *Wool-Church* Statue Gold had been,
Which now is made of Alabaſter:
But wiſe Men think, had it been Wood,
'Twere for a Bankrupt King too good.

19.

Thoſe that the Fabrick well conſider,
Do of it diverſly diſcourſe;
Some pays their Cenſure of the Rider,
Others their Judgment of the Horſe:
Moſt ſay the *Steed*'s a goodly thing,
But all agree 'tis a Lewd K——.

20.

By the Lord Mayor and his grave Coxcombs,
Free-man of *London Charles* is made;
Then to *Whitehall* a Rich Gold Box comes,
Which was beſtow'd on the *French* Jade.
But wonder not it ſhould be ſo, Sirs,
When Monarchs rank themſelves with Grocers.

21.

Cringe, ſcrape no more, ye City Fops,
Leave off your Feaſting and fine Speeches,
Beat up your Drums, ſhut up your Shops,
The Courtiers then will kiſs your breeches.
Arm'd, tell the Popiſh Duke that rules,
You're Free-born Subjects, not *French* Mules.

22.

New Upſtarts, Pimps, Baſtards, Whores,
That Locuſt-like devour the Land,
By ſhutting up th' Exchequer Doors,
When thither our Money was trepann'd,
Have render'd *C*——his Reſtauration
But a ſmall Bleſſing to the Nation.

23.

Then C——beware of thy Brother *York*,
Who to thy Government gives Law;
If once we fall to the old Sport,
You muſt again both to *Breda*:
Where 'ſpight of all that would reſtore you,
Grown wiſe by wrongs, we ſhall abhor you.

24.

If of all Chriſtian Blood the guilt
Cry loud for Vengeance unto Heaven;
That Sea by treacherous *Lewis* ſpilt,
Ca never be by God forgiven:

Worſe

Worſe Scourge unto his Subjects, Lord,
Than Peſt'lence, Famine, Fire or Sword.

25.

That falſe rapacious Wolf of *France*,
The Scourge of *Europe*, and its Curſe,
Who at his Subjects cry does dance,
And ſtudies how to make them worſe.
To ſay ſuch Kings, Lord, rule by thee,
Were moſt prodigious Blaſphemy.

26.

Such know no Laws but their own Luſt,
Their Subjects Subſtance, and their Blood,
They count it Tribute due and juſt,
Still ſpent and ſpilt for Subjects good.
If ſuch Kings are by God appointed,
The Devil may be the Lord's Anointed.

27.

Such Kings, curſt be the Power and Name,
Let all the World henceforth abhor 'em;
Monſters which Knaves Sacred proclaim,
And then like Slaves fall down before 'em.
What can there be in Kings Divine?
The moſt are Wolves, Goats, Sheep, or Swine.

28.

Then farewel Sacred Majeſty,
Let's pull all Britiſh Tyrants down;
Where Men are born and ſtill live free,
Here ev'ry Head doth wear a Crown.
Mankind like miſerable Frogs,
Prove wretched, King'd by Storks and Logs.

ROCHESTER's *Farewel*, 1680.

TIr'd with the noyſom Follies of the Age,
And weary of my part, I quit the Stage;
For who in Life's dull Farce a part would bear,
Where Rogues, Whores, Bawds, all the head Actors are?
Long I with charitable Malice ſtrove,
Laſhing the Court, thoſe Vermin to remove;

But

But thriving-Vice under the Rod ſtill grew,
As aged Letchers whipp'd, their Luſt renew.
Yet tho' my Life hath unſucceſsful been,
(For who can this *Augæan* Stable clean?)
My gen'rous End I will purſue in Death,
And at Mankind rail with my parting breath.
Firſt then, the *Tangier* Bullies muſt appear,
With open Bravery, and diſſembled Fear:
Mulg——e their Head; but Gen'ral have a care,
Tho' skill'd in all thoſe Arts that cheat the Fair,
The undiſcerning and Impartial *Moor*
Spares not the Lover on the Ladies ſcore.
Think how many periſh by one fatal ſhot,
The Conqueſts all thy Ogling ever got.
Think then (as I preſume you do) how all
The *Engliſh* Beauties will lament your fall;
Scarce will there greater Grief pierce ev'ry heart,
Should Sir *George Hewit* or Sir *Carr* depart.
Had it not better been, than thus to roam,
To ſtay and tye the Cravat-ſtring at home?
To ſtrut, look big, ſhake Pantaloon, and ſwear
With *Hewit*, *Damme*, there's no Action there.
Had'ſt thou no Friend that would to *Rowly* write,
To hinder this thy eagerneſs to fight?
That without danger thou a Brave might'ſt be,
As ſure to be deny'd as *Shrewſ——y*.
This ſure the Ladies had not fail'd to do,
But who ſuch Courage could ſuſpect in you?
For ſay, what reaſon could with you prevail,
To change Embroider'd Coat for Coat of Mail?
Let *Plimouth*, or let *Mord——t* go, whom Fate
Has made not valiant but deſperate.
For who would not be weary of his Life,
Who'as loſt his Mony, or has got a Wife?
To the more tolerable Alcaid of *Alcazzer*,
One flies from's Creditors, the other from *Frazier*;
'Twere cruelty to make too ſharp Remarks
On all the little, forward, fighting Sparks.
Only poor *Charles*, I can't but pity thee,
When all the pert young Voluntiers I ſee;

Thoſe

Thoſe Chits in War, who as much Mirth create,
As the Pair Royal of the Chits of State:
Their Names ſhall equal, or exceed in Story,
Chit *Sund——d*, Chit *Godo——n*, and Chit *L——y*.
When thou let'ſt *Plimouth* go, 'twas ſuch a jeſt,
As when the Brother made the ſame requeſt;
Had *Richmond* but got leave as well as he,
The jeſt had been complete and worthy thee.
Well, ſince he muſt, he'll to *Tangier* advance,
It is reſolv'd, but firſt let's have a Dance.
Firſt, at her Highneſs Ball he muſt appear,
And in a parting Country Dance, learn there
With Drum and Fife to make a Jig of War;
What is of Souldier ſeen in all the heap,
Beſides the flut'ring Feather in the Cap,
The Scarf, and Yard or two of Scarlet Cloth,
From Gen'ral *Mulg——e*, down to little *Wroth*?
But now they're all embark'd, and curſe their Fate,
Curſe *Charles* that gave 'em leave, and much more *Kate*,
Who than *Tangier* to *England* and the King
No greater Plague, beſides her ſelf, could bring;
And wiſh the *Moors*, ſince now their hand was in,
As they have got her Portion, had the Queen.
There leave we them, and back to *England* come,
Whereby the wiſer Sparks that ſtay at home,
In ſafe Ideas by their fancy form'd,
Tangier (like *Maſtrich*) is at *Windſor* ſtorm'd.
But now we talk'd of *Maeſtrich*; where is he,
Fam'd for that brutal piece of Bravery?
He with his thick impenetrable Scull,
The ſolid hard'ned Armour of a Fool:
Well might himſelf to all Wars ill expoſe,
Who (come what will yet) had no Brains to loſe:
Yet this is he, the dull unthinking he,
Who muſt (forſooth) our future Monarch be.
This Fool by Fools (*Armſtrong* and *Ven——n*) led,
Dream that a Crown will drop upon his head;
By great Example, he this Path doth tread.
Following ſuch ſenſeleſs Aſſes up and down,
(For *Saul* ſought Aſſes when he found a Crown.)

But

But *Roſs* is riſen as *Samuel* at his call,
To tell that God hath left th' ambitious *Saul*.
Never (ſays Heaven) ſhall the bluſhing Sun
See *Proger*'s Baſtard fill the Regal Throne.
So Heaven ſays, but *Bran*——*n* ſays he ſhall,
But who e'er he protects is ſure to fall.
Who can more certain of Deſtruction be,
Than he that truſts to ſuch a Rogue as he?
What good can come from him who *York* forſook,
T'eſpouſe the Intereſt of this booby Duke?
But who the beſt of Maſters could deſert,
Is the moſt fit to take a Traytor's part.
Ungrateful! This thy Maſter-piece of ſin,
Exceeds ev'n that with which thou didſt begin,
Thou great Proficient in the Trade of Hell,
Whoſe latter Crimes ſtill do thy firſt excel:
The very top of Villany we ſeize,
By ſteps in order, and by juſt degrees.
None e'er was perfect Villain in one day,
The murder'd Boy to Treaſon led the way;
But when degrees of Villany we name,
How can we chuſe but think on *Bukingham*?
He who through all of them hath boldly ran,
Left ne'er a Law unbroke of God or Man.
His treaſur'd Sins of Supererogation,
Swell to a ſum enough to damn a Nation:
But he muſt here *per* force be let alone,
His Acts require a Volume of their own:
Where rank'd in dreadful order ſhall appear,
All his Exploits from *Shrewſ---ry* to *Le Meer*.
But ſtay, methinks I on a ſudden find
My Pen to treat of th' other Sex inclin'd:
But where in all this choice ſhall I begin?
Where, but with the renowned *Mazarine*?
For all the Bawds the Court's rank Soil doth bear,
And Bawds and Stateſmen grow in plenty there,
To thee ſubmit and yield, ſhould we be juſt
To thy experienc'd and well-travel'd Luſt:
Thy well-known Merits claim that thou ſhould'ſt be
Firſt in the glorious Roll of Infamy.

To thee they all give place, and Homage pay
Do all thy Letcherous Decrees obey;
Thou Queen of Luſt, the Bawdy Subjects they.
While *Suſſex*, *Brughill*, *Betty Felton* come,
Thy Whores of Honour, to attend thy Throne;
For what proud Strumpet e'er could merit more,
Than be Anointed the Imperial Whore?
For tell me in all *Europe*, where's the part,
That is not conſcious of thy Lewd deſert.
The great *Pedalion* Youth, whoſe Conqueſts run
O'er all the World, and travel'd with the Sun,
Made not his Valour in more Nations known,
Than thou thy Luſt, thy matchleſs Luſt haſt ſhown.
All Climes, all Countries do with Tribute come,
(Thou World of Lewdneſs) to thy boundleſs Womb:
Thou Sea of Luſt, that never ebb doſt know,
Whither the Rivers of all Nations flow.
Lewd *Meſſaline* was but a Type of thee,
Thou higheſt, laſt degree of Letchery:
For in all Ages, except her and you,
Who ever ſin'd ſo high, and ſtoop'd ſo low?
She to the Imperial Bed each Night did uſe
To bring the ſtink of the exhauſted Stews;
Tir'd (but not ſatisfy'd) with Man did come,
Drunk with abundant Luſt, and reeling home.
But thou to our admiring Age doſt ſhow
More ſin, than innocent *Rome* did ever know;
And having all her Lewdneſſes out-ran,
Tak'ſt up with Devil, having tir'd Man.
For what is elſe that loathſome ugly Black,
Which you and *Suſſex* in your Arms do take?
Nor does Old Age, which now rides on ſo faſt,
Make thee come ſhort of all thy Lewdneſs paſt:
Tho' on thy Head, Grey Hairs, like *Etna*'s Snow,
Are ſhed, thou'rt Fire and Brimſtone all below;
Thou monſtrous thing, in whom at once do rage
The Flames of Youth, and Impotence of Age.
My Lady Dutcheſs takes the ſecond place,
Proud with thy favour and peculiar grace;

Ev'n

Even ſhe with all her Piety and Zeal,
The hotter flames that burn in thee does feel.
Thou doſt into her kindling Breaſt inſpire
The luſtful Seeds of thy contagious fire:
So well the Spirit and the Fleſh agree,
Luſt and Devotion, Zeal and Letchery.
Of what Important uſe Religion's made,
By thoſe who wiſely drive the cheating Trade!
As Wines prohibited, ſecurely paſs,
Changing the Name of their own native Place.
So Vice grows ſafe, dreſs'd in Devotion's Name,
Unqueſtion'd by the Cuſtom-houſe of Fame:
Where ever too much Sanctity you ſee,
Be more ſuſpicious of hid Villany.
Whoſe'ever's Zeal is than his Neighbour's more,
If Man, ſuſpect him Rogue; if Woman, Whore:
And ſuch a thing art thou, religious Pride,
So very Lew'd, and yet ſo Sanctify'd.
Let now the Dutcheſs take no further care,
Of numerous Stallions let her not deſpair,
Since her indulgent Stars ſo kind have been,
To ſend her *Bromeley*, *H*—— and *Mazarine*;
This laſt doth baniſh'd *Monmouth*'s place ſupply,
And Wit ſupplanted is by Letchery.
For *Monmouth* ſhe had Parts, and Wit, and Senſe,
To all which *Mazarine* had no pretence;
A proof that ſince ſuch things as ſhe prevail,
Her Highneſs Head is lighter, than her Tail.
But ſtay, I *Portſmouth* almoſt had forgot,
The common Theam of ev'ry Rhiming *Sot*;
She'll after railing make us laugh a while,
For at her Folly, who can chuſe but ſmile?
While them who always ſlight her, great ſhe makes,
And ſo much pains to be deſpis'd ſhe takes,
Goes ſauntering with her Highneſs up to Town,
To an old Play, and in the dark comes down;
Still makes her Court to her, as to the Queen,
But ſtill is juſtled out by *Mazarine*.
So much more worthy a kind Bawd is thought,
Than even ſhe, who her from Exile brought.

O *Portſmouth*, fooliſh *Portſmouth!* Not to take
The offer the great *Sund——d* did make;
When cringing at thy Feet, e'en *Monmouth* bow'd,
The Golden Calf, that's worſhip'd by the Crowd.
But thou for *Y——k*, who now deſpiſes thee,
To leave both him and pow'rful *Shaftsbury*.
If this is all the Policy you know,
This all the skill in States you boaſt of ſo,
How wiſely did thy Countrys Laws ordain,
Never to let the fooliſh Woman reign?
But what muſt we expect, who daily ſee
Unthinking *Charles* rul'd by Unthinking thee?

The True Engliſhman, 1686.

CUrs'd be the tim'rous Fool, whoſe feeble Mind
Is turn'd about with every blaſt of Wind;
Who to Self-intereſt baſely does give ear,
And ſuffers Reaſon to be led by Fear.
He only merits a true *Engliſh* Name,
Who always ſays, and does, and is the ſame;
Who dares be honeſt, tho' at any rate,
And ſtands prepar'd to meet the worſt of Fate:
He laughs at Threats, and Flatt'ries does deſpiſe,
And won't be knaviſh to be counted wiſe:
No publick Storm can his clear Reaſon blind,
Or bad Example influence his Mind.
Let *M——* like a Cur kick'd out of doors,
For his aſpiring Projects and Amours,
Unman himſelf to ſneak, fawn, cringe and whine,
And play the Spaniel till they let him in;
Then, with a grinning, and affected Leer,
Run his red Snout in every Lady's ear.
Let a lewd Judge come reeking from a Wench,
To vent a wilder Luſt upon the Bench;
Bawl out the Venom of his rotten Heart,
Swell'd up with Envy, overact his Part;
Condemn the Innocent by Laws ne'er fram'd,
And ſtudy to be more than doubly damn'd.

Let

Let a mean ſcoundrel Lord (for equal feat
Of hanging, or of ſtarving) falſly ſwear:
Let him whoſe Knavery and Impudence
Is known to every Man's Experience,
With Scraps of broken Evidence, contrive
To feed, and keep a fainting Plot alive:
Nay, tho' he ſwears by the ſame Deities,
Whom he has mock'd by Mimick Sacrifice.
Let *Rumſey*, with his ill-look'd treacherous Face,
That ſwarthy Off-ſpring of a Helliſh Race,
Whoſe Mother, big with an intriguing Devil,
Brought an Epitome of all that's Evil:
Let him be perjur'd, and as raſhly damn
T' eternal Infamy his odious Name.
Let Knaves and Fools confound the tottering State,
And plunge the Subjects in their Monarch's Hate;
Blinding by falſe Accounts of Men and Things,
The moſt indulgent and the beſt of Kings.
Let an unthinking hair-brain'd Bigot's Zeal,
(Not out of any thought of doing well,
But in a pure defiance of the Law)
In bloody Lines his true Idea draw;
That Men may be inform'd, and early ſee,
What ſuch a Man (if once in Pow'r) would be:
Of Royal Mercy, let him ſtop the Source,
That Death may have a free and boundleſs courſe:
Till ſhivering Ghoſts come from their gloomy Cell,
And in dumb Forms a fatal Story tell.
Let the Court ſwarm with Pimps, Rogues, Bawds (and Whores,
And honeſt Men be all turn'd out of doors.
Let *Atheiſm* and *Prophaneneſs* there abound,
And not an upright Man (*God ſave the King*) be found.
Let Men of Principles be in diſgrace,
And mercenary Villains in their place;
Let free-born Cities be by Treach'ry won,
Loſe their juſt Liberties and be undone:
Let Stateſmen ſudden Changes undertake,
And make the Government's Foundation ſhake;
Till ſtrange tempeſtuous Murmurs do ariſe,
And ſhew a Storm that's gathering in the Skies.

Let

Let all this happen. Nay, let certain Fate
Upon the Iſſue of their Actions wait.
If you've a true, a brave undaunted Mind,
Of *Engliſh* Principles, as well as kind;
You'll on the bottom of true Honour ſtand.
Firm as a Rock, unſhaken as the Land:
So when vaſt Seas of Trouble 'gainſt you beat,
They'l break, and force themſelves to a Retreat;
No Fate, no Flattery can e'er controul
A ſteady, reſolute, heroick Soul.

On the Young Stateſman. By the Earl of Rocheſter.

1.

Clarendon had Law and Senſe,
Clifford was Fierce and Brave,
Bennet's grave Look was a Pretence,
And *D*-------y's matchleſs Impudence
Help'd to ſupport the Knave.

2.

But *Sund*----*d*, *God*-----*n*, *L*-----*y*,
Theſe will appear ſuch Chits in Story,
'Twill trun all Politicks to Jeſts,
To be repeated like *John Dory*,
When Fidlers ſing at Feaſts.

3.

Protect us, mighty Providence,
What wou'd theſe Madmen have?
Firſt, they wou'd bribe us without Pence,
Deceive us without common Senſe,
And without Pow'r enſlave.

4.

Shall free-born Men in humble Awe,
Submit to ſervile Shame;
Who from Conſent and Cuſtom, draw
The ſame Right to be rul'd by Law
Which Kings pretend to Reign?

5.

The Duke ſhall weild his his conq'ring Sword,
  The Chancellor make his Speech;
The King ſhall paſs his honeſt Word,
The pawn'd Revenue Sums offord;
  And then come kiſs my Breech.

6

So have I ſeen a King on Cheſs,
  (His Rooks and Knights withdrawn,
His Queen and Biſhops in Diſtreſs)
Shifting about, grow leſs and leſs,
  With here and there a Pawn.

Portſmouth's *Looking-Glaſs.* *By the L.* Roch------r.

METhinks I ſee you newly riſen,
From your embroider'd Bed, and Piſſing;
With ſtudied Mein, and much Grimace,
Preſent your ſelf before your Glaſs,
To varniſh and rub o'er thoſe Graces,
You rub'd off in your Night Embraces:
To ſet your Hair, you Eyes, you Teeth,
And all thoſe Powers you conquer with;
Lay Trains of Love, and State Intrigues,
In Powders, Trimmings, and curl'd Wigs:
And nicely chuſe, and neatly ſpread
Upon your Cheeks the beſt *French* Red.
Indeed for Whites, none can compare
With thoſe you naturally wear:
And tho' her Highneſs much delights
To laugh and talk about your Whites,
I never could perceive your Grace
Made uſe of any for your Face.
Here 'tis you practiſe all your Art,
To triumph o'er a Monarch's Heart;
Tattle, and ſmile, and wink and twink on't,
It almoſt makes me Spew to think on't.

Theſe

These are your Master-strokes of Beauty,
That keeps poor *Rowley* to hard Duty:
And how can all these be withstood,
By frail and amorous Flesh and Blood?
These are the Charms that have bewitcht him,
As if a Conjurer's Rod had switcht him,
Made him he knows not what to do,
But loll and fumble here with you.
Amongst your Ladies, and his Chits,
At Cards and Council here he sits:
Yet minds not how they play at either,
Nor cares he when 'tis walking Weather:
Business and Power he has resign'd,
And all things to your mighty Mind.
Is there a *Minister of State*,
Or any Treasurer of late,
That's fawning and imperious too?
He owes his Greatness all to you:
And as you see just Cause to do't,
You keep him in, or turn him out.
Hence 'tis you give us War and Peace,
Raise Men, disband them as you please,
Take any Pensions, retrench Wages,
For Petticoats, and lusty Pages:
Contrive and execute all Laws,
Suiting the Judges to the Cause.
Learn'd *Scrogs* and honest *Jeffereys*,
A faithful Friend to you whoe'er is;
He made the Jury come in Booty,
And for your Service, would hang *Doughty*.
You govern every Council-meeting,
Make the Fools do as you think fitting:
Your Royal Cully has Command
Only from you at second hand;
He does but at the Helm appear,
Sits there and sleeps, while your Slaves steer:
And you are the bright *Northern* Star,
By which they guide this Man of War;
Yet without doubt they might conduct
Him better, were you better F------.

Many begin to think of late,
His Crown and C-----ds have both one Date;
For as they fall, ſo falls the State.
And as his Reins prove looſe and weak,
The Reins of Government muſt break.

On King CHARLES. *By the Earl of* Rocheſter; *for which he was baniſh'd the Court, and turn'd* Mountebank.

IN the Iſle of *Great Britain* long ſince famous known,
For breeding the beſt C----- in *Chriſtendom*;
There reigns, and long may he reign and thrive,
The eaſieſt Prince, and beſt-bred *Man* alive;
Him no Ambition moves to ſeek Renown,
Like the *French* Fool to wander up and down,
Starving his Subjects, hazarding his Crown.
Nor are his high Deſires above his Strength,
His Scepter and his P-----are of a length;
And ſhe that plays with one may ſway the other,
And make him little wiſer than his Brother.
I hate all Monarchs, and the Thrones that they ſit on,
From the Hector of *France*, to the Cully of *Briton*.
Poor Prince, thy P----- like the Buffoons at Court,
It governs thee, becauſe it makes thee Sport:
Tho' Safety, Law, Religion, Life lay on't,
'Twill break through all to make its way to C-----.
Reſtleſs he rolls about from Whore to Whore,
A merry Monarch, ſcandilous and poor.
To *Carewell* the moſt Dear of all thy Dears,
The ſure Relief of thy declining Years;
Oft he bewails his Fortune and her Fate,
To love ſo well, and to be lov'd ſo late;
For when in her he ſettles well his T-----,
Yet his dull graceleſs Buttocks hang an Arſe.
This you'd believe, had I but time to tell you,
The Pain it coſts to poor laborious *Nelly*,

While

While ſhe employs Hands, Fingers, Lips and Thighs,
E're ſhe can raiſe the *Member* ſhe enjoys.

An EPITAPH.

ALgernon *Sidney* fills this Tomb:
An *Atheiſt*, by declaiming *Rome*:
A Rebel bold, by ſtriving ſtill
To keep the Laws above the Will;
And hindring thoſe would pull them down,
To leave no Limits to a Crown:
Crimes damn'd by Church and Government.
O! whither muſt his Soul be ſent?
Of Heaven it muſt needs deſpair,
If that the *Pope* be Turn-key there;
And Hell can ne'er it entertain,
For there is all Tirannick Reign;
And Purgatory's ſuch a Pretence,
As ne'er deceiv'd a Man of Senſe.
Where goes it then? Where't ought to go,
Where *Pope* and *Devil* have nought to do.

An Eſſay upon Satyr. By the Earl of Mulgrave.

HOW dull, and how inſenſible a Beaſt
Is Man, who yet would Lord it o'er the reſt?
Philoſophers and Poets vainly ſtrove
In every Age the lumpiſh *Maſs* to move:
But thoſe were Pedants when compar'd with theſe,
Who know not only to inſtruct, but pleaſe.
Poets alone found the delightful way,
Myſterious Morals gently to conwey
In charming Numbers; ſo that as Men grew
Pleas'd with their Poems, they grew wiſer too.
Satyr has always ſhone among the reſt,
And is the boldeſt way, if not the beſt,

To tell Men freely of their fouleſt Faults,
To laugh at their vain Deeds, and vainer Thoughs.
In *Satyr* too the Wiſe took different ways,
To each deſerving its peculiar Praiſe.
Some did all Folly with juſt Sharpneſs blame,
Whilſt others laugh'd and ſcorn'd them into Shame.
But of theſe two, the laſt ſucceeded beſt,
(As Men hit righteſt when they ſhoot in jeſt:)
Yet if we may preſume to blame our Guides,
And cenſure thoſe who cenſure all beſides;
In other things they juſtly are preferr'd,
In this alone methinks the Ancients err'd;
Againſt the groſſeſt Follies they diſclaim,
Hard they purſue, but hunt ignoble Game.
Nothing is eaſier than ſuch Blots to hit,
And 'tis the Talent of each vulgar Wit.
Beſides, 'tis Labour loſt; for who would preach
Morals to *Armſtrong*, or dull *Aſton* teach?
'Tis being devout at Play, wiſe at a Ball,
Or bringing Wit and Friendſhip to *White-hall*;
But with ſharp Eyes thoſe nicer Faults to find,
Which lie obſcurely in the wiſeſt Mind:
That little Speck, which all the reſt does ſpoil,
To waſh off that, would be a Noble Toil,
Beyond the looſe-writ Libels of this Age,
Or the forc'd Scenes of our declining Stage;
Above all Cenſure too, each little Wit
Will be ſo glad to ſee the greater hit:
Who judging better, tho' concern'd, the moſt
Of ſuch Correction will have cauſe to boaſt.
In ſuch a Satyr, all would ſeek a ſhare,
And every Fool will fancy he is there.
Old Story-tellers too muſt pine and die,
To ſee their antiquated Wit laid by.
Like her who miſs'd her Name in a Lampoon,
And griev'd to find her ſelf decay'd ſo ſoon;
No common Coxcomb muſt be mention'd here,
Nor the dull Train of dancing Sparks appear.
Not fluttering Officers, who never fight;
Of ſuch a wretched Rabble who would write?

Much

Much leſs half *Wits*, that's more againſt our Rules;
For they are Fops, the other are but Fools.
Who would not be as ſilly as *Dunbar*?
As dull as *Monmouth*, rather than Sir *Carr*?
The cunning Courtier, ſhould be ſlighted too,
Who with dull Knav'ry makes ſo much ado;
Till the ſhrewd Fool, by thriving too too faſt,
Like *Æſop*'s Fox, becomes a Prey at laſt.
Nor ſhall the Royal Miſtreſſes be nam'd,
Too ugly, or too eaſy to be blam'd;
With whom each rhyming Fool keeps ſuch a Pother,
They are as common that way as the other.
Yet ſauntering *Charles* between his beaſtly Brace,
Meets with Diſſemling ſtill in either place,
Affected Humour, or a painted Face.
In Loyal Libels we have often told him,
How one has Jilted him, the other ſold him:
How that affects to laugh, how this to weep;
But who can rail ſo long as he can keep?
Was ever Prince by two at once miſ-led,
Falſe, fooliſh, old, ill-natur'd, and ill bred?
Earnely and *Ayleſ*-------y, with all that Race
Of buſy Block-heads, ſhall have here no place;
At Council ſet as Foils on *D*------*by*'s Score,
To make that great falſe Jewel ſhine the more;
Who all that while was thought exceeding wiſe,
Only for taking Pains, and telling Lies.
But there's no medling with ſuch nauſeous Men,
Their very Names have tir'd my lazy Pen;
'Tis time to quit their Company, and chuſe
Some fitter Subject for a ſharper Muſe.

Firſt, let's behold the merrieſt Man alive,
Againſt his careleſs *Genius* vainly ſtrive;
Quit his dear Eaſe, ſome deep Deſign to lay,
'Gainſt a ſet-time, and then forget the Day.
Yet he will laugh at his beſt Friends, and be
Juſt as good Company as *Nokes* and *Lee*.
But when he aims at Reaſon, or at Rule,
He turns himſelf the beſt to redicule.

Let

Let him at Buſineſs ne'er ſo earneſt ſit,
Shew him but Mirth, and bait that Mirth with Wit;
That ſhadow of a Jeſt ſhall be enjoy'd,
Tho' he left all Mankind to be deſtroy'd:
So Cat transform'd ſat gravely and demure,
Till Mouſe appear'd and thought himſelf ſecure;
But ſoon the Lady had him in her Eye,
And from her Friend did juſt as odly fly.
Reaching above our Nature, does not good,
We muſt fall back to our old Fleſh and Blood.
As by our little *Matchiavel* we find [*E.* of *S*---*y*.
(That nimbleſt Creature of the buſy kind)
His Limbs are cripled, and his Body ſhakes,
Yet his hard Mind, which all this Buſtle makes,
No Pity of its poor Companion takes.
What Gravity can hold from laughing out,
To ſee him drag his feeble Legs about;
Like Hounds ill coupled, Jowler lugs him ſtill
Thro' Hedges, Ditches, and thro' all that's ill!
'Twere Crime in any Man but him alone,
To uſe a Body ſo, tho'tis one's own.
Yet this falſe Comfort never gives him o're,
That whilſt he creeps, his vigorous Thoughts can ſoar:
Alas, that ſoaring to thoſe few that know,
Is but a buſy Groveling here below.
So *Men* in Rapture think they mount the Sky,
Whilſt on the Ground th' intranſed Wretches lye;
So modren Fops have fancy'd they could fly;
Whilſt 'tis their Heads alone are in the Air,
And for the moſt part building Caſtle there.
As the New Earl with Parts deſerving Praiſe, [*E of* E-x.
And *Wit* enough to laugh at his one ways;
Yet loſes all ſoft Days and ſenſual Nights,
Kind Nature's Checks, and kinder Fortune's Slights;
Striving againſt his Quiet all he can,
For the fine Notion of a buſy Man.
And what is that at beſt, but one whoſe Mind
Is made to tire himſelf and all Mankind?
For *Ireland* he would go, faith let him reign,
For if ſome odd fantaſtick Lord would fain,

Carry

Carry my Trunks, and all my Drudgery do,
I'll not only pay him, but admire him too.
But is there any other *Beaſt* that lives,
Who his own Harm ſo wittily contrives?
Will any Dog that hath his Teeth and Stones,
Refin'dly leave his Bitches and his Bones
To turn a Wheel? and Bark to be employ'd,
While *Venus* is by rival Dogs enjoy'd,
Yet this fond *Man*, to get a Stateſman's Name,
Forfeits his Friends, his Freedom, and his Fame.
Tho' *Satyr* nicely writ, no Humour ſtings,
But thoſe who merit Praiſe in other things;
Yet we muſt needs this one Exception make,
And break our Rules for Folly *Tropos* ſake;
Who was too much deſpis'd to be accus'd
And therefore ſcarce deſerves to be abus'd.
Rais'd only by his mercenary Tongue,
For railing ſmoothly, and for reaſoning wrong.
As Boys on Holy-days let looſe to play,
Lay waggiſh Traps for Girls that paſs that way;
Then ſhout to ſee in Dirt and deep Diſtreſs,
Some ſilly Cit in her flowr'd fooliſh Dreſs:
So have I mighty Satisfaction found,
To ſee his Tinſel Reaſon on the Ground;
To ſee the florid Fool deſpis'd (and know it)
By ſome who ſcarce have Words enough to ſhow it;
(For Senſe ſits ſilent, and condemns for weaker,
The finer, nay, ſometimes the wittieſt Speaker)
But 'tis prodigious ſo much Eloquence
Should be acquir'd by ſuch a little Senſe;
For Words and Wit did anciently agree,
And *Tully* was no Fool tho' this Man be.
At Bar abuſive, on the Bench unable,
Knave on the Woolſack, Fop at Council-Table.
Theſe are the Grievances of ſuch Fools as wou'd
Be rather wiſe than honeſt, great than good.
Some other kind of *Wits* muſt be made known,
Whoſe harmleſs Errors hurt themſelves alone;
Exceſs of Luxury they think can pleaſe,
And Lazineſs call loving of their Eaſe;

To

To live diſſolv'd in Pleaſures ſtill they feign,
Tho' their whole Life's but intermitting Pain.
So much of Surfeits, Head-aches, Claps are ſeen,
We ſcarce perceive the little time between:
Well-meaning Men, who make this groſs miſtake,
And Pleaſure loſe only for Pleaſure's ſake.
Each Pleaſure has its Price, and when we pay
Too much of Pain, we ſquander Life away.
Thus *D-------et*, purring like a thoughtful Cat,
Married, but wiſer Puſs ne'er thought of that:
And firſt he worried her with railing Rhyme,
Like *Pembrook*'s Maſtiffs at his kindeſt time;
Then for one night ſold all his ſlaviſh Life,
A teeming *Widow*, but a barren *Wife*.
Swell'd by contact of ſuch a fulſom Toad,
He lugg'd about the Matrimonal Load;
Till Fortune blindly kind, as well as he,
Has ill reſtor'd him to his Liberty.
Which he would uſe in all his ſneaking way,
Drinking all Night, and dozing all the Day;
Dull as *Ned Howard*, whom his briſker Times
Had fam'd for Dulneſs in malicious Rhymes.
Mul------ve had much ado to ſcape the Snare,
Tho' learn'd in thoſe ill Arts that cheat the Fair.
For after all his vulgar Marriage-mocks,
With Beauty dazled, *Numps* was in the Stocks.
Deluded Parents dry'd their weeping Eyes,
To ſee him catch his Tartar for his Prize:
Th' impatient Town waited the wiſht for Change,
And Cuckolds ſmil'd in hopes of ſweet Revenge.
Till *Petworth* Plot made us with ſorrow ſee,
As his Eſtate, his Perſon too was free.
Him no ſoft Thoughts, no Gratitude could move,
To Gold he fled from Beauty and from Love
Yet failing there, he keeps his Freedom ſtill,
Forc'd to live happily againſt his Will.
'Tis not his fault if too much Wealth and Pow'r,
Break not his boaſted Quiet every Hour.
And little *Sid------y* for *Simile* renown'd,
Pleaſures has always fought, but never found.

Tho'

Tho' all his Thoughts on Wine and Women fall,
His are ſo bad, ſure he ne'er thinks at all,
The Fleſh he lives upon is rank and ſtrong,
His Meat and Miſtreſſes are kept too long.
But ſure we all miſtake this pious Man,
Who mortifies his Perſon all he can.
What we uncharitably take for Sin,
Are only Rules of this odd *Capuchin*;
For never Hermit under grave Pretence,
Has liv'd more contrary to common Senſe;
And 'tis a Miracle we may ſuppoſe,
No Naſtineſs offends his skilful Noſe:
Which from all Stink can with peculiar Art
Extract Perfume, and Eſſence, from a F——t.
Expecting Supper is his great Delight,
He toils all Day, but to be drunk at Night.
Then o're his Cups this Night-bird chirping ſits,
Till he takes *Hewet* and *Jack Hall* for Wits.
Rocheſter I deſpiſe even for his want of Wit,
Tho' thought to have a Tail and cloven Feet;
For while he Miſchief means to all Mankind,
Himſelf alone the ill Effects does find;
And ſo like Witches, juſtly ſuffers Shame,
Whoſe harmleſs Malice is ſo much the ſame.
Falſe are his Words, affected is his Wit,
So often he does aim, ſo ſeldom hit.
To every Face he cringes while he ſpeaks,
But when the Back is turn'd, the Head he breaks.
Mean in each Action, lewd in every Limb,
Manners themſelves are miſchievous in him.
A Proof, that Chance alone makes every Creature;
A very *Killigrew* without good Nature.
For what a *Beſſus* has he always liv'd!
And his own *Kickings* notably contriv'd.
For (there's the Folly that's ſtill mixt with Fear)
Cowards more Blows, than any Hero bear.
Of fighting-Spraks, ſome may her Pleaſures ſay,
But 'tis a bolder thing to run away.
The World may well forgive him all his Ill,
For every Fault does prove his Penance ſtill:

Falſly

Falſly he falls into ſome dangerous Nooſe,
And then as meanly labours to get looſe.
A Life ſo infamous is better quitting,
Spent in baſe Injury, and low ſubmitting.
I'd like to have left out his Poetry;
Forgot by almoſt all as well as me.
Sometimes he has ſome Humour, never Wit;
And if it rarely, very rately hit,
'Tis under ſo much naſty Rubbiſh laid,
To find it out's the Cinder-woman's Trade;
Who for the wretched Remnants of a Fire,
Muſt toil all Day in Aſhes and in Mire.
So lewdly dull his idle Works appear,
The wretched Texts deſerve no Comments here;
Where one poor Thought ſometimes left all alone,
For a whole Page of Dulneſs to attone:
'Mongſt forty bad, one tolerable Line,
Without Expreſſion, Fancy, or Deſign.
How vain a thing is *Man*, and how unwiſe,
E'en he who would himſelf the moſt deſpiſe!
I who ſo wiſe and humble ſeem to be,
Now my own Vanity and Pride can't ſee.
While the World's Nonſenſe is ſo ſharply ſhewn,
We pull down others but to raiſe our own;
That we may Angels ſeem, we paint them Elves,
And are but Satyrs to ſet up our ſelves.
I who have all this while been finding fault,
E'en with my *Maſters*, who firſt Satyr taught;
And did by that deſcribe the Taſk ſo hard,
It ſeems ſtupendous and above Reward;
Now labour with unequal Force to climb
That lofty Hill, unreacht by former time.
'Tis juſt that I ſhould to the bottom fall,
Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

The Town Life.

ONce how I doated on this Jilting Town,
Thinking no Heaven was out of *London* known;
Till I her Beauties artificial found,
Her Pleaſure's but a ſhort and giddy round;
Like one who has his *Phillis* long enjoy'd,
Grown with the fulſom Repetition cloy'd:
Love's Miſts, then vaniſh from before his Eyes,
And all the Ladies Frailties he deſcries:
Quite ſurfeited with Joy, I now retreat
To the freſh Air, a homely Country Seat;
Good Hours, Books, harmleſs Sports, & wholſom Meat.
And now at laſt I've choſe my proper Sphere,
Where Men are plain and ruſtick, but ſincere.
I never was for Lies nor Fawning made,
But call a Wafer Bread, and Spade a Spade:
I tell what Merits got Lord------ his Place,
And laugh at marry'd *M------ve* to his Face.
I cannot veer with every Change of State;
Nor flatter Villans, tho' at Court they're great:
Nor will I proſtitute my Pen for Hire,
Praiſe *Cromwel*, damn him, write the *Spaniſh Fryar.*
A Papiſt now, if next the Turk ſhould reign,
Then piouſly tranſverſe the *Alcoran.*
Methinks I hear one of the Nation cry,
Be-Criſt, this is a Whiggiſh Calumny,
All Vertues are compriz'd in Loyalty.
Might I diſpute with him, I'd change his Note,
I'd ſilence him, that is, he'd cut my Throat.
This powerful way of reaſoning never miſt,
None are ſo poſitive, but then deſiſt
As I will, e'er it come to that extreme;
Our Folly, not our Miſery, is our Theme.
Well may we wonder what ſtrange Charm, what Spell,
What mighty Pleaſures in this *London* dwell,
That Men renounce their Eaſe, Eſtates and Fame,
And drudge it here to get a Fopling's Name.

That

That one of ſeeming Senſe advanc'd in Years,
Like a Sir *Courtly Nice* in Town appears:
Others exchange their Land for tawdry Clothes,
And will in ſpite of Nature paſs for Beaus.
Indulgent Heaven, who ne'er made ought in vain,
Each Man for ſomething proper did ordain;
Yet moſt againſt their *Genius* blindly run,
The wrong they chuſe, and what they're made for, ſhun.
Thus *Ar*------*n* thinks for State-Affairs he's fit;
Hewit for Ogling, *Chomly* for Wit:
But 'tis vain, ſo wiſe, theſe Men to teach,
Beſides the King's learn'd Prieſts ſhould only preach.
We'll ſee how Sparks the tedious Day employ,
And trace them in their warm purſuit of Joy;
If they get dreſt (with much ado) by Noon,
In queſt of Beauty to the *Mall* they run,
Where (like young Boys) with Hat in Hand they try
To catch ſome flutt'ring gawdy Butterfly.
Thus *Gray* purſues the Lady with a Face,
Like forty more, and with the ſame Succeſs,
Whoſe Jilting Conduct in her Beauty's ſpite,
Loſes her Fame, and gets no Pleaſure by't.
The ſecret Joys of an Intrigue ſhe ſlights,
And in an Equipage of Fools delights:
So ſome vain Heroes for a vain Command,
Forfeit their Conſcience, Liberty and Land.
But ſee high *Maſs* is done, in Crowds they go;
What, all theſe *Iriſh*, and *Moll Howard* too?
'Tis very late, to *Lockets* let's away,
The Lady *Frances* comes, I will not ſtay.
Expecting Dinner, to diſcourſe they fall;
Without Reſpect of Morals, cenſuring all:
The Nymph they lov'd, the Friend they hug'd before,
He's a vain Coxcomb, ſhes a common Whore:
No Obligation can their Jeſts prevent;
Wit, like unruly Wind in Bowels pent,
Torments the Bearer till he gives it vent;
Tho' this offends the Ear, as that the Noſe,
No matter, 'tis for Eaſe, and out it goes.

But

But what they talk (too nauſeous to rehearſe)
I leave for the late Ballad-writers Verſe.
After a dear-bought Meal, they haſte away,
To a Deſart of Ogling at the Play.
What's here which in the Box's Front I ſee!
Deform'd old Age, Diſeaſes, Infamy!
Warwick, *North*, *Paget*, *Hinton*, *Martin*, *Willis*,
And that Epitome of Lewdneſs, *Ellys*:
I'll not turn that way, but obſerve the Play,
Pox, 'tis a tragick Farce of Banks to Day:
Beſides, ſome *Iriſh* Wits the Pit invade
With a worſe Din than Cat-call Serenade.
I muſt be gone, let's to *Hide-Park* repair,
If not good Company, we'll find good Air.
Here with affected Bow and Side-Glaſs look,
The ſelf-conceited Fool is eas'ly took.
There comes a Spark with ſix in Tarſels dreſt,
Charming the Ladies Hearts with dint of Beaſt:
Like Scullers on the *Themes* with frequent Bow,
They labour, tug, and in their Coaches row;
To meet ſome fair one, ſtill they wheel about,
Till ſhe retires, and then they hurry out.
But next we'll viſit where the Beaus in order come,
('Tis yet too early for the drawing-room)
Here *Nowels* and *Olivio's* abound;
But one plain *Manly* is not to be found:
Flatt'ring the preſent, the abſent they abuſe,
And vent their Spleen and Lies, pretending News:
Why, ſuch a Lady's pale, and wou'd not Dance;
This to the Country gone, and that to *France*;
Who's marry'd, ſlipp'd away, or miſt at Court;
Others Misfortunes thus afford them ſport.
A new Song is produc'd, the Author gueſt,
The Verſes and the Poet made a Jeſt.
Live Laureat *E-------er*, in whom we ſee
The *Engliſh* can excel Antiquity.
Dryden writes Epick, *Wooſly* Odes in vain;
Virgil and *Horace* ſtill the cheif maintain:
He with his mathleſs Poems has alone,
Bavius and *Mivius* in their way out-done.

But

But now for Cards and Play they all propoſe,
While I who never in good breeding loſe;
Who cannot civilly ſit ſtill and ſee
The Ladies pick the Purſe, and laugh at me,
Pretending earneſt Buſineſs, drive to Court,
Where thoſe who can do nothing elſe reſort.
The *Engliſh* muſt not ſeek Preferment there,
For *Mack's* and *O's* all Places deſtin'd are
No more we'll ſend our Youth to *Paris* now,
French Principles and Breeding one wou'd do:
They for Improvement muſt to *Ireland* ſail,
The *Iriſh* Wit and Language now prevail.
But ſoft my Pen, with care this Subject touch,
Stop where you are, you ſoon may write too much!
Quite weary with the Hurry of the Day:
I to my peaceful Home direct my way;
While ſome in Hack, and Habit of Fatigue,
May have (but oft pretend) a cloſe Intrigue;
Others more open to the Tavern ſcow'r,
Calling for Wine, and every Man his Whore,
As ſafe as thoſe with Quality perhaps,
For *N------rgh* ſays great Ladies can give Claps:
Some where they're kept, and many where they keep;
Moſt ſee an eaſy Miſtreſs e'er they ſleep.
Thus Sparks may dreſs, dance, play, write, fight, get drunk,
But all the mighty Pother ends in Punk.

A Satyr on the Modren Tranſlators.

Odi imitatores ſervum pecus, *&c.*

By Mr. P-----r

SInce the united Cunning of the Stage
Has balk'd the hireling Drudges of the Age:
Since *Betterton* of late ſo thrifty's grown,
Revives old Plays, or wiſely acts his own:

Thumb'd

Thumb'd *Rider* with a Catalogue of Rhimes,
Makes the compleateſt Poet of out Times:
Thoſe who with nine Months Toil had ſpoil'd a Play,
In hopes of Eating at a full Third Day,
Juſtly deſpairing longer to ſuſtain
A craving Stomach from an empty Brain,
Have left Stage-practice, chang'd their old Vocations,
Attoning for bad Plays, with worſe Tranſlations;
And like old *Strenhold*, with laborious Spite,
Burleſque what nobler Muſes better write:
Thus while they for their Cauſes only ſeem
To change the Channel, they corrupt the Stream.
So breaking *Vintners*, to increaſe their Wine,
With nauſeous Drugs debauch the generous Vine:
So barren *Gypſies*, for recruit are ſaid
With Strangers Iſſue to maintain the Trade;
But leſt the fairer Bantling ſhould be known,
A daubing Walnut makes him all their own.
In the Head of this Gang too *John Dryden* appears,
But to ſave the Town-cenſure, and leſſen his Fears,
Join'd with a Spark, whoſe Title makes me civil,
For *Scandalum Magnatum* is the Devil;
Such mighty Thoughts from *Ovid*'s Letters flow,
That the Tranſlation is a Work for two;
Who in one Copy join'd, their Shame have ſhown,
Since *T*——*e* could ſpoil ſo many, tho' alone:
My Lord I thought ſo generous would prove,
To ſcorn a Rival in Affairs of Love:
But well he knew his teeming Pangs were vain,
Till Midwife *Dryden* eas'd his labouring Brain;
And that when part of *Hudibraſs*'s Horſe
Jogg'd on, the other would not hang an Arſe;
So when fleet *Fowler* hears the joyful Hollow,
He drags his ſluggiſh Mate, and *Tray* muſt follow.
But how could this learn'd Brace employ their time?
One conſtru'd ſure, while th'other pump'd for Rhime:
Or it with theſe, as once at *Rome*, ſucceeds,
The *Bibulus* ſubſcribes to *Cæſar*'s Deeds:
This from his Partners Acts enſures his Name,
Oh Sacred Thirſt of everlaſting Fame!

That could defile thoſe well-cut Nails with Ink,
And make his Honour condeſcend to think:
But what Excuſe, what Preface can attone
For Crimes which guilty *Bayes* has ſingly done?
Bayes, whoſe *Roſe-Ally* Ambuſcade injoin'd
To be to Vices which he practis'd kind,
And brought the Venom of a ſpiteful *Satyr*,
To the ſafe Innocence of a *dull Tranſlator*.
Bayes, who by all the Club was thought moſt fit
To violate the *Mantuan Prophet*'s Wit,
And more debauch what looſe *Lucretius* writ.
When I behold the Rovings of his Muſe,
How ſoon *Aſſyrian* Ointment ſhe would loſe
For Diamond Buckles ſparkling at their Shoos.
When *Virgil*'s height is loſt, when *Ovid* ſoars,
And in Heroicks *Canace* deplores
Her Follies louder than her Father roars,
I'd let him take *Almanzor* for his Theme;
In lofty Verſe make *Maximin* blaſpheme,
Or ſing in ſofter Airs St. *Katharine*'s Dream.
Nay, I could hear him damn laſt Ages Wit,
And rail at Excellence he ne'er can hit;
His envy ſhou'd at powerful *Cowley* rage,
And baniſh Senſe with *Johnſon* from the Stage:
His Sacrelege ſhould plunder *Shakeſpear*'s Urn,
With a dull Prologue make the Ghoſt return,
To bear a ſecond Death, and greater Pain,
While the Fiend's Words the Oracle prophane.
But when not ſatisfy'd with Spoils at home,
The Pyrate would to foreign Borders roam;
May he ſtill ſplit on ſome unlucky Coaſt,
And have his Works or Dictionary loſt;
That he may know what *Roman Authors* mean,
No more than does our blind Tranſlatreſs *Behn*,
The Female Wit, who next convicted ſtands,
Not for abuſing *Ovid*'s Verſe, but *Sand*'s;
She Might have learn'd from the ill-borrow'd Grace,
(Which little helps the Ruin of her Face)
That Wit, like Beauty, triumphs o'er the Heart,
When more of Nature's ſeen, and leſs of Art:

Nor

Nor ſtrive in *Ovid*'s Letters to have ſhown
As much of Skill, as Lewdneſs in her own.
Then let her from the next inconſtant Lover,
Take a new Copy for a ſecond Rover:
Deſcribe the Cunning of a Jilting Whore,
From the ill Arts her ſelf has us'd before;
Thus let her write, but *Paraphraſe* no more.
R——mer to *Crambo* Privilege does claim,
Not from the Poet's Genius, but his Name;
Which Providence in contradiction meant,
Tho' he Predeſtination could prevent,
And with bold Dulneſs tranſlate Heaven's Intent.
Raſh Man! we paid thee Adoration due,
That ancient Criticks were excell'd by you:
Each little Wit to your Tribunal came
To hear their Doom, and to ſecure their Fame:
But for Reſpect you ſervilely ſought Praiſe,
Slighted the Umpire's Palm to court the Poet's Bays;
While wiſe Reflections, and a grave Diſcourſe,
Declin'd to *Zoons a River for a Horſe.*
So diſcontented *Pemberton* withdrew,
From ſleeping Judges to the noiſy Crew;
Chang'd awful Ermin for a ſervile Gown,
And to an humble Fawning, ſmooth'd, his Frown:
The *Semile* will differ here indeed;
You cannot verſify, though he can plead.
To painful *Creech* my laſt Advice deſcends,
That he and Learning would at length be Friends;
That he'd command his dreadful Forces Home,
Not be a ſecond *Hannibal* to *Rome.*
But ſince no Counſel his Reſolves can bow;
Nor may thy Fate, *O Rome*, reſiſt his Vow;
Debarr'd from Pens as Lunaticks from Swords,
He ſhould be kept from waging War with Words:
Words which at firſt like Atoms did advance
To the juſt Meaſure of a tuueful Dance,
And jumpt to form, as did his Worlds, by chance.
This pleas'd the Genius of the vicious Town;
The Wits confirm'd his Labours with Renown,
And ſwear the early Atheiſt for their own.

Had he ſtopt here------ but ruin'd by Succeſs,
With a new Spawn he fill'd the burden'd Preſs,
Till as his Volumes ſwell'd, his Fame grew leſs.
So Merchants flatter'd with increaſing Gain,
Still tempt the Falſhood of the doubtful Main:
So the firſt running of the lucky Dice,
Does eager Bully to new Bets intice;
Till Fortune urges him to be undone,
And *Ames-Ace* loſes what kind *Sixes* won.
Witneſs this Truth *Lucretia*'s wretched Fate,
Which better have, I heard my Nurſe relate;
The Matron ſuffers Violence again,
Not *Tarquin*'s Luſt ſo vile as *Creech*'s Pen;
Witneſs thoſe heaps his Midnight Studies raiſe,
Hoping to Rival *Ogilby* in Praiſe:
Both writ ſo much, ſo ill, a Doubt might riſe,
Which with moſt Juſtice might deſerve the Prize;
Had not the firſt the Town with Cuts appeas'd,
And where the Poem fail'd, the Picture pleas'd.

Wits of a meaner Rank, I would rehearſe,
But will not plague your Patience nor my Verſe:
In long Oblivion may they happy lie,
And with their Writings, may their Folly die.
Now, why ſhould we poor *Ovid* yet purſue,
And make his very Book an Exile too,
In Words more barbarous than the place he knew?
If *Virgil* labour'd not to be tranſlated,
Why ſuffers he the only thing he hated?
Had he foreſeen ſome ill-officious Tongue,
Wou'd in uneqal Strains blaſpheme his Song;
Nor Prayers, nor Force, nor Fame ſhou'd e'er prevent
The juſt Performance of his wiſe Intent:
Smiling h'had ſeen his Martyr'd Work expire,
Nor live to feel more cruel Foes than Fire.

Some Fop in Preface may thoſe Thefts excuſe,
That *Virgil* was the Draught of *Homer*'s Muſe:
That *Horace*'s by *Pinder*'s Lyre was ſtrung,
By the great Image of whoſe Voice he ſung.
They found the Maſs, 'tis true, but in their Mould
They purg'd the droſſy Oar do current Gold:

Mending

Mending their Pattern, they eſcap'd the Curſe;
Yet had they not writ better, they'd writ worſe.
But when we bind the Lyric up to Rhime,
And loſe the Senſe to make the Poem chime:
When from their Flocks we force *Sicilian* Swains,
To raviſh *Milk-maids* in our *Engliſh* Plains;
And wandring Authors, e'er they touch our Shore,
Muſt like our Locuſt *Hugonots*, be poor;
I'd bid th' importing Club their Pains forbear,
And traffick in our own, tho' homely Ware,
Whilſt from themſelves the honeſt Vermin ſpin,
I'd like the Texture, tho' the Web be thin;
Nay, take *Crown*'s Plays, becauſe his own, for Wit;
And praiſe what *Durfey*, not tranſlating, writ.

The Parliament Houſe to be Lett, 1678.

1.

HEre's a Houſe to be Lett,
For *C-------s B------d* ſwore,
On *Portſmouth*'s bare Arſe,
He wou'd ſhut up the Door.

2.

Inquire at the Lodgings
Next Door to the *Pope*,
At Duke *Lauderdale*'s Head,
With a Crevat of Rope;

3.

And there you will hear
How next he will let it,
If you pay the old Price,
You may certainly get it.

4.

He holds it in Tail
From his Father, who faſt
Did keep it long ſhut,
But paid for't at laſt.

The Duel of the Crabs: By the Lord B----ſt. *Occaſion'd by Sir* R. Howard's *Duel of the Stage.*

IN *Milford-lane* near to St. *Clement*'s Steeple,
There liv'd a Nymph kind to all Chriſtain People.
A Nymph ſhe was, whoſe comely Mien and Stature;
Whoſe height of Eloquence, and every Feature,
Struck thro' the Heart of City, and of *White-hall*,
And when they pleas'd to court her, did 'em right all.
Under her beauteous Boſom there did lie
A Belly ſmooth as any Ivory;
Yet Nature to declare her various Art,
Had plac'd a Tuft in one convenient Part:
No Park with ſmootheſt Lawn or higheſt Wood,
Cou'd e'er compare with this admir'd Abode.
Here all the Youth of *England* did repair,
To take their Pleaſure, and unlade their Care.
Here the diſtreſſed Lover that had born
His haughty Miſtreſs Anger, or her Scorn,
Came for Relief; and in this pleaſant Shade
Forgot the former, and this Nymph obey'd.
And yet what corner of the *World* is found,
Where Pain or Pleaſure does not ſtill ſurround?
One wou'd have thought that in this ſhady Grove,
Nought cou'd have dwelt but Quiet, Peace and Love.
But Heaven directed otherwiſe; for here,
I'th midſt of Plenty, bloody Wars appear:
The Gods will frown where ever they do ſmile;
The Crocodile infeſts the fertile Soil;
Lions and Tygers on the *Libian* Plains,
Forbid all Pleaſures to the fearful Swains:
Wild Beaſt in Foreſts do the Hunters fright,
They fear their Ruin 'midſt of their Delight.
Thus in the ſhade of this dark ſilent Bower,
Strength ſtrives with Strength, and Power vies with Power.
Two mighty Monſters did this Wood infeſt,
And ſtruck ſuch Awe and Terror in the reſt,
That no *Sicilian* Tyrant e'er could boaſt
He e'er with greater Rigour rul'd the Roaſt. Each

Each had his Empire, which he kept in awe,
Was by his Will obey'd, allow'd no Law:
Nature ſo well divided, had their States,
Nought but Ambition cou'd have chang'd their Fates:
For 'twixt their Empire ſtood a briny Lake,
Deep as the Poets do the Centre make;
But dire Ambition does admit no Bounds,
There are no Limits to aſpiring Crowns.
The *Spaniard* by his *Europe* Conqueſt bold,
Sail'd o'er the Ocean for the *Indians* Gold:
The *Carthaginian* Hero did not ſtay,
Becauſe he met vaſt Mountains in his way,
He paſs'd the *Alps* like *Mole-hills*; ſuch a Mind
As thinks on Conqueſts will be unconfin'd.
Both with theſe haughty Thoughts one Courſe to tend,
To try if this vaſt Lake had any end:
Where finding Countries yet without a Name,
They might by Conqueſt get eternal Fame.
After long Marches, both their Armies tir'd,
At length they find the place ſo much deſir'd:
Where in a little time each does deſcry
The glimpſe of an approaching Enemy.
They in this Sight do equal Pleaſure prove,
As we ſhall do in well-rewarded Love:
Blood-thirſty Souls, whoſe only perfect Joy
Conſiſts in what their Fury can deſtroy.
And now both Armies do prepare to fight,
And each of th' other unto VVar incite;
In vain, alas, for all their Froce and Strength
VVas quite conſumed by their Marches length;
But the great Chiefs impatient of Delay,
Reſolve by ſingle Fight, to try the Day.
Each does the other with Contempt defy,
Reſolv'd to Conquer, or reſolv'd to Dye;
Both Armies are commanded to withdraw,
In Expectation who ſhould give 'em Law;
VVhile the amaz'd Spectators full of Care,
Hope for a better, or worſe Tyrant Fear.
And now theſe Princes meet, now they engage
VVith all their cheifeſt Strength and higheſt Rage:

Now with their Inſtruments of Wrath they puſh,
As Hills in Earthquakes on each other ruſh;
Where their *Militia* lies, is ſtill in doubt,
Whether like Elephants upon their Snout,
Or if upon their Heads vaſt Horns they wore,
Or if they fought with Tusks, like the wild Boar.
Some *Greſhamites* perhaps, with help of Glaſs,
And poring long upon't, may chance to gueſs;
But no Tradition has inform'd our Age,
What were their chiefeſt Inſtruments of Rage.
With ſmall or no Advantage they proceed,
Both are much bruiſed, and their Wounds do bleed;
Both keep their Anger, both do loſe their Force;
Both get the better, neither get the worſe.
Juſtice her ſelf might put into each Scale
One of theſe Princes, and ſee neither fall.
Spur'd on by Fury, now they both provide
To let one Grapple this great Cauſe deſide;
Joining, they ſtrive, and ſuch Reſiſtance make,
Both fall together in the briny Lake,
Where from the Trouble of a tott'ring Crown,
Each mighty *Monarch* is laid gently down:
Both Armies at this Sight amazed ſtand,
In doubt who ſhall obey, who ſhall command.
In this Extremity they both agree,
A Commonwealth their Government ſhall be.

The Seſſion of the Poets. To the Tune of Cook Lawrel.

1.

Apollo concern'd to ſee the Tranſgreſſions
Our paltry Poets do daily commit,
Gave Order once more to ſummon a Seſſions,
Severely to puniſh the Abuſes of Wit.

2.

Will D' Avenant wou'd fain have been Steward o'th' (Court,
To have fin'd and amerc'd each Man at his Will;

But

But *Apollo*, it ſeems, had heard a Report,
That his Choice of new Plays did ſhow h'ad no skill.

3.

Beſides, ſome Criticks had ow'd him a Spite,
And a little before had made the God fret,
By letting him know the *Laureat* did write
That damnable Farce, *The Houſe to be Lett.*

4.

Intelligence was brought, the Court being ſet,
That a Play Tripartite was very near made;
Where malicious *Matt Clifford*, and Spiritual *Spratt*,
Were join'd with their Duke, a Peer of the Trade.

5.

Apollo rejoyc'd, and did hope for Amends,
Becauſe he knew it was the firſt Caſe
The Duke e'er did ask the Advice of his Friends,
And ſo wiſh'd his Play as well Clapt as his Grace.

6.

O yes being made, and Silence proclaim'd,
Apollo began to read the Court-Roll;
When as ſoon as he ſaw *Frank Berkley* was nam'd,
He ſcarce cou'd forbear from tearing the Scroll.

7.

But *Berkley*, to make his Int'reſt the greater,
Suſpecting before what would come to paſs,
Procur'd him his Couſin *Fitzharding*'s Letter,
With which *Apollo* wiped his Arſe.

8.

Guy with his Paſtoral next went to Pot;
At firſt in a doleful Study he ſtood,
Then ſhew'd a Certificate which he had got
From the Maids of Honour, but it did him no good.

9.

Humerous *Weeden* came in a Pet,
And for the Laurel began to ſplutter;
But *Apollo* chid him, and bid him firſt get
A Muſe not ſo common as Mrs. *Rutter*.

10.

A Number of other ſmall Poets appear'd,
With whom for a time *Apollo* made Sport

Clifford

Clifford and *Flecknoe* were very well jeer'd,
And in Concluſion whip'd out of the Court.

11.

Tom Killigrew boldly came up to the Bar,
Thinking his Jibing would get him the Bays;
But *Apollo* was angry, and bid him beware
That he caught him no more a printing his Plays.

12.

With ill Luck in Battel, but worſe in Wit,
George Porter began for the Laurel to bawl;
But *Apollo* did think ſuch Impudence fit
To be thruſt out of Court as he's out of *White-hall*.

13.

Savage miſſing *Cowley*, came into the Court,
Making Apologies for his bad Play;
Every one gave him ſo bad a Report,
That *Apollo* gave heed to all he could ſay:

14.

Nor wou'd he have had, 'tis thought, a Rebuke,
Unleſs he had done ſome notable Folly;
Writ Verſes unjuſtly in Praiſe of *Sam. Tuke*,
Or printed his pitiful Melancholy.

15.

Cotton did next to the Bays pretend,
But *Apollo* told him it was not fit;
Tho' his *Virgil* was well, it made but amends,
For the worſt *Panegyrick* that ever was writ.

16.

Old *Shirly* ſtood up and made an Excuſe;
Becauſe many young Men before him were got;
He vow'd he had ſwitch'd and ſpur-gall'd his Muſe,
But ſtill the dull Jade kept to her old Trot.

17.

Sir *Robert Howard*, call'd for over and over,
At length ſent in *Teague* with a Packet of News,
Wherein the ſad Knight, to his Grief, did diſcover,
How *Dryden* had lately robb'd him of his Muſe.

18.

Each Man in the Court was pleas'd with the Theft,
Which made the whole Family ſwear and rant,

Deſiring

Deſiring their Obin i'th lurch being left,
The Thief might be fin'd for the wild Gallant.

19.

Dryden, whom one wou'd have thought had more Wit;
The Cenſure of every Man did diſdain,
Pleading ſome pitiful Rhimes he had writ
In praiſe of the Counteſs of *Caſtlemaine*.

20.

Ned Howard, in whom great Nature is found,
Tho' never took Notice of till that Day,
Impatiently ſat till it came to his Round,
Then roſe and commended the Plot of his Play.

21.

Such Arrogance made *Apollo* ſtark mad;
But *Shirly* endeavour'd to appeaſe his Choler,
By owning the Play, and ſwearing the Lad
In Poetry was a very pert Scholar.

22.

James Howard being call'd for out of the Throng,
Booted and ſpur'd to the Bar did advance,
Where ſinging a damn'd nonſenſical Song,
The Youth and his Muſe were ſent into *France*.

23.

Newcaſtle and's Horſe for Entrance next ſtrives,
Well ſtuff'd was his Cloakbag, and ſo was his Breeches.
And unbutt'ning the Place where Nature's Poſſet-maker (lives,
Pull'd out his Wife's Poems, Plays, Eſſays and Speeches.

24.

Whoop, quoth *Apollo*, what a Devil have we here,
Put up thy Wife's Trumpery, good noble Marquiſs,
And home again, home again, take thy Career,
To provide her freſh Straw, and a Chamber that (dark is.

25.

Sam Tuke ſat and formally ſmil'd at the reſt;
But *Apollo* who well did his Vanity know,
Call'd him to the Bar to put him to th' Teſt,
But his Muſe was ſo ſtiff ſhe ſcarcely could go.

26.

She pleaded her Age, desir'd a Reward;
It seems in her Age she doated on Praise;
But *Apollo* resolv'd that such a bold Bard
Shou'd never be grac'd with a Per'wig of Bays.

27.

Stapleton stood up, and had nothing to say,
But *Apollo* forbid the old Knight to despair,
Commanding him once more to write a new Play,
To be danc'd by the Poppets at *Barthol'mew*-Fair.

28.

Sir *William Killigrew* doubting his Plays,
Before he was call'd, crept up to the Bench,
And whisper'd *Apollo*, in case he wou'd praise
Selyndra, he shou'd have a Bout with the Wench.

29.

B------st and *Sidney*, with two or three more
Translators of *Pompey*, dispute in their Claim;
But *Apollo* made them be turn'd out of Door,
And bid them be gone like Fools as they came.

30.

Old *Waller* heard this, and was sneaking away,
But some Body spy'd him out of the Crow'd;
Apollo tho' h' had not seen him many a Day,
Knew him full well, and call'd to him aloud;

31.

My old Friend Mr. *Waller*, what make you there,
Among those young Fellows that spoil the *French* (Plays?
Then beck'ning to him, whisper'd in his Ear,
And gave him good Counsel instead of the Bays.

32.

Then in came *Denham*, that limping old Bard,
Whose Fame on the *Sophy* and *Cooper's-Hill* stands;
And brought many Stationers who swore very hard,
That nothing sold better except 'twere his Lands.

33.

But *Apollo* advis'd him to write something more,
To clear a Suspicion which possess'd the Court,
That *Cooper's-Hill*, so much bragg'd on before,
Was writ by a Vicar, who had forty Pound for't.

Then

34.

Then *Hudibraſs* boldly demanded the Bays,
Bur *Apollo* bad him not be ſo fierce;
And adviſ'd him to lay aſide making his Plays,
Since he already began to write worſe and worſe.

35

Tom Porter came into the Court in a Huff,
Swearing Damn him he had writ the beſt Plays;
But *Apollo* it ſeems, knew his way well enough,
And would not be hector'd out of his Bays.

36.

Ellis in great Diſcontent went away,
Whilſt *D' Avenant* againſt *Apollo* did rage;
Becauſe he declar'd the Secrets a Play,
Fitting for none but a Mountebank Stage.

37.

John Wilſon ſtood up and wildly did ſtare,
When on the ſudden ſtept in a bold *Scot*,
And offer'd *Apollo* he freely would ſwear,
The ſaid Maſter *Wilſon* mought paſs for a Sot.

38.

But all was in vain; for *Apollo*, 'tis ſaid,
Would in no wiſe allow of any *Scotch* Wit;
Then *Wilſon* in ſpite made his Plays to be read,
Swearing he'd anſwer for all he had writ.

39.

Clarges ſtood up, and laid claim to the Bays,
But *Apollo* rebuk'd that arrogant Fool;
Swearing if e'er he tranſlated more Plays,
He'd Crown him *Sir-Reverence* with a *Cloſe-ſtooll.*

40.

Damn'd *Holden* with's dull *Garman Princeſs* appear'd
Whom if *D'Avenant* he got as ſome do ſuppoſe,
Apollo ſaid the Pillory ſhould crop of his Ears,
And make them more ſutable unto his Noſe.

41.

Rhodes ſtood and play'd at Bo-peep in the Door;
But *Apollo* inſtead of a *Spaniſh* Plot,
On Condition the Varlet would never write more,
Gave him three Pence to pay for a Pipe and a Pot.

Ethridge

42.

Etheridge and *Shadwell*, and the Rabble appeal'd
To *Apollo* himſelf in a very great Rage;
Becauſe their beſt Friends ſo freely had deal'd,
As to tell 'em their Plays were not fit for the Stage.

43.

Then ſeeing a Crowd in a Tumult reſort,
Well furniſh'd with Verſes, but loaded with Plays;
It forc'd poor *Apollo* to adjourn the new Court,
And left them together by the Ears for the Bays.

On the Prince's going to England *with an Army to reſtore the Government*, 1688.

Hunc ſaltem everſo Juvenem ſuccurrere ſæclo
Ne prohibite ----- *Virg. Georg. Lib.* 1.

ONCE more a *FATHER* and a *SON* fall out:
The World involving in their high Diſpute;
Remoteſt *India*'s Fate on theirs depends,
And *Europe*, trembling, the Event attends.
Their Motions ruling every other State,
As on the Sun the leſſer Planets wait.
Power warms the Father, *Liberty* the Son,
A Prize well worth the uncommon Venture run.
Him a falſe Pride to govern unreſtrain'd,
And by mad Means, bad Ends to be attain'd;
All Bars of Property drives head-long through,
Millions oppreſſing to enrich a few.
Him Juſtice urges, and a noble Aim
To equal his Progenitors in Fame,
And make his Life as glorious as his Name.
For Law and Reaſon's Power he does engage,
Againſt the Reign of Appetite and Rage.
There all the Licenſe of unbounded Might,
Here conſcious Honour, and deep Senſe of Right,
Immortal Enmity to Arms incite.

Greatneſs

Greatneſs the one, Glory the other Fires,
This only can deſerve what that deſires.
This ſtrives for all that e'er to Men was dear,
And he for what they moſt abhor and fear.
Cæſar and *Pompey*'s Cauſe by *Cato* thought
So ill adjudg'd, to a new Tryal's brought,
Again at laſt *Pharſalia* muſt be fought.
Ye fatal Siſters! now to *Right* be Friends,
And make Mankind for *Pompey*'s Fate amends.
In *Orange*'s Great Line, 'tis no new thing
To free a Nation, and uncrown a King.

The RABBLE, 1680.

THE Rabble hates, the Gentry fear,
And wiſe Men want Support:
A riſing Country threatens there,
And here a ſtarving Court.

Not for the Nation, but the Fair,
Our Treaſury provides:
Bulkley's, *Go*-----*n*'s only Care,
As *Middleton* is *Hyde*'s.

Rowley too late will underſtand,
What now he ſhuns to find;
That nothing's quiet in the Land,
Except his careleſs Mind.

England is now 'twixt thee and *York*,
The Fable of the Frog:
He is the fierce devouring Stork,
And thou the lumpiſh Log.

A New Song of the Times, 1683.

1.

'TWere Folly for ever
The Whigs to endeavour
Diſowning their Plots, when all the World knows 'em,
Did they not fix
On a Council of Six,
Appointed to govern, tho' no Body choſe 'em?
They that bore ſway,
Knew not one would obey,
Did *Trincalo* make ſuch a ridiculous Pother:
Monmouth's the Head,
To ſtrike Monarchy dead,
They choſe themſelves Vice-Roys all o'er one another.

2.

Was't not a damn'd thing
For *Ruſſel* and *Hambden*,
To ſerve all the Projects of hot-headed *Tony*?
But much more untoward
To appoint my Lord *Howard*
Of his own Purſe and Credit to raiſe *Men* and *Money*?
That at *Knightsbridge* did hide
Thoſe brisk Boys unſpy'd,
Who at *Shaftbury*'s Whiſtle were ready to follow;
And when Aid he ſhould bring,
Like a true *Brentford* King,
Was here with a Whoop, and gone with a Hollow.

3.

Algernoon Sidney,
Of Commonwealth Kidney,
Compos'd a damn'd Libel (ay marry was it)
Writ to occaſion
Ill Blood in the Nation,
And therefore diſpers'd it all over his Cloſet.
It was not the Writing
Was prov'd, or Indicting;

Tho'

Tho' he urg'd Statutes, what was it but foolling,
Since a new Truſt is
Plac'd in the Chief Juſtice,
To damn Law and Reaſon too by over-ruling?

4.

What if a Traytor,
In ſpite of the State, Sir,
Should cut his own Throat from one Ear to the other?
Shall then a new Freak
Make *Braddon* and *Speak*,
To be more concern'd than his Wife or his Brother?
A Razor all Bloody,
Thrown out of a Study,
Is Evidence ſtrong of his deſperate Guilt, Sir;
So *Godfrey* when dead,
Full of Horror and Dread,
Run his Sword thro' his Body up to the Hilt, Sir.

5.

Who can think the Caſe hard
Of Sir *Patience Ward*,
That lov'd his juſt Rights more than thoſe of his High-
O diſloyal Ears, (neſs?
As on Record appears,
Not to hear when to do the *Papiſts* a Kindneſs.
And old doting Citt,
With his *Elizabeth* Wit,
Againſt the *French* Mode for Freedom to hope on;
His Ears that told Lies,
VVere leſs dull than his Eyes,
For both them were ſhut when all others were open.

6.

All *Europe* together
Can't ſhew ſuch a Father,
So tenderly nice of his Son's Reputation,
As our good King is,
To labour to bring his
By Tricks to ſubſcribe to a Sham-Declaration.
'Twas very good Reaſon
To pardon his Treaſon,

To obey (not his own, but) his Brother's Command,
To merit whose Grace,
He must in the first place
Confess he's dishonest under his Hand, Sir.

7.

Since Fate the Court blesses
With daily Successes,
And giving up Charters to go round for a Frolick;
Whilst our Duke *Nero*,
The Church's blind Hero,
By Murder is planting his Faith Apostolick.
Our Modren Sages,
More wise than past Ages,
Think ours to establish by *Popish* Successors;
Queen *Bess* never thought it,
And *Cecil* fogot it,
But 'tis lately found out by our prudent Addressors.

An Epitaph upon Felton, *who was hang'd in Chains for Murdering the Old Duke of* Buckingham : *Written by the late Duke of* Buckingham.

HEre uninter'd suspends, tho' not to save
Surviving Friends th' Expences of a Grave,
Felton's dead Earth, which to the World will be
Its own sad Monument, his Elegy:
As large as Fame, which whether Bad or Good,
I say not; by himself 'twas wrote in Blood;
For which his Body is intomb'd in Air,
Arch'd o'er with Heaven, set with a thousand Fair
And glorious Stars; a noble Sepulchre,
Which Time it self can't ruinate; and where
Th' impartial Worm (that is not brib'd to spare
Princes corrupt in Marble) cannot share
His Flesh; which oft the charitable Skies
Imbalm with Tears, daining those Obsequies

Belong

Belong to Men ſhall laſt, till pitying Fowl
Contond to reach his Body to his Soul.

An Anſwer to Mr. Waller's *Poem on* Oliver's *Death, called the* Storm: *Written by Sir* W------ G------n.

'TIS well he's gone, (O had he never been!)
Hurried in Storms loud as his crying Sin;
The Pines and Oaks fell proſtrate at his Urn,
That with his Soul his Body too might burn;
Winds pluck up Roots, and fixed Cedars move,
Rooring for Vengeance to the Heavens above.
From Theft, like his, Great *Romulus* did grow,
And ſuch a Wind did at his Ruin blow:
Strange! that the lofty Trees themſelves ſhould fell
Without the Ax; ſo *Orpheus* went to Hell:
At whoſe Deſcent the ſtouteſt Rocks were cleft,
And the whole Wood its wonted Station left.
In Battel *Hercules* wore the Lyon's Skin;
But our fierce *Nero* wore the Beaſt within;
Whoſe Heart was brutiſh more than Face or Eyes,
And in the Shape of Man was in Diſguiſe:
Where ever Men, where ever Pillage lies,
Like ravenous Vultures our wing'd Navy flies:
Uuder the Tropick we are underſtood,
And bring home Rapine thro' a purple Flood:
New Circulations found, our Blood is hurl'd,
As round the leſſer to the greater World.
In civil Broils he did us firſt engage,
And made three Kindoms ſubject to his Rage.
One fatal Stroke ſlew Juſtice, and the Cauſe
Of Truth, Religion, and our Sacred Laws.
So fell *Achilles* by the *Trojan* Band;
Though he ſtill fought with Heaven it ſelf in's Hand:
Nor would Domeſtick Spoil confine his Mind,
No Limits to his Fury but Mankind.

The *Britiſh* Youths in Foreign Courts are ſent,
Towns to deſtroy, but more to Baniſhment;
Who ſince they cannot in this Iſle abide,
Are confin'd Priſoners to the World beſide.
No wonder then if we no Tears allow
To him that gave us Wars and Ruin too:
Tyrants that lov'd him, griev'd, concern'd to ſee
There muſt be Puniſhment for Cruelty.
Nature her ſelf rejoyc'd at his Death,
And on the Waters ſung with ſuch a Breath,
As made the Sea dance higher than before,
While here glad Waves came dancing to the Shore.

Upon Dunkirk-*Houſe.*

HERE lie the Sacred Bones
Of Paul *beguilded of his Stones:*
Here lie Golden Briberies,
The Price of ruin'd Families:
The Cavaliers Debenter-Wall,
Fix'd on an Eccentrick Baſis;
Here's Dunkirk-Town *and* Tangier-Hall,
The Queen's Marriage and all;
The Dutch-*man's* Templum Pacis.

Royal Reſolutions: By A. Marvell, *Eſq;*

1.

WHEN Plate was at Pawn, and Fob at an Ebb,
And Spider might weave in Bowels its Web,
And Stomach as empty as Brain:

2.

Then *C*---- without Acre,
Did ſwear by his Maker,
If ever I ſee *England* again,

3.

I'll have a Religion all of my own,
Whether Popiſh or Proteſtant, it ſhall not be known;
And if it prove troubleſome, I will have none.

4.

I'll have a long Parliament always to Friend,
And furniſh my Treaſure, as faſt as I ſpend,
And if they will not, they ſhall have an end.

5.

I'll have a Council ſhall ſit always ſtill,
And give me, a Licenſe to do what I will;
And two *Secretaries* ſhall piſs thro' a Quill.

6.

My inſolent Brother ſhall bear all the Sway,
If Parliament murmur, I'll ſend him away,
And call him away as ſoon as I may.

7.

I'll have a rare Son in marrying, tho' marr'd,
Shall govern (if not my Kingdom) my Guard,
And ſhall be Succeſſor to me or *Gerrard.*

8.

I'll have a New *London* inſtead of the Old,
With wide Streets and uniform to my own Mould;
But if they build it too faſt, I'll bid 'em hold.

9.

The ancient Nobility I will lay by,
And new ones create, their Rooms to ſupply,
And they ſhall raiſe Fortunes for my own Fry.

10.

Some one I'll advance from a common Deſcent,
So high that he ſhall hector the Parliament,
And all wholſome Laws for the Publick prevent.

11.

And I will aſſert him to ſuch a Degree,
That all his foul Treaſons, tho' daring and high,
Under my Hand and Seal, ſhall have Indemnity.

12.

And what e'er it coſts me, I'll have a *French* Whore,
As bold as *Alice Pierce*, and as fair as *Jane Shore*;
And when I am weary of her, I'll have more.

13.

Which if any bold Commoner dare to oppoſe,
I'll order my Bravo's to cut off his Noſe,
Tho' for't I a Branch of Prerogative loſe.

14.

My Pimp ſhall be my Miniſter Primier,
My Bawds call Ambaſſadors far and near,
And my Wench ſhall diſpoſe of *Conge de lire.*

15.

I'll wholly abandon all publick Affairs,
And paſs all my time with *Buffoons* and Players,
And ſanter to *Nelly* when I ſhould be at Prayers.

16.

I'll have a fine Pond with a pretty Decoy,
Where many ſtrange Fowl ſhall feed and enjoy,
And ſtill in their Language, quake *Vive le Roy.*

The Parallel, 1682. *On the Diſgrace of the E. of* M.

AS when proud *Lucifer* aim'd at a Throne,
To have uſurp'd it and made Heaven his own.
Blaſphemous damn'd Deſign! but ſoon he fell,
Guarded with dreadful Lightnings down to Hell;
Or as when *Nimrod* lofty *Babel* built,
A Structure as eternal as his Guilt.
Let us, ſaid he, raiſe the proud Tower ſo high,
As may amaze the Gods, and kiſs the Sky.
He ſpoke, but the Succeſs was different found,
Heaven's angry Thunder cruſh'd it to the Ground:
So *Lucifer* and ſo proud *Babel* fell,
And 'tis a curſed Fall from Heaven to Hell.
So falls our Courtier now to Pride a Prey,
And falls too with as much Reproach as they,
And juſtly-----
That with his nauſeous Courtſhip durſt defile
The ſweeteſt, choiceſt Beauty of our Iſle.
That he was proud, we knew, but now we ſee,
(Like *Janus* looking at Eternity)
Both what he was, and what he meant to be.

Stern

Stern was his Look, and ſtrudy was his Gate,
He walk'd and talk'd, and would have——in State.
Diſdain and Scorn ſate perching on his Brow;
But (*Preſto*) where is all that Greatneſs now?
VVhy vaniſh'd, fled, diſſolv'd to empty Air.
Fine Ornaments indeed to cheat the Fair;
And which is yet the ſtrangeſt thing of all,
He has not got a Friend to mourn his Fall.
But 'tis but juſt that he who ſtill maintain'd
Diſdain to all, ſhould be by all diſdain'd:
Had not the lazy Drone been quite as blind,
Equally dim both in his Eye and Mind,
He might have plainly ſeen——
For the Example's viſible to all,
How ſtrangely low ingrateful Pride may fall.
Preſumptuous VVretch! but that's too kind a Name
For one ſo careleſs of his Maſter's Fame.
For as the Serpent did by Fraud deceive
Th' unwary Soul of our firſt Parent *Eve*;
So he as impudently ſtrove to inſpire
The Royal Maid with his deluſive Fire.
But Heaven be prais'd not with the ſame Succeſs,
For though his Pride's as great, his Cunning's leſs.

A Satyr againſt Marriage: *By the ſame.*

HUſband, thou dull unpitied Miſcreant,
VVedded, to Noiſe, to Miſery and Want:
Sold an Eternal Vaſſal for thy Life,
Oblig'd to cheriſh and to hate thy Wife.
Drudge on till Fifty at thy own Expence,
Breath out thy Life in one Impertinence.
Repeat thy loath'd Embraces every Night,
Prompted to act by Duty, not Delight.
Chriſten thy forward Bantling once a Year,
And carefully thy ſpurious Iſſue rear.
Go once a Week to ſee the Brat at Nurſe,
And let the young Impoſter drain thy Purſe.

Hedg-Sparrow like, what Cuckows have begot,
Do thou maintain, incorrigible Sot.
Oh I could curſe the Pimpt, (who could do leſs?)
He's beneath Pity, and beyond Redreſs.
Pox on him, let him go, what can I ſay?
Anathema's on him, are but thrown away:
The VVretch is Marry'd, and hath known the worſt,
And his great'ſt Bleſſing is, he can't be curſt.
Marriage! O Hell and Furies name it not!
Hence, hence, ye holy Cheats, a Plot a Plot;
Marriage! 'tis but a licens'd way to Sin,
A Nooſe to catch Religious VVoodcocks in:
Or the Nick-name of Love's malicious Fiend,
Begot in Hell to perſecute Mankind.
'Tis the Deſtroyer of our Peace and Health,
Miſpender of our Time, our Strength and VVealth,
The Enemy of Valour, VVit, Mirth, all
That we can Vertuous, Good, or Pleaſant call.
By Day 'tis nothing but a needleſs Noiſe,
By Night the Eccho of forgotten Joys:
Abroad the Sport and VVonder of the Crowd,
At home the hourly Breach of what they vow'd.
In Youth it's Opium to our luſtful Rage,
VVhich ſleeps a-while, but wakes again in Age,
It heaps on all Men much, but uſeleſs Care,
For with more Trouble they leſs happy are.
Ye Gods! that Man by his own ſlaviſh Law
Should on himſelf ſuch Inconvenience draw.
If he would wiſer Nature's Laws obey,
Thoſe chalk him out a far more pleaſant way.
VVhen luſty Youth and flagrant VVine conſpire,
To fan the Blood into a generous Fire,
We muſt not think the Gallant will endure
The puiſſant Iſſue of his Calenture:
Nor always in his ſingle Pleaſures burn,
Tho' Nature's Hand-maid ſometimes ſerves the turn.
No, he muſt have a ſprightful, youthful Wench,
In equal Floods of Love his Flames to quench:
One that will hold him in her claſping Arms,
And in that Circle all his Spirits charms,

That

That with new Motion, and unpractis'd Art,
Can raiſe his ſoul, and re-inſnare his Heart.
Hence ſpring the Noble, Fortunate and Great,
Always begot in Paſſion and in Heat:
But the dull Off-ſpring of the Marriage-Bed,
What is it but a Human Lump of Lead;
A ſottiſh Lump, ingender'd of all Ills;
Begot like Cats, againſt their Father's Wills?
If it be Baſtardiz'd, 'tis doubly ſpoil'd,
The Mother's Fears entail'd upon the Child.
Thus whether Illegitimate or not,
Cowards and Fools in Wedlock are begot.
Let no ennobled Soul himſelf debaſe
By lawful Means to Baſtardize his Race;
But if he muſt pay Nature's Debt in kind,
To check his eager Paſſion, let him find
Some willing Female out; what tho' ſhe be
The very Dregs and Scum of Infamy?
Tho' ſhe be Linſey-woolſey Bawd and Whore,
Cloſe-ſtool to *Venus*, Nature's Common-ſhore,
Impudent, fooliſh, bawdy and diſeaſe,
The Sunday Crack of Suburb Prentices;
What then, ſhe's better then a Wife by half,
And if thou'rt ſtill unmarried, thou art ſafe.
With Whores thou canſt but venture; what thou'ſt loſt,
May be redeem'd again with Care and Coſt;
But a damn'd Wife by inevitable Fate,
Deſtroys Soul, Body, Credit and Eſtate.

On Oliver's *Peace with the Dutch, out of the* Latin *of Math. Mew. C. C. C. Schol. Cambr.*

WHEN with the rolling Tides of Fate,
New Governours aſſume the State,
The Change a ſtrong Convulſion makes,
And all the trembling Nation ſhakes;
New Miſchiefs follow Counſels new,
As Death's deſtructive Shafts the ſpeading Plague (purſue.

Yet

Yet ſtill unſhock'd *Britannia* ſtands,
And angry Fate it ſelf commands.
Tho' ravag'd with inteſtine Jars,
And batter'd oft with foreign Wars,
As Palms beneath their Burdens riſe,
And when oppreſs'd they moſt ſhoot ſtrongeſt tow'rd (the Skies.

A greater *Numen* guards us now,
To whom our grateful *Britan*'s Bow.
Thee, mighty Prince, thy Virtue's Crown
Thy regal Fame, thy vaſt Renown,
Thy happy Slaves in Peace proclaim,
With Triumphs loudly ſpread as thy Immortal Name.
To Conquer always, to confound
The beſt, the braveſt Armies round,
Are Honours all reſerv'd for thee.
We now another Worthy ſee,
A Captain for the former Nine,
With more auſpicious Stars, and Courage more Divine.
Dutch Arms were vain, and vain their Force,
To ſtop thy Fate's victorious Courſe:
Hector himſelf, the Brave, muſt yeild,
When great *Achilles* takes the Field.
Thy Honours all our Triumphs grace:
In The we all our Safety place,
And by thy Shade ſecur'd, thy ſacred Trunk embrace.

Matth. Mew, C. C. C. *Schol.*

On the ſame, Tranſlated from the Latin *of Mr.* Godolphin *of* Chriſt-Church.

WHen Civil War through all the *Chaos* reign'd,
And Air and Earth with Floods and Flames maintain'd
An uncouth Conteſt. Love at laſt diſclos'd
Its Force, and all the Atomick Broils compos'd;

And

And the late darkſome Elements in one,
A brighter World with nobler Beauty's ſhown.
So Peace unites the Nation long abus'd,
With Jealouſies and envious Arts confus'd.
Wet Flames the Peace with burning Waters broke,
Men blaz'd in Waters, and were drown'd in Smoke.
Not *Jove* o'er-aws the World with Thunders more
Than wide-mouth Cannons with their diſmal Roar:
Their hideous Notes preſag'd a Storm of Blood,
And ſcatter'd Limbs unſluc'd the Crimſon Flood:
Each *Tar* a Sea within his Breaſt contain'd,
And loudeſt there the noiſie Tempeſt reign'd.
What Power, what God the dreadful War could lay?
Or through Confuſion ſhoot a peaceful Day?
Thy Hand and Head, Great *Cæſar* made them ceaſe,
And crown'd thy Brows with Wreaths of laſting Peace.
Love ſhot from thee, our eaſie Souls ſubdu'd,
And made one Band the *Dutch* and Us conclude:
Force tam'd the *Dutch*, to Love the *Engliſh* yield,
And to thy Politicks reſign the Field.
Love, Sir, at your Command rough *Mars* expell'd,
Huſh'd angry Storms, and warlike Furies quell'd.
No more, ye Bards, of Sea-born *Venus* ſing.
Fair Love could only from our *Britiſh* Ocean ſpring.

On the ſame, from the Latin *of* R. South *of* Chriſt-Church.

A Fatal War two angry Siſters wag'd,
And to each others ſure Deſtruction rag'd;
The Theatre the neighb'ring Seas were made,
Where Bloody Prizes ſurly Sword-men play'd.
The ſhatter'd Fleets the Seas and Flames divide,
Each rolling in with an impetuous Tide,
The *Phœnix* once in ſpicy Flames expir'd,
But now with Horror from the Floods retir'd.

Brave

Brave Souls their Fates in purple Waters met:
As failing Stars beneath the Ocean ſet.
The Sun all Azure ſhew'd, like Azure Veins,
When the ſmall Rills the crimſon Humour ſtains.
The *Dutch* to *England* ſcorn'd to ſtrike the Sail,
Seem'd to be modeſt, but refus'd to veil.
But now the *Belgick* Lion leaves to roar,
And Golden Flocks float ſafe toward the Shoar.
While other Elements embroil'd remain.
The Seas alone a peaceful League maintain.

Sir, at your Feet, whom Seas and Lands obey.
The Elements ſubmiſſive Garlands lay.
Seas are leſs deep than your capacious Soul,
Your Fame ſounds far, as noiſie Waters roul.
Should you in Triumph o'er the World appear,
Your Chariot Wheels the groaning Poles would bear.
Your Sword laid by, the Scabbard's fill'd with Peace,
And girds your happy Side with awful Eaſe.
You only could the ſwelling Waves reſtrain,
And lay your Fetters on the conquer'd Main.
The Seas, the Shores their Trophies yield to you,
Who could the Many and the Great ſubdue.
Your happy Name their peaceful Emblems grace,
And Olive Wreaths your Regal Arms embrace.
England the Hand to pleas'd *Batavia* gives,
And happy in her great Commander lives,
By Conqueſts guarded, and by Seas immur'd,
But more by your Victorious Arms ſecur'd.

Rob. South, *ex Æde Chriſti.*

From the Latin *of* J. Buſby *A. M. of* Chriſt-Church.

PEace, abſent long, two States to Union brings,
So Life and Love from dying Fury ſprings.
The merry *Dutch* enſoul'd with Peace revive,
Their State by *Engliſh* Subſtance kept alive.

So

So we both Phyſick and Phyſicians prove,
And heal the VVounds of VVar with Balm of Love.
The *Dutch* too oft drench'd in the brackiſh Main,
Yet moſt of Bitter, not of Salt complain.

To the PROTECTOR.

Lion of VVar, whoſe Roar the *Dutch* diſmaid,
VVhile conqu'ring *England* felt your gentler Aid,
Great Prince, to whom the greateſt Conqu'rors bow,
VVhoſe binding Force the vaſſal'd VVorld allow,
That VVorld the Circle, but the Centre thou.
One Chain two Nations can at once incloſe,
One Hand the Sea and Land in Peace compoſe.
The VVorld grows quiet, and we now can meet
No Fears from Sea, nor from the *Belgick* Fleet.
Huſh'd in a Peace, and faint with Fears and VVar,
Terrors and Love our joint Commanders are;
VVhat then could your confiding Subjects do,
If through their Fears, their Loves your conqu'ring
Arms purſue?

J. Buſby, *A. M. ex Æde Chriſti.*

From the Latin *of* J. Vaughan, *A. M. of* Jeſus Coll.

NOW with a better Face Affairs appear,
And ſmoother Looks the chearful Nations wear.
So have I ſeen the Sun eclips'd a while,
But quickly with recovering Luſtre ſmile.
What Thanks, Great Prince, can our weak Muſe repay
For all the Bleſſings of this glorious Day?
Your prudent Hand our ſhatter'd State repairs,
And bravely dares aſſert our loſt Affairs.

No

No Change of Fortune e'er could bend your Soul,
No head-ſtrong Rout your Politicks controul.
You make the *Rhine* to Royal *Thames* be true,
And both the Seas and *Belgick* Hearts ſubdue.
Three Realms by your auſpicious Stars are bleſt.
You of each Age and Sex's Hearts poſſeſt.
By you we ſafely to our Books retire,
Your gallant Acts the Muſe's Sons inſpire.
Crete boaſts of *Jove*, her *Phœbus Delos* ſings,
And great *Alcides* tunes the lofty Strings.
In you their ſcatter'd Glories all combine,
Whoſe Nod could make three mighty Realms reſign.
Neptune to you his Royal Trident ſends,
The groaning Oar your wond'rous Vigour bends.
None rules with greater Art, nor can we find
An Arm more fatal, nor a larger Mind.
The *Welſh* and *Engliſh* for your Birth contend,
And for that Glory both with Zeal pretend.
Go on, the Realms with happy Omens guide,
While Fame attends you with a ſwelling Tyde,
And they, like Twin *Minerva*'s, guard your ſide.

J. Vaughan. *A. M. e Coll. Jeſu.*

IF *Greece* with ſo much Mirth did entertain
Her *Argo* coming laden home again:
With what loud Mirth and Triumph ſhall we greet
The wiſht Approaches of our welcome Fleet;
When of that Prize our Ships do us poſſeſs,
VVhereof their Fleece was but an Emblem, *Peace?*
VVhoſe welcome Voice ſounds ſweeter in our Ears,
Than the loud Muſick of the warbling Spheres.
And raviſhing more than thoſe, doth plainly ſhow
That ſweeteſt Harmony we to Diſcord owe.
Each Sea-man's Voice pronouncing Peace doth charm,
And ſeems a *Syren*'s, but that't has leſs Harm
And Danger in't, and yet like theirs doth pleaſe
Above all other, and make us love the Seas.

VVe've

VVe've Heaven in this Peace, like Souls above,
VVe've nought to do now but admire and love.
Glory of War is Victory, but here
Both glorious, becauſe neither's Conqueror.
'T had been leſs Honour, if it might be ſaid,
They fought with thoſe that could be conquered,
Our re-united Seas, like Streams that grow
Into one River, do the ſmoother flow:
VVhere Ships no longer grapple, but like thoſe
The loving Sea-men in Embraces cloſe.
VVe need no Fire-ſhips now, a nobler Flame
Of Love doth us protect, whereby our Name
Shall ſhine more glorious, a Flame as pure
As thoſe of Heaven, and ſhall as long endure.
This ſhall direct our Ships, and he that ſteers,
Shall not conſult Heaven's Fires, but thoſe he bears
In his own Breaſt. Let *Lilly* threaten VVars,
VVhilſt this Conjunction laſts, we'll fear no Stars.
Our Ships are now moſt beneficial grown,
Since they bring home no Spoils but what's their own.
Unto theſe branchleſs *Pines* our forward Spring
Ows better Fruit than Autumn's wont to bring:
VVhich give not only Gems and *Indian* Ore,
But add at once whole Nations to our Store:
Nay, if to make a VVorld's, but to compoſe
The Difference of Things, and make them cloſe
In mutual Amity, and cauſe Peace to creep
Out of the jarring Chaos of the Deep:
Our Ships do this, ſo that whilſt others take
Their Courſe about the VVorld, ours a VVorld make.

J. Locke, *Student of Ch. Ch.*

AS when two Streams divided gently glide,
The lofty Banks their humble Bowers deride.
The Husband-men divert them where they liſt,
Nor can thoſe weaker Floods their Dams reſiſt.
But if they *join*, and to one Torrent grow,
Swelling they Rage, and no Reſtraint will know;

Over

Over th' adjoining Fields dilate their *Wings*,
Hatching that Plenty which the Summer brings.
Such the Events have been, and ſuch the Fates
Of our disjoin'd and reunited States.
VVho, while aſunder from each other torn
By cruel VVar, became their Neighbours Scorn.
But ſince that (*) *Power* which now informs our Age,
Hath reconcil'd the Strength, and quell'd the Rage
Of the diſturbed Sea, the Fire, the VVind,
And (what is more) the Tempeſts of our Mind.
For now our Ships their Canvas VVings ſhall ſtretch,
And the VVorld's VVealth to richer *England* fetch.
Till greater Treaſures overſpread our Coaſt
Than *Tagus* or *Pactolus* Sands can boaſt.
VVith this Deſign our buſie Veſſels range
About, to make our *Iſle the World's Exchange.*
Others in *Times* of *Braſs* and *Iron* live,
Nought but our *Pines* the *Golden Age* can give:
VVhich fell'd, bear better Fruit than when they ſtood
The *Branching Glories* of the *Fruitful Wood.*
No foreign Navy ſhall impeach their Courſe,
Circling the Globe with uncontrouled Force,
VVhile, with the Sun, they round the VVorld, their Might
Becomes as *univerſal* as his Light.
Making thoſe Bounds which bind the fartheſt Land,
The Limits, *Cromwel*, of thy large Command.
Cromwel! the Name which made a greater Noiſe
Among his Foes than *Waves* or *Cannons Voice.*
'Tis he that conquers when he pleaſe, and he
That makes *Greek Fables, Engliſh Hiſtory.*
Tell me, *Aſtrologers*, th' Event; and make
From this Conjunction a New *Almanack.*
Storms oft enrich the Soil; and ſince our *Peace*
Proceeds from *War*, we hope for more Increaſe.
So Bones which have been broke, become more ſound,
And *Hydra* ſtronger from its fruitful *Wound.*

(*) *The Lord Protector.*

Than *War*, nought could our States have closer ty'd,
They're *join'd by Kind* who are *by Blood Ally'd*.
Such our Agreement is, as when one Flame
Meeting another, both become the same.
Hermaphroditus so and *Salmacis*,
(Whose Bodies join'd in a perpetual Kiss)
With our two *Sates* receiv'd like Union;
Went *Two* into the *Stream*, return'd but *One*.

W. Godolphin, *St. Ch. Ch.*

To King CHARLES *the Second, on his Return.*

VErtue's Triumphant Shrine, who dost engage
At once three Kingdoms in a Pilgrimage,
Which in Extatick Duty strive to come
Out of themselves, as well as from their Home.
Whilst *England* grows one Camp, and *London* is
It self the Nation, not *Metropolis*;
And Loyal *Kent* renews its Arts again,
Fencing her Ways with moving Groves of Men.

Forgive this distant Homage, which doth meet
Your blest Approach on sedentary Feet.
And tho' my Youth, not patient yet to bear
The Weight of Arms, denies me to appear
In Steel before you, yet, Great Sir, approve
My Manly Wishes, and more vigorous Love.
In whom a cold Respect were Treason to
A Father's Ashes, greater than to you.
Whose one Ambition 'tis, for to be known
By Daring Loyalty your *Wilmot*'s Son.

Rochester *Wadh. Coll.*

A Young Gentleman desirous to be a Minister of State, thus pretends to qualify himself.

TO make my self for this Employment fit,
I'll learn as much as ever I can get
Of the Honourable *Gray* of *Ru*-------*n*'s Wit.
In Constancy and sincere Loyalty,
I'll imitate the grateful *Shaftsbury*.

And that we may assume the Churches Weal,
And all Disorder in Religion heal,
I will espouse Lord *Hall*------'s Zeal.

To pay Respect to Sacred Revelation,
To scorn th' affected Wit of Prophanation,
And rout Impiety out of the Nation.

To suppress Vice, and Scandal to prevent;
Buckingham's Life shall be my Precedent,
That living Model of good Government.

To dive into the Depth of Statesmens Craft,
To search the Secrets of the subtlest Heart,
To hide my own Designs with prudent Art.

To make each Man my Property become,
To frustrate all the Plots of *France* and *Rome*,
None can so well instruct as my Lord *Moon*.

For Moral Honesty in Deed and Word,
Lord *W*-------*r* Example will afford,
That and his Courage too are on Record.

Upon the King's Voyage to Chatham, *to make Bulwarks againſt the* Dutch; *and the Queen's Miſcarriage thereupon.*

WHen *James*, our Great Monarch, ſo wiſe and diſcreet.
Was gone with three Barges to face the *Dutch* Fleet,
Our young Prince of *Wales*, by Inheritance ſtout,
Was going to Aid him, peep'd his Head out,
But ſeeing his Father, without Ships or Men,
Commit the Defence of us all to a Chain,
Taffy was frighted, and ſculk'd in again;
Nor thought, while the *Dutch* domineer'd in our Road,
It was ſafe to come further, and venture abroad.
Nor *Walgrave*, or the th' Epiſtle of *Seigneur le Duke*,
Made her Majeſty ſick, and her Royal Womb puke;
But the *Dutch-men* picqueering at *Dover* and *Harwich*,
Gave the Miniſters Agues, and the Queen a Miſcarriage;
And to ſee the poor King ſtand of Ships in ſuch need,
Made the Catholicks quake and her Majeſty bleed.
I wiſh the ſad Accident don't ſpoil the young Prince,
Take off his Manhood, and make him a Wench.
But the *Hero*, his Father, no Courage did lack,
Who was ſorry on ſuch a Pretext to come back.
He mark'd out his Ground, and mounted a Gun,
And 'tis thought, without ſuch a Pretence, he had run;
For his Army and Navy were ſaid to increaſe,
As appears (when we have no occaſion) in Peace;
Nay, if the *Dutch* come, we deſpiſe them ſo much,
Our Navy *incognito* will leave them i'th' Lurch;
And to their eternal Diſgrace, we are able
To beat 'em by way of a Poſt and a Cable.
Why was this, Sir, left out o' th' wiſe Declaration
That flatter'd with hopes or more Forces the Nation?
'Twould have done us great Good to have ſaid you intended,
The Strength of the Nation, the Chain ſhould be (mended,

Tho' we thank you for paſſing ſo kindly your Word,
(Which ne'er yet was broke) that you'd Rule by the
Sword.

A CHARGE *to the* Grand Inqueſt *of* ENGLAND, 1674.

ROom for the *Bedlam C*--------*ns, Hell and Fury?*
Room for the Gentlemen of our *Grand Jury*,
Led by no conjuring Bayliff with white Wand,
But ſtately Mace in ſtalking Giant's Hand
Call them o'er, Cryer, ſwear them every Man,
And let an Oath fetter 'em if it can.
The Fore-man firſt, prefer'd before the reſt,
'Cauſe he has learnt the Art of Prating beſt.
Then *Howard*, *Powell*, *Garaway*, and *Meers*,
Temple, and *S*--------(who yet wears his Ears)
Candiſh the Fop, *Whorhood* that *Senior Soph*,
Some freſh come on, ſome lately taken off.
When theſe have kiſt the Book, ſwear all the reſt,
This numerous Swarm of this too *Grand Inqueſt*.
Five hunder'd ſtrong, a formidable Crew!
Would you could ſay, of half, good Men and true.
Stand cloſe together, Sirs, and hear you Charge,
In brief, which Lawyers uſe to give at large.
Imprimis, As to Treaſon, let that paſs,
Since to talk Treaſon boldly, long ſince was
A Priviledge of your Houſe; and ſhortly you
Will priviledg'd be to plot and act it too.
For Sacriledge, Thefts, Robberies, and Rapes,
Murders, Cheats, Perjuries, with ſuch petty Scapes,
Of which your ſelves you too well guilty know:
Tranſmit theſe Trifles to the Courts below.
But if a Member chance to get a Scar,
For the Cauſe, or by Fortune *de le Guerre*,
You of the Inqueſt ſtrictly muſt explore
Whether the Wound were given by Rogue or Whore;
Vote it a Breach of Privilege, then paſs
An Act, Sir *John*'s Noſe is as whole as 'twas.

If

If a blunt Porter juſtle from the Wall,
Or Knaviſh Boy at Foot-ball give a Fall,
To one o'your Houſe; let Boys and Porters be
Sent to the Tower, or brought upon their Knee.
But above all beat boldly every where
For your juſt Rights and Privileges here,
Find them out all, and more than ever were.
Search the Repoſitories of the Tower,
And your own Brains to ſtretch your lawleſs Power;
Ranſack your Writers, *Selden*, *Needham*, *Pryn*,
Rather than fail, bring the ſly Jeſuit in.
Then ſwoln with Pride and Poyſon ſuckt from theſe,
Vote your own Privilege, is what you pleaſe.
Thus fortifi'd, each Member is ſupreme,
What Court of Juſtice dare touch one of them?
The King diſdains not to ſubmit his Cauſe,
To the known Courſe and Tryal of the Laws.
Each Subject may his King with ſafety ſue,
But King nor Subject can have Right from you,
Who are Law-givers, Judge, and Party too.
With what diſtemper'd Counſels are we fed,
When ſuch Convulſions are on *England* bred?
The very Arſe is hoiſted o'er the Head.
Well may you ſit in Love, with all your Hearts,
It is a Poſture proper to thoſe Parts.
Humble as Spiders while they crawl below,
Deſpis'd, afraid of every Spurn and Blow,
Crept in your Hole once, you imperious grow.
Spread Laws, Oaths, Snares for other Men to fall,
And you your ſelves may trample on them all.
From Privilege of Sov'reign Parliament,
(If you have any Breath and Time unſpent)
In the next place to Grievances proceed,
Such Grievances as make the Subject bleed.
What we nam'd laſt before, may here ſtand firſt,
For of all Plagues, with which the Nation's curſt,
The Privilege of Parliament is worſt.
Then with full Throats and empty Brains, let fly
Againſt the Riſe and Growth of Popery.

Power Arbitrary, and the Prerogative Regal,
Monopolies and Impriſonments illegal,
Offices ſet to Sale, and ſcarce a Clauſe
Well executed of the Cobweb Laws:
But (tho' corrupt enough) touch not th' *Arcana*
Of your dread Idol, (Law) your Great *Diana*.
'Twill make the Nation, full of Lawyers, rave
With Tongue and Pen, Nonſenſe and Noiſe, who have
By this falſe Oracle heap'd up more Gold,
Than e'er that Goddeſs's High Prieſt of old.
'Twould kindle among your ſelves a Civil War,
For thoſe Gallants, tho' not the Greateſt are
Of your whole Houſe, the loudeſt half by far.
If ten or twelve create us this Vexation,
What do ten thouſand of them in the Nation?
But paſs not o'er the Grievances before (more
You have, with all your Might, knock'd down once
A Grievance your Deſign may ruinate,
As a *Welch* Knight gravely obſerv'd of late.
Reſolv'd the Boys and Footmen ſhall no more
Attend their Lordſhips at the Lobby-door:
For ſhould the Commons paſs ſome wholeſome Votes,
In their own Houſe, to cut their Lordſhips Throats,
Thoſe Raſcals might, with their ſhort Clubs and (Swords,
Dare impudently to protect their Lords,
And by endeavouring their Preſervation,
Highly oppoſe the Safety of the Nation.
Then thunder out again, Supplies miſpent,
The Cuſtoms waſted through Ill-management;
Curſe the Commiſſioners to the Pit of Hell,
Till ſome of you creep in, then all is well.
Impeachment on Impeachment next renew
With impudent Addreſs againſt all who
Have better Heads or truer Hearts than you.
On numerous Articles let each Charge run,
But when it comes to th' Upſhot, prove not one.
In the laſt place, though leaſt of all you mind it,
(Yet you muſt pull a Crow where e'er you find it,
With ſeeming Diligence, bravely take in Hand
The Strength, Defence, and Honour of the Land:

But

But then in this be ſure you do no more
Then juſt ſpoil what was well begun before.
Your fatal Policy too well does ſhew;
Thoſe lofty Cares do not belong to you.
When the proud *Belgick* Lion ſtood at Bay,
At once the eaſier and the nobler Prey;
When he for Fear more than for Rage did roar,
His Arſe to Laſh, as it ne'er was before.
When ſuch a Friend by Chance kind Fortune threw,
No more expected than deſerv'd by you.
Who but a Parliament could ſlight it, when
We might have drown'd that Lion in his Den,
Or beat him to a Fawning Whelp agen?
You kindly ſpar'd your Money and your Foe,
E'er you much older or much wiſer grow.
You may expect with Intereſt from theſe
The timely Fruits of your untimely Peace.
Let the *French* proudly brave us on the Main,
The *Dutch* our Trade, the Seas and *Indies* gain.
Let all the World appear concern'd ſo far,
As to be Party in this general War.
Tho' loud our Honour as our Intereſt calls,
You'll have no Swords drawn but within your Walls.
When thus to your no little Shame at laſt,
You have many Months in doing nothing paſt;
As Curs have ſhown their Teeth, but durſt not bite;
As Fops have drawn their Swords, but dare not fight.
A private Bill or two, rather than none,
Get paſs'd, then bravely vote a Seſſion.
Thus when your Prayer, tho' not your Pride, abates,
Your Purſes grown as empty as your Pates,
'Tis time to ſend you home to your Eſtates,
And to your Wives, who (may be underſtood
T' have been more active for the publick Good,
In their lower Sphere than you) to crown the Plot,
Preſent you pretty Babes you ne'er begot.

Satyr.

SATYR. *By the Lord* R-----r.

MUST I with Patience ever ſilent ſit, (wit?
Perplext with Fools who will believe they've
Muſt I find every place by *Coxcombs* ſeiz'd,
Hear their affected Nonſenſe, and ſeem pleas'd?
Muſt I meet *Hen*-------*m* where e'er I go,
Arp. Arran, Villain *F*-------, nay, *Poultney* too?
Shall *He*------*t*------ pertly crawl from place to place,
And ſcabby *Vill*------*s* for a Beauty paſs?
Shall *H*------ and *B*-------*n* Politicians prove,
And *S*-----preſume to be in Love?
Who can abſtain from Satyr in this Age?
That Nature wants, I find ſupply'd by Rage.
Some do for Pimping, ſome for Treach'ry riſe,
But none's made Great for being Good and Wiſe.
Deſerve a Dungeon if you would be great,
Rogues always are our Miniſters of State.
Mean proſtrate Bitches, for a *Bridewel* fit,
With *England*'s wretched Queen, muſt equal ſit.
Ran-------*g* and fearful *M*------ are preferr'd,
Vertue's commended, but ne'er meets Reward.
Who'd be a Monarch to endure the Prating
Of *N*-------*l* and ſawcy *Ogle*------*p* in waiting.
Who would *S*-------*s* drivling Cuckold be?
Who would be *G*------ and bear his Infamy?
What Wretch would be *Green*'s ill-begotten Son?
Who would be *James* out-witted and undone?
Who would be *S*------- a cringing Knave?
Like *Hallifax* wiſe, like Beariſh *Pembrooke* brave?
Who'd be a Wit in *Dryden*'s cudgel'd Skin?
Or who'd be ſafe and ſenſeleſs like *Tom T*-------

A SATYR. *By the ſame Hand.*

Nobilitas ſola atque unica virtus eſt

NOT *Rome*, in all her Splendor, could compare
With thoſe great Bleſſings happy *Britain*'s ſhare.

Vainly

Vainly they boaſt their Kings of heavenly Race,
A G------- incarnate *England*'s Throne does grace.
Chaſte in his Pleaſures, in Devotion grave,
To his Friends conſtant, to his Foes he's brave;
His Juſtice is through all the World admir'd,
His Word held Sacred, and his Scepter fear'd.
No Tumults do about his Palace move,
Freed from Rebellion by his Peoples Love,
Nor do we leſs in Counſels wiſe prevail,
As all our late Tranſactions loudly tell.
Not only Prorogations good create,
But th' adjourn'd *Play*-Houſe is a *Coup d'Eſtat.*
So learned *Chymiſts*, when they long have try'd
For Secrets, thirſty Nature fain would hide,
In baſeſt Matters often Spirits find,
Which Providence for greater Uſe deſign'd.
But who can wonder at ſuch vaſt Succeſs,
Our *Cato S*------- ne'er promis'd leſs.
Abroad in Embaſſies he firſt was fam'd,
Where he ſo ſtrictly *England*'s Rights maintain'd.
At home an humble Creature to her Grace,
And Mrs. *W*------ preferr'd him to the Place.
Then for Commanders both by Sea and Land,
T----*k* who thrice chang'd his Ships through warlike Rage,
And *M*-----, who's the *Scipio* of the Age,
The firſt long Admiral, but more renown'd
For P------x and Propery, than publick Wound.
This is the Man whoſe Vice each Satyr feeds,
And for whom no one Vertue intercedes:
Deſtin'd for *England*'s Plague, from Infant time,
Curſt with a Perſon f--- than all Crime.
But mightier Kings than theſe do ſtill remain,
Plimouth, who lately ſhew'd upon the Plain,
And did by *Hewit*'s Fall immortal Honour gain.
So Mouſe and Frog came gravely to the Field,
Both fear'd to fight, and yet both ſcorn'd to yield;
Their Famous *Billets Deux* and Duel prove
Them both as fit for Combat, as for Love.

Amongſt

Amongſt all theſe 'twere not amiſs to name
P---ney, to whom St. *Omers* Siege gave Fame.
Nor do Wits leſs our poliſht Court adorn,
Than Men of Proweſs, for Atchievements born.
Romantick *M----t*, who in empty Lines
His happier Rival tediouſly defines;
That well knew how to value painted Toys,
And left the Tartar to be catch'd by Boys.
But his chief Talent is in Hiſtories,
Which of himſelf he tells, and always lies:
Daincourt would fain be thought both Wit and Bully,
Put Punk-rid *R*------ not a greater Cully,
Nor tawdry *Iſham*, intimately known
To all poxt Whores and famous Rooks in Town.
No Ladies my reſpectful Muſe will name,
She thinks it Blaſphemy to touch their Fame.
Safe may they live, who faithful are and kind,
But may lewd Scourers no Redemption find.
May Young and Old inceſſantly give Thanks
For that bleſt Nurſery of Intrigue *Mill-Banks*.
May *Leſter-Fields* repair their Matrons Fall,
But ſtill ſubſcribe in Feaſts of Love to th' *Mall*,
And Mrs. *Stafford* yield to *B-----Hall*.

WINDSOR. *By the Lord* R----r.

METhinks I ſee our Mighty Monarch ſtand,
His pliant Angle trembling in his Hand,
Pleas'd with the Sport, good Man, nor does he know,
His eaſie Scepter bends and trembles ſo.
Fine Repreſentative indeed of God,
Whoſe Scepter's dwindled to a Fiſhing Rod.
Such was *Domitian* in his *Romans* Eyes,
When his great Godſhip ſtoop'd to catching Flies,
Bleſs us! what pretty Sport have Deities!
But ſee he now does up from *Dochet* come,
Laden with Spoils of ſlaughter'd Gudgeons home.

Nor

Nor is he warn'd by their unhappy Fate,
But greedily he ſwallows every Bait,
A Prey to every *King-Fiſher* of State.
For how he Gudgeons takes, you have been taught.
Then Liſten now how he himſelf is caught,
So well alas, the fatal Bait is known,
Which *R*----- does ſo greedily take down,
And however weak and ſlender be the String,
Bait it with Whore, and it will hold a King.
Almighty Power of Women! Oh, how vain
Are *Salique Laws*, for you will ever reign?
Yet *Lawſon*, thou whoſe Arbitrary Sway
Our King muſt, more than we do him obey,
Who ſhortly ſhalt of eaſie *Charles*'s Breaſt,
And of his Empire be at once poſſeſt.
Tho' it indeed appear a glorious Thing,
To command Power, and to enſlave a King;
Yet e'er the falſe Appearance has betray'd
A ſoft, believing, unexperienc'd Maid,
O, yet conſider, e'er it be too late,
How near you ſtand upon the Brink of Fate.
Think who they are, who would for you procure
This great Preferment, to be made a Whore;
Two Reverend Aunts, renown'd in *Britiſh* Story,
For Luſt and Drunkenneſs, with *Nell* and *L*----,
Theſe, theſe are they your Fame would ſacrifice,
Your Honour ſell, and you ſhall hear the Price.
My Lady *Mary* nothing can deſign,
But feed her Luſt with what ſhe gets for thine;
Old *Richm*-----*d* making thee a glorious Punk,
Shall twice a Day with Brandy now be Drunk.
Her Brother *Buck*-----*m* ſhall be reſtor'd,
Nelly a Counteſs, *L*---- be a Lord.
And ſure all Honours ſhould on him be thrown,
Both for his Father's Merit and his own.
For *Dunkirk* firſt was ſold by *Clarendon*,
And now *Tangier* is ſelling by the Son:
A barren Queen the Father brought us o'er,
To make way for the Son to bring a Whore.

The Second Advice to a PAINTER.

By the Author of the Firſt.

NOW *Painter* try if thy skill'd Hand can draw,
The *horrid'ſt Scene* the trembling World e'er ſaw.
Wipe all your Pencils that the former drew,
In diſmal Colours dip them all anew;
Colours that may in lively parts expreſs
The plotted Fall of Monarchs, in a Dreſs
May fright the World: Crimes which we can't attone
With our beſt Blood, and Chriſtains bluſh to own.
But let me firſt adviſe you, e'er you take
This work in Hand, a ſmall Reflexion make,
Of all that's Heinous, Murthers, Treaſons, Fires,
Perjuries, Inceſts, Rapines, hot Deſires:
Of Murthering Kings, I tremble to rehearſe,
A tottering World and ſinking Univerſe.
Think well on theſe, e'er you begin the part;
'Twill heighten Fancy, and affect your Heart.
In th' upper part of all the Canvas, paint
His Holineſs the Pope, that mighty Saint,
Old *Satan*, his Aſſociate, too muſt ſtand
Behind his Chair, to Guide his Heart and Hand.
Draw him ſtuck round with all the Toys that come
From the grand Mint of Lies, old foppiſh *Rome*.
Bulls, Diſpenſations, Pardons, all the Baits
He lays for the dull Crowd; the Book of Rates
Will be convenient too, that of every Sin
The value may be know, pray cram them in.
Draw him diſperſing with a bounteous Hand,
For horrid Ends, the Treaſure of his Land;
Diſpenſing with falſe Gaths, or any thing,
So that they'll Muther *Charles*, *Great Britan*'s King.
Poor Fool! to think the Guardian of his Throne
Is grown ſo dull and ſenſeleſs as his own.
No, proud Impoſtor, no, thy Hand's too ſhort
To reach his Head, or make his Fall thy Sport.

Next draw proud *France*, and his Ambition hope
Of being mighty, cringing to the Pope.
'Tis not his Zeal to him, or to his Laws,
That cheats the World, this his Affection draws,
'Tis Intereſt, mighty Intereſt, bears the Sway,
He dare not, tho' he's willing, diſobey.
Baſe Prince! and fooliſh too, your ſelf you cheat,
When on ſuch Terms as theſe you would be great.
You feaſt your Senſes at ſuch coſtly Rates,
That nothing elſe can ſerve but Delicates.
Dipt in the Blood of Princes, Death of Kings,
In your Opinion, are but vulgar things:
If thirſt of Empire ſway'd a generous Soul,
Theſe baſe low Tricks could never ſure controul;
But when a Mind's ſo firm on Miſchief bent,
No Thoughts of Honour can its Crimes prevent.
In meaneſt Actions, Princes ſhould be true,
And act on Principles of Honour too:
Then they are ſacred to the World, and ought
To be ador'd, then Diſreſpect's a Fault.
But when both baſe, degenerate they're grown,
The Vulgar hurl them head-long from the Throne.
Go on, vile Prince, in all theſe Arts, and try
How ſoon your Crown will fade, your Empire die.
By your Examples your own Subjects teach
To ſtrike at Empire, and at Scepters reach;
And may their firſt Attempt be on thy Head,
Dethrone thee firſt of all, then ſtrike thee Dead.
Now Painter, to our Subject; dip thy Pen
In black, in horrid black, yet once agen.
For when a Subject from a King revolts,
Conſpires his Death, and thinks theſe things no Faults,
The Scene muſt needs be horrid, firſt begin,
With *Bel*-------*s* his foul ungrateful Sin;
Draw him a Monſter in as foul a Dreſs,
As e'er your Heart can think, or Hand expreſs.
Long did he in his Prince's Boſom lie,
One would have thought, void of all Treachery:
For what baſe Man but he, could e'er conſpire
To ſet that Houſe wherein he lives on fire;

Who

Who would ſuch Treaſon harbour in his Breaſt,
'Gainſt th' beſt of Princes, and to him the beſt.
The other Lords muſt on the Stage be led,
Draw out each Man with Halter on his Head,
And Dagger in his Heart, with which in vain
They often ſtrove to Stab their Sovereign.
Baſe Raſcals! do you thus your Prince reward?
Have you no Honour left? or no Regard
To Clemency? which ſome of you, I know
Have taſted or y'had dy'd for't long ago.
Had he been cruel, or tyrannick grown,
You'd had more Reaſon to uſurp his Throne:
But to a gracious, and obliging Prince,
'Tis paſt all Hopes of Pardon or Defence.
Now Painter, draw me Hell in all its Heat,
Let Sulphurous Flames and diſmal Darkneſs meet;
Draw *S-----by*, *Col-----n*, and the Jeſuits,
And in the hotteſt Place as beſt befits;
Let them endure the flaming *Brimſtones* Rage,
Theſe bloody traiterous Miſcreants of our Age.
Theſe were the Men deſign'd (oh bloody Act!)
Nay, were reſolv'd on to commit the Fact. (Hand
Baſe Rebels, don't you know that Heaven's high
Has ever kept the Monarch of our Land?
And could you think to move our Scene, and do
What Heaven's High Lord had never conſented to?
Burn on, vile Wretches, think well on theſe Things,
What Treaſon is, what 'tis to Murther Kings.
Now draw in all His Majeſty and State,
Our Sovereign Prince, juſt riſing from his Fate.
Pray paint him Laughing at the Follies done,
By th' *Pope* and *France*, his moſt Unchriſtian Son.
Prithee Old Fellow, prithee tell me why
Old *England* ſhould ſo much diſturb thy Eye?
It is becauſe we do not doat on you?
And Worſhip all your Saints, we never knew?
If theſe, Old Man, your Aggravations be,
Know we defie thy Malice, Imps, and Thee.

On the Dutcheſs of Portſmouth's *Picture.*

September, 1682.

WHO can on this Picture look,
And not ſtrait be wonder-ſtruck,
That ſuch a ſneaking dowdy Thing
Should make a Beggar of a King?
Three happy Nations turn to Tears,
And all their former Love to Fears,
Ruin the Great, and raiſe the Small,
Yet will by Turns betray them all.
Lowly born, and meanly bred,
Yet of this Nation is the Head;
For half *White-hall* make her their Court,
Tho' th' other half make her their Sport.
Monmouth's Tamer, *Jeffery*'s Advance,
Foe to *England*, Spy to *France*,
Falſe and fooliſh, proud and bold,
Ugly as you ſee, and Old.
In a Word, her mighty Grace
Is Whore in all Things but her Face.

HOUNSLOW-HEATH, 1686.

Upon this Place are to be ſeen
Many Brave Sights. God ſave the Queen.

NEAR *Hampton-Court*, there lies a Common,
Unknown to neither Man nor Woman:
The Heath of *Hounſlow* it is ſtil'd;
Which never was with Blood defil'd,
Tho' it has been of War the Seat,
Now three Campaigns almoſt compleat.
Here you my ſee Great *JAMES* the Second,
(The Greateſt of our Kings he's reckon'd)

A Hero of ſuch high Renown,
Whole Nations tremble at his Frown:
And when he ſmiles, Men die away
In Tranſports of exceſſive Joy.
A Prince of admirable Learning!
Quick Wit! of Judgment moſt diſcerning!
His Knowledge in all Arts, is ſuch,
No Monarch ever knew ſo much.
Not that old bluſtring King of *Pontus*,
Whom Men call learned to affront us,
With all his Tongues and Dialects,
Could equal him in all Reſpects;
His two and twenty Languages
Were Trifles, if compar'd to his,
Jargons, which we eſteem but ſmall,
Engliſh and *French* are worth 'em all.
What tho' he had ſome Skill in Phyſick,
Could cure the Dropſie or the Phthiſick;
Perhaps was able to adviſe one
To ſcape the Danger of rank Poiſon,
And could prepare an Antidote
Should carry't off, tho' down your Throat?
Theſe are but poor Mechanick Arts,
Inferior to Great *James* his Parts:
Shall he be ſet in the ſame Rank,
With a Pedantick Mountebank?
He's Maſter of ſuch Eloquence,
Well choſen Words, and weighty Senſe,
That he ne'er parts his lovely Lips,
But out a Trope or Figure ſlips:
And when he moves his fluent Tongue,
Is ſure to raviſh all the Throng;
And every Mortal that can hear,
Is held faſt Pris'ner by the Ear.
His other Gifts we need but name,
They are ſo ſpread abroad by Fame.
His Faith, his Zeal, his Conſtancy,
Averſion to all Bigottry!
His firm adhering to the Laws,
By which he judges every Cauſe,

And deals to all Impartial Juſtice,
In which the Subjects greateſt Truſt is.
His conſtant keeping of his Word,
As well to Peaſant as to Lord;
Which he no more would violate,
Than he would quit his Regal State.
Who has not his leaſt Promiſe broke!
Nor contradicted what he ſpoke!
His governing the Brutal Paſſions
With far more Rigour than his Nations,
Would not be ſway'd by's Appetite,
Were he to gain an Empire by't.
From hence does flow that Chaſtity,
Temperance, Love, Sincerity,
And affected Piety:
That juſt Abhorrence of Ambition,
Idolatry and Superſtition,
Which through his Life have ſhin'd ſo bright,
That nought could dazle their clear Light.
Theſe Qualities we'll not inſiſt on,
Becauſe they all are Duties Chriſtian;
But haſte to celebrate his Courage,
Which is the Prodigy of our Age:
A Spirit which exceeds Relation;
And were too great for any Nation,
Did not thoſe Vertues nam'd before
Confine it to its Native Shore,
Reſtrain it from the Thirſt of Blood,
And only exerciſe't in Good!

The tedious *Mithridatick* VVar,
(The Noiſe whereof is ſpread ſo far)
VVas nothing to what's practis'd here;
Tho' carry'd on for forty Year,
'Gainſt *Pompey*, *Sylla*, and *Lucullus*,
High ſounding Names, brought in to gull us:
In which the *Romans* loſt more Men
Than one Age could repair again;
VVho periſh'd not by Sword or Bullet,
But melted Gold pour'd down the Gullet.

Heroes of old were only fam'd
For having Millions kill'd or maim'd,
For being th' Inſtrument of Fate,
In making Nations deſolate;
For wading to the Chin i'th' Blood
Of thoſe that in their Paſſage ſtood:
And thought the Point they had not gain'd,
While any Foe alive remain'd.
Our Monarch, by more gentle Rules,
Has prov'd the Ancients arrant Fools:
He only ſtudies and contrives
Not to deſtroy, but ſave Men's Lives;
Shews all the Military Skill,
Without committing ought that's ill.
He'll teach his Men in Warlike Sport,
How to defend or ſtorm a Fort;
And in Heroick Interlude,
Will act the dreadful Scene of *Bude*:
Here *Lorrain* ſtorms, the *Viſier* dies,
And *Brandenburgh* routs the Supplies;
Bavaria there blows up their Train,
And all the *Turks* are took or ſlain.
All this perform'd with no more harm
Than loſs of ſimple Gunners Arm:
And ſurely 'tis a greater Good
To teach Men War, than ſhed their Blood.
Now pauſe, and view the Army Royal,
Compos'd of valiant Souls and Loyal;
Not rais'd (as ill Men ſay) to hurt ye,
But to defend, or to convert ye:
For that's the Method now in uſe,
The Faith *Tridentine* to diffuſe.
Time was the word was powerful;
But now 'tis thought remiſs and dull;
Has not that Energy and Force,
Which is in well-arm'd Foot and Horſe.
Thus, when the Faith has had Mutation,
We change its way of Propagation;
So *Mahomet*, with Arms and Terrors,
Spread over half the World his Errors.

Here

Here daily ſwarm prodigious Wights,
And ſtrange variety of Sights,
As Ladies lewd, and foppiſh Knights,
Prieſts, Poets, Pimps, and Paraſites;
Which now we'll ſpare, and only mention,
The hungry Bard that writes for Penſion;
Old *Squab*, (who's ſometimes here, I'm told)
That oft has with his Prince made bold,
Call'd the late King a Sant'ring Cully,
To magnifie the *Gallick* Bully;
Who lately put a ſenſeleſs Banter
Upon the World, with *Hind* and *Panther*,
Making the Beaſts and Birds o'th' Wood
Debate what he ne'er underſtood,
Deep Secrets in Philoſophy,
And Myſteries in Theology,
All ſung in wretched Poetry;
Which rambling Piece, is as much Farce all,
As his true Mirror, the *Rehearſal*;
For which he has been ſoundly bang'd,
But ha'n't his juſt Reward till hang'd.

Now you have ſeen all that is here,
Have Patience till another Year.

The Diſſenters Thankſgiving *for the late* Declaration, 1685.

FOR this additional Declaration,
This double Grace of Diſpenſation,
For Liberty and Toleration,
Againſt *Antichriſtian* Violatin.
Whatever Zeal Miſguided Paſſion
Perſwades the Sons of Reformation,
'Tis but a ſly Inſinuation,
To work a *Popiſh* Inundation,
We of the new Regeneration;
The well affected of the Nation,

That will be uſeful in our Station,
Do offer up our due Oblation;
And make our humble Supplication,
While Teſt and Penals are in Faſhion;
We be not brought in Tribulation
By the next Synod of the Nation.

The DISPUTE.

By the Earl of R-----.

BEtwixt Father *Patrick* and his Highneſs of late,
There happened a ſtrong and a weighty Debate.
Religion the Theme. 'Tis ſtrange that they two
Should diſpute about that which neither of 'em knew;
When I dare boldly ſay, if the Truth were but known,
The Weakneſs of *Patrick*, and Srength of his own,
He'd have call'd it a Madneſs, and much like a Curſe,
To have chang'd from a good one, to that which is worſe;
But the Reaſons which made moſt his Highneſs to yield,
And willingly quit to St. *Patrick* the Field,
Were ----------
Firſt, Sir, they cheat you, and leave you i'th' Lurch,
Who tell you there can b' any more than one Church.
And next unto that he averr'd for a certain,
No Footſteps of ours could be found before *Martin*.
Now, at theſe two Reaſons, ſo deep and profound.
His Highneſs had like to have fall'n in a Swoon;
But at length he cry'd out, Father *Patrick*, I find
By the ſudden Converſion, and Change of my Mind,
It is not your Reaſon, nor Wit can afford
Such Strength to your Cauſe; 'tis the Finger o'th' Lord,
For now I remember he ſomewhere has ſaid,
That by Babes and Sucklings his Truth is convey'd.
Thus ends the Diſpute 'twixt the Prieſt and the Knight,
In which, to ſay Truth, and to do 'em both Tight,
He manag'd the Cauſe, as he did the Sea-fight.

Satyr

SATYR *Unmuzzled.*

WHo'd be the Man lewd Libels to indite,
Yet fears to own what he ne'er fears to write;
And meanly ſneak his Lampoons into th' World,
Which are i'th' Streets by Porters dropt and hurl'd,
Or elſe by *Julian* 'mong the Bullies ſpread,
That and his Pimping brings him in his Bread?
Who'd be the Wretch to hear himſelf abus'd,
By ſome Men cenſur'd, and by ſome accus'd,
For Libelling the Town with his ſharp Pen,
And they with Cudgels Lampoon him again?
To Name Great Men, is Malice groſly ſhown,
As if they could not by their Crimes be known:
For what Fool knew not, when you nam'd a Bear,
Without a Comment *Pembroke* was not there.
When we ſay Fool, then all Men muſt agree,
V------ to name would be Tautology.
Who to the Sin of Pride does lay moſt claim,
Need we ſay *P*------ *Arp*------ or *Heningham.*
With theſe, before the Wits have had a bout,
I'll pick out ſome the Poets have left out;
And yet not name the Men, but ſwinge their Faults,
For ſo wiſe Satyr makes his beſt Aſſaults.

One play'd at Dice all Night at *Locket*'s Door,
Quarrell'd and cuff'd till he was Blood all o'er;
Next Day he ſet at the wiſe Green-cloth Board,
And with great Gravity ſaid ne'er a word,
There fell aſleep, then wak'd with angry Face,
And ſwore G------ damn him, his Throw was Ams-Ace:
So ſwept the Money that o'th' Green-cloth lay,
And vow'd he dreamt he won it all at play.
To cheat the King he has left off being brave,
From Captain, turn'd a formal Green-cloth Knave.

Next comes a Wretch whom all Mankind does hate,
Curſt by his Servants for his Pride and Sate,

Keeps Bawds, and has his *Bario* for the Gout,
Which is a modeſt Word for Pox, no doubt;
No Lampoon ever thought him worthy yet,
Having no matter to afford them wit.
Lewdly his out-ſide, as his Soul within,
One that deſerves to be, for his proud Sin,
Toſs'd up to Heaven, to tumble down again.
Fam'd for his Vertue and good Nature too,
Yet both conceal'd, and never came in view.
His Office ſhews the Devil and he are Twins,
Being Privy-Purſe to all the Privy Sins.
Search the whole Court in all that bleſſed Race,
No one Man's planted in his proper place;
Scarce one Man juſt or faithful found to be,
Only *Frank N*------- *Henry K*------- *w.*
Why did I name 'em, ſince ye all well know
When we ſay faithful, it implies them two;
Once faulty Men, but now as juſt are known,
They mortgage Oaths, and lay their Honour down,
To every Footman lends them half a Crown.
Now for a Brute whoſe *Species* is unknown,
Like Man, but Hell beſt knows he is not one:
Full as deſtructive as the Wind *North Eaſt*,
And much more ominous to Man and Beaſt:
Swell'd like a Toad, his Soul juſt ſpeckled ſo,
And poiſons all things where he does but blow;
Whoſe croocked Nature forces ſo much Evil,
Thus chang'd his *Species* from Mankind to Devil.
'Tis not the Form, but the brave noble Mind,
That makes us worthy to be call'd Mankind.
He left a Conqueſt that the Duke had gain'd,
A greater Blemiſh *England* ne'er ſuſtain'd.
No more of that, let's ſleep out all the reſt,
For ſilence in this caſe is ſafe and beſt.
He's Cofferer now, in great Eſteem and Grace,
But Sledge and *Tyburn* is his proper place.
Our late Secretary fell into Diſgrace,
And *Ignoramus* ſtept into his place.
By our great *Filt-Royal* he had his Fall,
She that commands the Court, the Devil and all.

To

To us who know theſe things, 'tis no great Wonder,
For Court and Devil ne'er live far aſunder.
She that to th' Eye of State is ſuch a Film,
Who ſits in Pomp to guide and ſteer the Helm,
And will in time the tall Ship over-whelm.
The Fool of Honour, like a nimble Eel,
Has wriggled through the muddy Fortunes Wheel,
Slipt into place improperly by Fate,
Whoſe Parts were ne'er cut out to ſerve the State,
But fawning well on Madam, did the Feat,
She's a great Bubble to a cringing Cheat.
One thing I wonder at, and ſhall do ſtill,
To ſee a Fool act wiſe *Achitophel.*
Could Booby think you'd e'er be in a Plot,
Whoſe Stock of Brains would lie upon a Groat,
But that was not his, but the King's great Fault.
Had he for Murders hang'd him in all reaſon,
We may believe he'd ne'er committed Treaſon.
Thou weak *Achitophel*, to undertake
By thy wiſe Counſels a falſe King to make.
But thou and *Abſalon*, thy weaker Friend;
Your damn'd Ambition now is at an end;
Go, get thy Living with thy old Man *Thomas*,
That luſty Drudge will prove thy beſt *Mendamus.*
Now for a She-Buffoon, who, as 'tis ſaid,
Crawl'd into th' World, without a Maiden-head;
It is moſt ſure 'twas never had by Man,
Nor can ſhe ſay where it was loſt, or when,
We muſt conclude ſhe never had one then.
Her Mother griev'd in muddy Ale and Sack,
To think her Child ſhould ever prove a Crack;
When ſhe was drunk, ſhe always fell aſleep,
And when full *Maudlin*, then the Whore would weep.
Her Tears were Brandy, *Mundungus* her Breath,
Bawd was her Life, and Common-ſhore her Death.
To ſee the Daughter Mourn for ſuch a Beaſt,
Is like her Life, which make up but one Jeſt,
Of all her Jokes, this Mourning is the beſt.
As Jews, deſcended from the High-Prieſt's Race,
Were thought the fitteſt to ſupply that place,

So ſhe beſt ſatisfies luſtful Amours,
Whoſe Line from *Adam* have been Bawds and Whores.

Now will I ſpeak of all thoſe foolliſh Duns,
Who truſt the *Goths*, the *Vandals*, and the *Huns*,
Such as do run on every Tradeſman's Score,
Nay, baſely tick with every little Whore,
And ſtill tick on, till they can tick no more.
When Dun comes, each Man asks what he'd be at,
And ſwears and rants at the old *Vandal* rate,
Then pays his Scorce off with a broken Pate.
Bilks the poor Coach-man, wretched Link-Boy cheats,
And brags next Day of his Heroick Feats.
Such mean baſe things the Goatiſh Gentry do,
The *Engliſh* keep their Fame and Honour too.
Moſt highly ſcandalous are all the reſt,
And proud gay Fool and Fop includes the beſt.
All Golden Out-ſides, with falſe Tenſel Hearts,
They only make a ſhew of worthy Parts;
The Name of Gentleman's grown odious now,
It is become great Honour's Overthrow.
Full as reproachful to the Men we find,
As Common Whore is to all Womankind.
Here the whole Race of Gentry lies at ſtake,
The Guiltleſs ſuffers for the Guilty's ſake.
Pity it is that Men of noble Fame,
Should loſe their Honour meerly for the Name.
'Cauſe *Tom*'s a Knave, muſt every *Tom* be ſo?
Muſt we, *Draw-Can-Sir* like, ſlay Friend and Foe?
No general Rule without Exception is,
Thoſe few unblemiſht are not meant in this.

The Man of HONOUR. Written by the Honourable Mr. *Montague.*

Occaſion'd by a Poſtſcript of *Pen's* Letter.

NOT all the *Threats* or *Favours* of a Crown,
A *Prince*'s Whiſper, or a *Tyrant*'s Frown,

Can

Can *awe* the Spirit, or *allure* the Mind
Of him, who to ſtrict *Honour* is inclin'd;
Though all the *Pomp* and *Pleaſure* that does wait
On publick Places, and Affairs of *State*,
Shou'd fondly court him to be *baſe* and *great*.
With *even* Paſſions, and with *ſetled* Face,
He would remove the *Harlots* falſe Embrace.
Tho' all the *Storms* and *Tempeſts* ſhould ariſe,
That *Church-Magicians* in their Cells deviſe,
And from their ſetled Baſis *Nations* tear,
He wou'd unmov'd the mighty Ruin bear;
Secure in Innocence, contemn 'em all,
And decently array'd in *Honours*, fall.
For this brave *Shrewsbury* and *Lumly*'s Name
Shall ſtand the foremoſt in the Liſt of Fame,
Who firſt with ſteddy Minds the Current broke,
And to the ſuppliant *Monarch* boldly ſpoke.
Great Sir, renown'd for Conſtancy, how juſt
Have we obey'd the *Crown*, and ſerv'd our Truſt,
Eſpous'd your *Cauſe* and *Intereſt* in Diſtreſs,
Your ſelf muſt Witneſs, and our Foes confeſs!
Permit us then *ill Fortune* to accuſe,
That you at laſt *unhappy Councils* uſe,
And ask the *only* Thing we muſt *refuſe*.
Our *Lives* and *Fortunes* freely we'll expoſe,
Honour alone we cannot, muſt not loſe:
Honour, that *Spark* of the Celeſtial *Fire*,
That above *Nature* makes *Mankind* aſpire;
Ennobles the rude Paſſions of our Frame,
With Thirſt of *Glory*, and Deſire of Fame;
The richeſt *Treaſure* of a generous Breaſt,
That gives the Stamp and Standard to the reſt.
Wit, *Strength*, and *Courage*, are wild dangerous Force,
Unleſs this ſoftens and directs their Courſe;
And would you rob us of the *nobleſt* part?
Accept a *Sacrifice* without a *Heart*?
'Tis much beneath the Greatneſs of a Throne,
To take the *Casket* when the *Jewel*'s gone:
Debauch our *Principles*, corrupt our Race,
And teach the *Nobles* to be Falſe and Baſe.

What Confidence can you in them repoſe,
Who e'er they ſerve you, all their Value loſe?
Who once enſlave their *Conſcience* to their *Luſt*,
Have loſt their *Reins*, and can no more be *Juſt*.
Of *Honour*, Men at firſt, like Women nice,
Raiſe *Maiden Scruples* at unpractis'd *Vice*;
Their *modeſt* Nature curbs the ſtrugling *Flame*,
And ſtifles what they wiſh to act with *Shame*.
But once this Fence thrown down, when they perceive
That they may taſte forbidden Fruit and live;
They ſtop not here their Courſe, but ſafely in,
Grow ſtrong, Luxuriant, and bold in Sin.
True to no Principles, preſs forward ſtill,
And only bound by Appetite their Will.
Now fawn and flatter while this Tide prevails,
But ſhift with every veering Blaſt their Sails.
Mark thoſe that meanly truckle to your Power,
They once deſerted, and chang'd ſides before,
And would to morrow *Mahomet* adore!
On higher Springs true Men of Honour move,
Free is their Service, and unbought their Love.
When Danger calls, and Honour leads the way,
With Joy they follow, and with Pride obey.
When the Rebellious Foe came rolling on,
And ſhook with gathering Multitudes the Throne,
Where were the Minions then? what Arms, what Force,
Cou'd they oppoſe to ſtop the Torrents Courſe?
Then *Pembrook*, then the Nobles firmly ſtood,
Free of their Lives, and laviſh of their Blood;
But when your Orders to mean Ends decline,
With the ſame Conſtancy they all reſign.
Thus ſpake the Youth, who open'd firſt the way,
And was the *Phoſphorus* to the dawning Day;
Follow'd by a more glorious ſplendid Hoſt,
Than any Age, or any Realm can Boaſt;
So great their Fame, ſo numerous their Train,
To name were endleſs, and to praiſe in vain:
But *Herbert*, and great *Oxford* merit more,
Bold is their Flight, and more ſublime they ſoar.

So high their Vertue as yet wants a Name,
Exceeding Wonder, and ſurpaſſing Fame.
Riſe, glorious Church, erect thy Radiant Head,
The Storm is paſt, th' impending Tempeſt fled:
Had Fate decreed thy Ruin or Diſgr ace,
It had not giv'n ſuch Sons ſo brave a Race.
When for Deſtruction Heaven a Realm deſigns,
The Symptoms firſt appear in ſlaviſh Minds.
Theſe Men would prop a ſinking Nations Weight,
Stop falling Vengeance, and reverſe ev'n Fate.
Let other Nations boaſt their fruitful Soil,
Their fragrant Spices, their rich Wine and Oil;
In breathing Colours, and in living Paint,
Let them excel, their Maſtery we grant.
But to inſtruct the Mind, to arm the Soul
With Virtue, which no Dangers can controul;
Exalt the Thought, a ſpeedy Courage lend,
That Horror cannot ſhake, or Pleaſure bend:
Theſe are the *Engliſh* Arts, theſe we profeſs
To be the ſame in Mis'ry and Succeſs.
To teach Oppreſſors Law, aſſiſt the Good,
Relieve the Wretched, and ſubdue the Proud:
Such are our Souls: But what doth Worth avail,
When Kings commit to hungry Prieſts the Scale?
All Merit's light, when they diſpoſe the weight,
Who either would embroil, or rule the State.
Defame thoſe Heroes who their Yoke refuſe,
And blaſt that Honeſty they cannot uſe.
The Strength and Safety of the Crown deſtroy,
And the King's Power againſt himſelf imploy;
Affront his Friends, deprive him of the Brave;
Bereft of theſe, he muſt become their Slave.
Men, like our Money, come the moſt in play,
For being baſe, and of a coarſe Allay.
The richeſt Medals, and the pureſt Gold,
Of native Value, and exacteſt Mould,
By Worth conceal'd, in private Cloſets ſhine,
For vulgar Uſe too precious and too fine.
Whilſt Tin and Copper, with new ſtamping bright
Coin of baſe Metal, counterfeit and light,

Do all the Buſineſs of the Nation's turn,
Rais'd in Contempt, us'd and employ'd in Scorn:
So ſhining Vertues are for Courts too bright,
VVhoſe guilty Actions fly the ſearching Light.
Rich in themſelves, diſdaining to aſpire,
Great without Pomp, they willingly retire:
Give place to Fools, whoſe raſh miſ-judging Senſe
Increaſes the weak Meaſures of their Prince;
Prone to admire, and flatter him in Eaſe,
They Study not his Good, but how to pleaſe.
They blindly and implicitly run on,
Nor ſee thoſe Dangers which the other ſhun.
VVho ſlow to act, each Bus'neſs duly weigh,
Adviſe with Freedom, and with Care obey;
VVith VViſdom fatal to their Intereſt, ſtrive
To make their Monarch lov'd, and Nation thrive.
Such have no place where Prieſts and VVomen Reign,
VVho love fierce Drivers, and a looſer Rein.

The Man of no Honour.

AS the late Character of God-like Men,
(Given, as it ought, by a Diviner Pen)
VVill make the Race of thoſe I write appear
Low as to glorious Valour, wretched Fear;
So the ſmooth Lines in which thoſe Truths are told,
(Lines juſtly happy as they're nobly bold)
VVith Right from humble Muſes hold Eſteem,
And ſhew my Verſe as diſtant as my Theme.
Forgive me, you Betrayers of your Land,
If I do ſcourge you with a wanting Hand;
My VVill is good to give you all your Due,
The Pope will pardon want of Power in you.
Your Aid, my Muſe, this once I humbly ask,
Expoſing Villany's a noble Task;
Aſſiſt my Story with ſuch ample Phraſe,
It may find leave to live and ſee good Days.

Stamp

Stamp an Eternal Value on the Brave,
By drawing to the Life a ſneaking Knave;
Shew him how juſtly he's expos'd by all,
And ſhew him time may come when he my fall;
Shew him on what Foundation now he ſtands;
Shew him, inſtead of Rocks, miſtaken Lands;
Shew him it lately fail'd believing Man,
And will do ſo when time ſhall ſerve again.

When *Oxford* Propheſies were come to paſs,
And many a ſqueamiſh Church-man prov'd an Aſs,
Then blockiſh Honeſty was made give ground,
And foolliſh Knaves were much more uſeful found;
A ſearch throughout the *Senate* paſs'd for ſuch.
(Since Foolls would do, to find no more, 'twas much)
Vile Int'reſt was oppos'd to Men of Senſe,
And many from that Hour did Rogues commence.
Beſides, with Gold the deſpicable *Slaves*
Were willingly thought Fools; they might be Knaves.
Of theſe, the Chief a Conſultation call,
Where they ſhall ſtop, or whether ſtop at all:
Some faint Reſiſtance Conſcience wou'd have made,
And Honour woud have ſpoke, but was forbad.
Int'reſt with Impudence aſſum'd the Chair,
And thus addreſs'd to each *Plebeian* Fool was there.

Of all Philoſophers that plagu'd the World,
And curious Brains in various Labyrinths hurl'd,
None far'd ſo ill, and yet ſo juſtly far'd,
As thoſe Preach'd Vertue for its own Reward.
More uſeful Doctrines ſprung from wiſer Schools,
They heard their Morals, and reſolv'd them Fools.
Mark thoſe who ſtrive the Multitude to pleaſe,
Nice of their Honour, laviſh of their Eaſe:
How in the gazing Croud they humbly ſtand,
With their perplexing Honeſty at hand,
They dare not uſe the Strength they may command.
They prove their Grandeur from their humble Soul,
But he is Great who can and dare controul;

You'll

You'll ſoar above, exhal'd by Princely Rays,
And with contempt look down on rotten Praiſe.
Laugh at dull Notions of a Glorious Name,
When Beggery's the Baſis of its Frame.
More uſeful Honour ſhall attend your Fate,
You ſerve a Power can make you rich and Great,
Who ſcorns the Nation's Love, ſhall live above their Hate.
Permit no Bugbear Thoughts againſt your Cauſe,
The Loſs of your Religion and the Laws,
Trifles to thoſe who dare their God defy,
And can with copious Conſciences comply.
Contemn the fooliſh Threats of diſtant Time,
'Tis plain that Honeſty is yet a Crime;
If things hereafter turn another way,
You'll ſtill be right, for ſtill you can obey.
Ne'er fear the Brand of Knave will hurt you much,
The beſt of Courts will ſtand in need of ſuch.
Fools oft grow uſeleſs, and are laid aſide,
But Knave of Conduct always will abide.
Old Honeſty ſome poor Employ may get,
But he that ſticks at nothing ſhall be great,
The Villain wiſely thrives in every *State.*
Thus Int'reſt ſpoke, and merits juſt Applauſe,
The Judges firſt declar'd againſt the Laws;
Of *Levi*'s Tribe, not many went aſtray,
(Much wonder'd at, ſince they procur'd this Day)
But Men of Conſcience oft in Judgment fail,
Miſtaken Loyalty did once prevail,
But ſuch Diſeaſes now no more's their Ail.
Become good Chriſtians by Affliction's Rod,
Their King they honour, but they fear their God,
Of thoſe that brand their Country with Diſgrace,
Noble in Title as in Practice baſe,
Give underhand Pre-eminence of place,
That ſniv'ling Repreſenter of the reſt,
VVho in their Names the *Monarch* thus addreſt:
Moſt glorious Prince, in whom all Vertues ſhine,
VVhere every Worth in one great Soul combine!

You for your gracious Deeds we come to bleſs,
But moſt of all your Conſtancy confeſs;
Safe by your Word, in Peace your People ſleep,
Your ſacred Word which you ſo nicely keep;
That Word ſo much throughout your Land re-
In which Equivocation ne'r was found. nown'd,
On this it is ſo firmly we rely,
You cannot ask the thing we can deny;
As Heav'n has taught the Soul of Man to know,
Whate'er it pleaſeth to diſpenſe below,
Shall to Advantage of Believers tend,
And bleſs their blind Obedience in the end;
So we ſuch awful Thoughts of you receive,
Whate'er you'll do, we for our Good believe;
Our grand Ambition is our King to pleaſe;
We ne'er can want Repoſe while he's at eaſe.
When by Obedience we have giv'n you Reſt
And blaſted e'en the frightful Name of Teſt,
But ſmile upon us, and your Slaves are bleſt.

Thus ſpake the fawning Miniſter of State,
Poor in Eſteem, and deſpicably Great.
The eaſie Monarch bleſt the Prieſthoods Skill,
Forſakes his Reaſon to perform his VVill,
Deſerts his noble Friends for flatt'ring Knaves,
Neglects his Subjects whele he favours Slaves.

Riſe up, brave Prince, attend your Nature's Courſe,
VVe know that's Noble, when exempt from Force;
Spread your relenting Arms, imbrace your Friends,
They'll help you to attain more noble Ends.
You know their Love, the Rebels know their Force:
Serve God with ſpeed, annul th' unjuſt Divorce:
Then ſhall you ſtand great in your Peoples Love,
A lively Emblem of the mighty *Jove.*
Then ſhall your haughty Rival ceaſe to ſoar,
And tremble at the Neighb'ring *Britiſh Shore*;
The Senate's Bounty ſhall preſerve you ſtill,
With chearful Tribute all your Coffers fill:
All Kings ſhall gaze with Envy on your Throne,
Then with Contempt look down upon their own,

To gain your Smiles, ſhall be their utmoſt Pride,
And happy he who neareſt is Ally'd.
Belov'd by God and Men you ſhall remain,
Great without War, and undiſturb'd your Reign.
Then when the Remnant of your Days are done,
The Thread of glorious Life at length is ſpun,
Sincere in Grief your People all ſhall mourn,
Some goodly Fabrick ſhall your Grave adorn.
With this Inſcription, for Eternal Praiſe,
Here lies the only Prince who left all evil Ways.

The VISION.

'TWas at an Hour when buſie Nature lay,
Diſſolv'd in ſlumbers from the noiſie Day,
When gloomy Shades and dusky Atoms ſpread
A Darkneſs o'er the Univerſal Bed,
And all the gaudy Beams of Light were fled;
My flatt'ring Fancy 'midſt the ſilent Peace,
Careleſs of *Sleep*, and unconcern'd with *Eaſe*,
Drew to my wandring Thoughts an Object near,
Strange in its *Form*, and in *Appearance* rare.
Methought (yet ſure it could not be a Dream,
So real all its Imperfections ſeem)
With *Princely* Port a ſtately *Monarch* came,
Airy his Mien, and Noble was his Frame:
A ſullen Sorrow brooded on his Brow;
He ſeem'd beneath ſome weighty Fate to bow;
Diſtruſt and *Grief* upon his Eye-lids reſt,
And ſhow the ſtruggling Troubles of his Breaſt.
Upon his Head a *nodding Crown* he wore,
And in his Hand a *yielding Scepter* bore;
Forlorn and careleſs did his Strokes appear,
And ev'ry Motion ſpoke a wild *Deſpair*.
This mournful Scene did all my Paſſions move,
And challeng'd both my *Pity* and my *Love*;
And yet I thought him by the Ruins made,
Above my *Pity*, and beyond my *Aid*;

Long

Long did he in a penſive Silence ſtand,
For ſure his Thoughts cou'd not his Words command:
Too big for Speech------
Till ſullen Murmurs from his Boſom flew,
And thus a Draught of his Diſorders drew.
Almighty Pow'rs! by whoſe Conſent alone
Ordain'd, I did aſcend the *Regal* Throne,
Led by your dark Decrees and Conduct, there
I, as your great *Vicegerant*, did appear
Beneath my Charge, whilſt crowding Nations ſate,
And *bow'd*, and did *admire* my riſing Fate:
'Twas then my *Laurels* freſh and blooming grew,
And a loud Fame of all my Glories flew;
My willing Subjects bleſs and clap the Day;
The braveſt and the beſt were all my Friends,
Whilſt Faction in Confuſion ſneak'd away;
At diſtance grin'd, but could not reach their Ends.
Such Faith unto my Promiſes were ſhown,
My Word they took, for Oaths were uſeleſs grown:
My very Word compos'd their Hopes and Fears,
Sacred 'twas held, and all *Serene* appears:
Until my *Fate* revers'd did backwards reel,
Blurr'd all my Fame, and alter'd Fortune's wheel;
Ye Gods! why did ye thus unconſtant prove?
Was I the Envy of th' Abodes above?
Or was this ſtately Majeſty but giv'n
To be the Cheat and Flatt'ry ee'n of *Heav'n?*
Can ne'er a Saint implore Celeſtial Aid?
Nor yet the *Virgin Goddeſs* intercede?
'Twas for her Cauſe engag'd I ſufferring lie;
'Twas to advance her juſt Divinity.
Yes, I avow, the Quarrel and the Cauſe,
'Twas for my *Faith*, and to out-cope the *Laws.*
I'd rather be forſaken and alone,
Than ſit a *craving* Monarch on a *Throne:*
Let all my cringing Slaves at diſtance ſtand,
Fawn on th' invading Foe, and kiſs his Hand;
Leave me, their *Prince*, forſaken and forlorn,
Expos'd to all their Slights and publick Scorn.

Let after-Ages judge the mighty Teſt,
Judge the Magnetick Grandeur of my Breaſt.
I ſaw my great Fore-father yet afore,
Seal all his Sacred Vows with Martyr'd Gore.
His Royal Iſſue branded with Diſgrace,
Saw all th' Efforts they us'd t' exclude the Race:
And yet theſe Terrors all I dare Invade,
Thus *Conſcience*, thus *Religion* does perſuade.
I'll ſtand or fall by both thoſe Tenets ſtill,
And be the ſecond *Martyr* to my *Will*,
And then he ſtopp'd; his fiery Eye-balls move,
And thus with his reſiſting *Fate* he ſtrove,
And ſtood, like *Capaneus*, defying *Jove*.

When ſtrait a Noiſe, from whence it came unknown,
Was heard to anſwer in an angry Tone;
Die then unpity'd, *Prince*, for thus thy Fate
Long ſince, by its Decrees, did Antedate.
To ſuch *Perverſneſs*, what regard is ſhown?
What *Merit* could'ſt thou plead to mount a Throne?
To thy repeated Wiſhes Heav'n was kind,
And pleas'd the wild Ambition of thy Mind;
It put a Scepter in thy eager Hand,
Yet not t' oppoſe the *Genius* of the Land;
If Reaſon could not ſway thy Actions here,
Heav'ns not oblig'd by *Wonders* to appear.

See how thy Creatures at a diſtance ſtand,
Sculk from thy Troubles to a ſafer Land;
Thoſe who their Being to thy *Bounty* own,
Forſake their fawning Cheats, and now are gone.
Thoſe who were *Friends* to thee and to thy Cauſe,
Bold for their *Right*, and for their *Country's* Laws;
Thou from thy darker Counſels didſt remove,
And want their Aid, now they refuſe their Love.

Some more imperfect Sounds did reach my Ear,
But Senſe return'd, and Day-light did appear.

The CONVERTS.

I Did intend in Rhimes Heroick
To write of Converts Apoſtolick,
Deſcribe their Perſons, and their Shames,
And leave the World to gueſs their Names:
But ſoon I thought the ſcoundrel Theme
Was for Heroick Song to mean;
Their Characters we'll then rehearſe
In Burleſque, or in Dogrel Verſe;
Of Earls, of Lords, of Knights, I'll ſing,
That chang'd their Faith to pleaſe their King.
The firſt an Antiquated Lord,
A walking Mummy; in a word,
Moves cloath'd in Plaiſters Aromatick,
And Flannel by the help of a Stick;
And like a grave and noble Peer,
Out-lives his Senſe by ſixty Year;
And what an honeſt Man would anger,
Out-lives the Fort he built at *Tangier*.
By Pox and Whores long ſince undone,
Yet loves it ſtill, and fumbles on.
Why he's a Favourite few can gueſs,
Some ſay it's for his Uglineſs.
For often Monſters (being rare)
Are valu'd equal to the Fair
For in his Miſtreſſes, kind *James*
Loves Uglineſs in its Extremes:
But others ſay its plainly ſeen,
'Tis for the choice he made o th' Queen;
When he the King and Nation bleſt
With Off-ſpring of the Houſe of *Eſt*.
A Dame whoſe Affability
Equals her Generoſity.
Oh! well match'd Pair, who frugally are bent
To live without the Aids of Parliament.
All this and more the Peer perfom'd,
Then to compleat his Vertues, turn'd.

But 'twas not Conſcience or Devotion,
The hopes of Riches or Promotion,
That made his Lorſhip firſt the vary,
But 'twas to pleaſe his Daughter *Mary*.
And ſhe to make Retaliation,
Is full as lewd in her Vocation.
The next a Garavaniſh Thief,
A lazy Maſs of damn'd Rump Beef,
Prodigious Guts, no Brains at all,
But very Rhinocerical:
Was Tarried e'er the Cub was lickt,
And now not worthy to be kickt.
By Jockeys bubled, forc'd to fly,
To ſave his Coat, to *Italy*,
Where *Hains* and he, that Virtuous Youth,
Equal in Honour, Senſe, and Truth;
By Reaſon and pure Conſcience urged,
Paſt Sins by Abjuration purged.
But 'tis believ'd both Rogue and Peer,
More worldly Motives had to veer.
The Scoundrel *Plebeian*'s ſwerving
Was to ſecure himſelf from ſtarving;
And that which made the Peer a Starter,
Was hope of a long wiſh'd for Garter.
Next comes a Peer who ſits at Helm,
And long has ſteer'd the giddy Realm,
With Taylor's Motion, Mien, and Grace,
But a right Stateſman in Grimace.
The ſneer, the Cringe, and then by turns,
The dully Grave, the Frowns and Scorns,
Promiſes all, but nought performs.
But howe'er great he's in Promotion,
He's very humble in Devotion;
With taper Light, and Feet all bare,
He to the Temple did repair,
And knocking ſoftly at the Portal,
Cry'd, Pity (Fathers) a poor Mortal,
And for a Sinner make ſome room,
A Prodigal returned home.

Some

Some ſay that in that very Hour,
Convert *Mall Megs* arriv'd at Door.
So both with penitent Grimace,
Stateſman and Bawd with humble Pace
Enter'd, and were receiv'd to Grace.
The next a Knight of high Command,
'Twixt *London-Bridge*, and *Dover-Sand*.
A Man of ſtrict and holy Life;
Taking Example from his Wife.
He to a Nunnery ſet her packing.
Leſt they ſhould take each other napping.
Some ſay *L'E*------ did him beget,
But that he wants his Chin and Wit.
Good-natur'd, as you may obſerve.
Letting his Tit'lar Father ſtarve.
A Man of Senſe and Parts, we know it;
But dare as well be damn'd as ſhow it.
Brib'd by himſelf, his truſty Servant,
At *Kings-Bench-Bar* appear'd moſt fervant,
Againſt his Honour for the *Teſt*,
To him 'twas Gain, to all Mankind a Jeſt.
Blue-Bonnet Lords, a numerous Store,
Whoſe beſt Excuſe, is, that they're poor,
Meerly drawn in, in hopes of Gains,
And reap their Scandal for their Pains
Half-ſtarv'd at Court with Expectation,
Forc'd to return to their *Scotch* Station,
Deſpis'd and ſcorn'd by every Nation.
A paltry Knight not worth a mention.
Renonc'd his Faith for piteous Penſion;
After upon true Proteſtant Whore,
He'd ſpent a large Eſtate before.
A thick ſhort Colonel next does come,
With *Stradling* Legs and Maſſie Bum.
With many more of ſhameful Note,
Whoſe Honour ne'er was worth a Groat.
If theſe be Pillars of the Church,
'Tis fear'd they'll leave her in the Lurch;
If abler Men do not ſupport her weight,
All quickly will return to *Forty Eight*.

The Humble Addreſs of Your Majeſty's Poet Laureat, *and others Your Catholick and Proteſtant Diſſenting Rhimers, with the reſt of the Fraternity of Minor Poets, Inferior Verſifiers and Sonetters, of Your Majeſty's Ancient Corporation of* Parnaſſus.

Humbly Sheweth,

THat we Your Majeſty's poor Slaves,
Your merry Beggars, witty Knaves,
Being highly ſenſible how long
And dull dry Proſe addreſſing throng,
Have daily vext Your Royal Ears
With fulſome Speeches, canting Pray'rs,
Unanimouſly think it better
T' Addreſs Your Majeſty in Meter.
Great Sir, your healing Declaration
Has cur'd a baſe diſtemper'd Nation;
The Godly hug it for the Eaſe
It gives to ſqueamiſh Conſciences;
And by the Mammoniſts, 'tis made
The grand Encouragement of Trade.
But we muſt reckon it (in our Senſe)
A gracious Poetick Licenſe.
'Tis your peculiar Excellency,
T' indulge Religion to a Frenſy;
And our Religion is our Fancy.
For which, we judge 'twould be a Crime,
Not to preſent our Thanks in Rhime.
We, with all Subjects of our mind,
Do pay, like us, their Dues in kind:
That jealous Proteſtants would greet
With *Teſts* and Laws your Royal Feet:
That all would ſacrifice in courſe
Their ſtubborn Conſciences to yours.

That

That th' Academies wou'd oppoſe,
On no Pretence, your Royal Cauſe,
But quit their Oaths and Founders Laws.
That Corporations yeild their Charters,
And no more grudge your Soldiers Quaters.
That *Borough-Towns* would chuſe ſuch Men
As you ſhan't need ſend home agen.
That all right Members take their Stations,
Such as Sir *R*------ and Sir *P*------
That your new Friends ſtand every where,
Of which we recommend one pair,
Honeſt *Will. Pen*, and *Harry Care.*
Diſſenters will with all their Heart-a
Vote for a Goſpel *Magna Carta*;
Your Judges too will over-awe
The poor dead Letter of the Law.
Your High Commiſſioners form whom
The obſtinate receive their Doom,
For truſty Catholicks make Room.
Only one reſty part o'th' Nation
Wou'd bound your Pow'r of Diſpenſation;
For which we'll bait the Rogues again
With Second Part of *Hind* and *Pan*:
We'll Rhime 'em into better Manners,
And make them low'r their Paper Banners;
Nor is this all that we will do,
No, *Sir*, we'll pray like Poets too.
May our great God *Apollo* bleſs you,
May *Juno* help your budding Iſſue;
May you attempt no Enemies
To skirmiſh with but Butterflies:
Nor exerciſe your *Martial Arms*,
But in mock *Sieges*, falſe Alarms.
May you have long and peaceful Days,
And may we live to ſing your Praiſe;
And after all, may you inherit
The Overplus of the *Saints* Merit.

Advice to the Prince of Orange, *and the* Packet-Boat *returned.*

Adv. THE Year of Wonder now is come,
A Jubilee proclaim at *Rome*;
The Church has pregnant made the Womb.
Pac. No more of the admired Year,
No more of Jubilee declare;
All Trees that bloſſom do not bear.
Adv. *Orange*, give o'er your hopes of Crowns,
And yeild to *France* the *Belgick* Towns,
And keep your Fleet out of the *Downs*;
Pac. We'll wait for Crowns, not Intereſt quit,
Let *Lewis* take what he get;
And do not you proſcribe our Fleet.
Adv. Ye talk of Eighty *Men* of *War*,
Well rigg'd and Mann'd you ſay they are;
'Twas Joyful News when it came here.
Pac. Well may the Sound of Eighty Sail,
Make *England*'s greateſt Courage fail;
When half the number will prevail.
Adv. But we have ſome upon the Stocks,
And others laid up in our Docks;
Well fitted out, would match your Cocks.
Pac. Talk as if you'd match our Cocks,
And Launch your few Ships on the Stocks;
And if you can, ſecure your Docks.
Adv. Beſides, we've call'd our Subjects home,
Which in your Fleet and Army roam,
But you, they ſay, won't let them come.
Pac. Your Subjects in our Camp and Fleet,
Whom you with *Proclamation* greet,
Will all obey when they think fit.
Adv. Soldiers and Seamen both we need.
Old England's quite out of the Breed;
Feather and Scarf won't do the Deed.
Pac. Of Men and Arms never deſpair,
The Civiliz'd Wild *Iriſh* are
Couragious even to Maſſacre.

Adv.

Adv. Now, if you'd be victorious made,
Like us, on *Hounſlow* Maſquerade;
Advance your Honour and your Trade.
Pac. Then take this Counſel back again,
Leave off to mimick in Campaign,
And fight in earneſt on the Main.
Adv. *Buda* we ſtorm'd and took with eaſe;
Do you the ſame upon the Seas,
And then we'll meet you when you pleaſe.
Pac. The Storming *Buda* does declare,
That you the glorious Off-ſpring are
Of them that made all *Europe* fear.
Adv. Such Warlike Actions will at leaſt
Inſpire each neighbouring Monarch's Breaſt,
Till *Lewis* ſhall compleat the reſt.
Pac. Such Camp, ſuch Siege, and ſuch ſham Shews,
Make each ſmall State your pow'r oppoſe,
And *Lewis* lead you by the Noſe.

A Stanza lately put upon Tyburn.

HAil Reverend *Tripos*, Guardian of the Law;
Sacred to Juſtice, Treaſons greateſt Awe!
Do thou decide the Nation's weighty Cauſe,
And judge between the Judges and the Laws,
So ſhall no guiltleſs Blood thy Timber e'er pollute,
But Righteous Laws ſhall vouch all thou ſhalt execute.

The Council.

To the Tune of *Jamaica.*

I.

TWO *Toms* and *Nat*,
In Council ſat,

To

To rigg out a Thankſgiving,
And make a Prayer,
For a thing in th' Air,
That's neither Dead or Living.

II.

The Dame of *Eſt*,
As 'tis expreſs'd,
In her late quaint Epiſtle,
Did to our Lady,
Beqeath the Baby,
With Coral, Bells and Whiſtle.

III.

With this Intent, ſhe to her ſent
Her Gold and Diamod Bodkin,
That to conceive,
She might have leave;
* And is not this an odd thing?

IV.

Then a Pot of Ale
To the *Prince* of *Wales*,
Though ſome are of Opinion,
That when't comes out,
A a double Clout
Will cover his Dominion.

The Audience.

THE Criticks that pretend to Senſe,
Do cavil at the Audience,
As if his Grace were not as good
To bow to, as a piece of Wood.
Did not our Fathers heretofore
Their ſenſleſs Deities adore?
Did not Old *Delphos* all along
Vent Oracles without a Tongue?
And wiſeſt Monarchs did importune
From the dumb God to know their Fortune?

Did

* *The Words of King* James, *on the Queen's Miraculous Conception.*

Did not the ſpeaking-Head of late,
Of Matters Learnedly debate?
And rendred without Tongue or Ears
Wiſe Anſwers to his whiſp'ring Peers;
And ſhall we to a living Prince
Deny the State of Audience?
What, tho' the Bantling cannot ſpeak,
Yet, like the Block-head, he may ſqueak.
Give Audience by Interpreter,
The wiſeſt Prince can do no more.
Then enter with a *Prince*'s *Banner*,
Sir *Charles*, after the uſual Manner.
Great Sir, *His Holineſs from* Rome
Greet's your high Birth. The Prince cry'd Mum,
The conſecrated Pilch and Clout,
If you'll vouchſafe to hear me out,
And many other Toys I'm come
To lay them at your ſacred Bum.
So young, yet ſuch a God-like Ray!
Phœbus, your *Dad*, was Prieſt *Dad a.*
Great Prince, I have no more to ſay.
Conducted next, there comes, *Great Sir*,
An *Envoy* from the *Emperor*,
To Gratulate your lucky *Fate*,
That gives to *England*'s Throne new Date;
We Joy that any thing ſhould Reign,
To baffle *Orange* and the *Dane.*
The Youth, to ſee them thus beguil'd,
In Token of his Favour, ſmil'd.
But at the *Spaniard* laugh'd out right,
As ſhamm'd again in *Eighty Eight.*
Next, having pas'd the inward Centry,
The doubtful *Monſieur* made his Entry:
The King, *my Maſter*, *Sir*, has ſent,
Your *Royal Birth* to Complement;
If you will make it but appear,
That you are *England*'s Lawful Heir.
Here Lady *Powis* took him ſhort,
Have you a King? Thank Maz'rine *for't!*

Fr.

Fr. Man.] *Who'er the Father was, the Mother*
Was France's Q. (P------*is*) *who queſtions t'ther?*
At this Reproof he pawn'd a Purſe,
And parting, made his Peace with Nurſe.
The *Dane*, the *Swede*, with other Nations,
Come in with loud Congratulations.
Upon the *Swede*, ſo fam'd for Battle,
He caſt a Frown, and ſhook his Rattle.
And for the *Dane*, who took the part
Of good Prince *George*, he let a Fart.
This put him to a ſullen Fit,
Nurſe ſcare could dance him out of it.
When an Ambaſſodor from *Poland*,
Knock'd at the Door, and *Velt* from *Holand*,
He crying ſuck'd, and ſucking cry'd,
When Lady Governeſs reply'd,
Peace, *Prince*, Peace, *Prince*, Peace *pritty Prince*,
And let the *States* have Audience.
Dutch-man.] *From* Holland *I am hither ſent,*
To Challenge, not to Complement.
Prepare with ſpeed your Twenty Sail;
Your twice four Thouſand on the Nail;
Which by your Senate was enacted,
With Orange, *when your Sire contracted.*
The Name of *Holland* did affright,
And make th' young *Hero* ſcream outright.
But *Orange* nam'd the Royal Elf,
The ſweet, ſweet Babe, beſhit himſelf.
Tyrconnel, who came o're no leſs
Than to be made his Governeſs.
To take her leave, by luck came in,
She ſuck'd his Noſe, and lick'd him clean.
Laſt came the Lady *H*---------- from Play,
Mov'd by Inſtinct, he cry'd *Mamma*,
And poſted to the Queen away.

The

The DREAM.

WEary'd with Bus'neſs, and with Cares oppreſt,
My Faculties were doz'd, and fond of Reſt,
And unuſual Heavineſs did on me creep,
My Soul indulg'd it, yet I could not ſleep.
Dreams ſhort and frighful vext me all the Night,
I found I was betray'd, and long'd for Light;
The firſt ſuch Wonders brought within my view,
And when I wak'd I almoſt thought them true.
Methought I ſaw great *Julius* ſadly lie,
Bleeding from all his Wounds, and *Brutus* by;
The ungreatful *Brutus* which he doted on,
With *Meager Caſſius* pleas'd with what he'd done,
Crying, the World and *Brutus* are my own.
I nearer drew to view the Ghaſtly Trunk,
But oh! the Scene was chang'd, *Cæſar* was ſunk;
'Twas *Charles* the Second which lay mangl'd there,
The ſacrificing Tride too did appear,
Brutus and *Caſſius*, *York* and *Petre* were.
Charles weeping, graſp'd his Brother by the Hand,
I heard him ſighing ſay, Within my Land
A Faitful Pious Mother thou wilt command,
Who in the utmoſt of Extremity,
When all but her, and much upbraided I
Wou'd from the Crown have quite excluded thee,
Preach'd up thy forfeit Title by our Laws,
And in thy Baniſhment maintain thy Cauſe;
Paſſive Obedience thou haſt much in ſtore,
But do know urge it to thy utmoſt Pow'r.
James, to preſerve her, moſt devoutly Swore;
Charles dy'd, and *James* diſcharg'd his Oath next Hour.
I ſaw the Prieſts flock in, the *Biſhops* out,
Saw *Petres* cram the Water down his Throat
Tho' dead, it ſav'd the Heretick no doubt.
I ſaw him poorly bury'd in the Night,
A wretched Train, and a more wretched ſight;

To

To me it ſeem'd a Fun'ral in Diſguiſe,
For fear his Creditors ſhou'd his Body ſeize.
I ſaw him ſhewn for *two Pence* in a Cheſt,
Like *Monk*, old *Harry*, *Mary*, and the reſt;
And if the Figure anſwer'd its Intent,
In ten Years time 'twould buy a Monument.
My Fancy brough me bach again to Court,
Where only *Fools* adviſe, and *Knaves* reſort,
Our Kingdom's Curſe, and other Nations Sport.
I hear the *Jeſuites* in a Grand Cabal,
Reſolves to root out *Hereſy*, or fall.
Each his particular Opinion gave;
They cry'd, an Opportunity we have
To fetter her, who kept us long her Slave.
Immediately they pitch'd upon a Rule,
How to ſuppreſs it by a forward *Fool*;
A bawling, blundering, ſenſeleſs Tool.
Whoſe Mouthing at *White-Chappel* firſt began,
Who regularly to his Greatneſs ran,
Thro' all the vile Degrees of Treachery,
And now uſurps the Court of Equity?
He ſaid, if you would bring the Clergy down,
Erect a Court-Commiſſion from the Crown,
And for Diſpencing Law, let me alone.
They hugg'd their Bubble, and the Deed was done.
Peter grew Fat, and with *Mandamus*'s,
Canker'd the Worthy *Univerſities.*
The Seats of Learning *Block-Heads* might command,
Yet the King's Promiſe to the Church doth ſtand.
Next *Liberty of Conſcince* was Ordain'd;
The *Biſhops* for *Contempt* were then Arraign'd;
The Nobles and the Commons Cloſetted,
The *Penal Laws* muſt be aboliſhed:
If you refuſe, your *Principles* are baſe,
Diſloyal, and you loſe our Royal Grace,
And each that has Dependencies, his Place.
Rocheſter fell, the Loyal *Herbert* ſtarv'd;
Each that forſook his God, his *Monarch* ſerv'd:
Somerſet loſt his Troops, and *Shrewsbury*,
Oxford was ſtripp'd. So *Scarſdal*, *Lumbley*;

And

And many more too tedious to relate,
By whom in Safety, *James*, thou now doſt ſit.
When thou perceiv'dſt no Comfort from this Wild,
Thy Dame immediately was quick with Child;
The *Princeſs* at the *Bath*, when it was *Born*,
The *Biſhops* in the *Tower*, yet had he ſworn,
The Church of England never ſhould be wrong'd:
Upon this News the Hot-brain'd *Papiſts* throng'd;
I wak'd, and as I on my Dream reflected,
My reaſonable Notions thus projected:
O King! I cry'd, thy Meaſures run too faſt!
And thou wilt find the Curſe of it at laſt;
Why doſt thou wrong thy *Country*, ſhame thy Life,
To pleaſe falſe *Prieſts*, and an ungrateful *Wife*
A Wife, whoſe Character has always been
A Fawning Dutheſs, and a Sawcy Queen?
How can'ſt thou ſuffer *Peter's* Inſolence,
Who only makes the Harveſt of his Prince.
A Slave, to Rule three Kindoms, Govern thee,
Yet ne'er was Maſter of a Family?
This Serpent envying thy Happineſs,
Has crept into thy *Eve*, whoſe Wilfulneſs
Has certainly betray'd thy Paradiſe;
Diſcerning *Halliſax* thy Fall foreſaw,
And early did his ſlighted Faith withdraw:
He needs no Pardon for the Advice he gave,
Which ſhews him honeſter than ſome that have.
Under the Roſe Men uſe their Mind to tell,
But now, *Myne-Heer*, 'tis under the Broad Seal;
O *Naſſaw!* with thy promis'd Succours come,
And be to us like *Anthony* to *Rome*:
Thy Wife ſhall young *Octavia's* place ſupply,
And thoſe that have betray'd our Country fly;
Unleſs the King, to prove the Prince his own,
Shall to the Lions Den preſent his Son;
And if the Royal Brute do not deſtroy
The Infant, *By Chriſt 'tis his none Joy.*

Over the Lord Dover's-*Door*, 1686.

Unhappier Age who'er ſaw,
When Truth doth go for Treaſon?
Every Block-head's Will for Law,
And Coxcomb's Senſe for Reaſon.
Religion's made a *Bawd* of State,
To ſerve the Pimps and Panders,
Our Liberty a Priſon Gate,
And *Iriſh-Men* Commanders.
O wretched is our Fate!
What Dangers do we run!
We muſt be wicked to be Great,
And to be juſt, undone.
'Tis thus our Sov'raign keeps his Word,
And makes the Nation great;
To *Iriſh-Men* he truſts the Sword,
To *Jeſuits* the State.

Over the Lord Salisbury's-*Door*, 1686.

IF *Cecil* the Wiſe,
From his Grave ſhould ariſe,
And look the fat B------t in the Face,
He'd take him from Maſs,
And turn him to Graſs,
And ſwear he was none of his Race.

To the Speaking-Head.

I'M come my future Fate to ſeek,
Speak then, Cœleſtial Block-head, ſpeak.

Anſwer

Anſwer.

Had'ſt thou not conſulted with the Witch at *Rome*,
Thou need'ſt not thus, like *Saul*, to *Endor* come,
To ſeek out (Brother ſolid-head) thy Doom.
The Hearts of all thy Friends are loſt and gone;
Gazing they ſtand, and grieving round thy Throne,
And ſcarce believe thou art the Martyr's Son.
Thoſe whom thou favoureſt, merit not thy Grace,
They, to their Intereſt, Sacrifice thy Peace,
And will in Sorrow make thee end thy Days.
Tempt not thy Fate too far, do not rely
On Force or Fraud; why ſhould'ſt thou, Monarch, why,
Live unbelov'd, and unlamented die?

Eſſay written over his Door upon an Inſtitution, and Induction.

I.

'TIS a ſtrange thing to think on,
That old *Tom* of *Lincoln*,
Who writ for the Reformation,
Shou'd ſo baſely ſubmit,
Without Honour or Wit,
To be Reading the Declaration.

II.

Whoever takes Order
From this *Satan* Recorder,
And thinks to go out a Divine,
Will find it a Folly,
To expect the Ghoſt Holy,
'Tis the Devil that enters the Swine.

The Fable of the Pot *and* Kettle, *as it was told by Colonel* Titus *the Night before he Kiſs'd the King's Hand.*

AS down the Torrent of an angry Flood,
An Earthen Pot, and a Braſs Kettle flow'd;
The heavy Caldron, ſinking and diſtreſs'd
By his own Weight, and the fierce Waves oppreſs'd,
Slily beſpoke the lighter Veſſel's Aid,
And to the Earthen Pitcher friendly ſaid,
Come, Brother, why ſhould we divided loſe
The Strength of Union, and our ſelves expoſe
To the Inſults of this poor paltry Stream,
Which with united Forces we can ſtem?
Tho' different heretofore have been our Parts,
The common Danger reconciles our Hearts;
Here, lend me thy kind Arm to break the Flood.
The Pitcher this New Friendſhip underſtood,
And made this Anſwer; Tho' I wiſh for Eaſe
And Safety, this Alliance does not pleaſe;
Such different Natures never will agree,
Your Conſtitution is too rough for me;
If by the Waves I againſt you am toſt,
Or you to me, I equally am loſt;
And fear more Miſchief from your hardned Side,
Than from the Shores, the Billows, or the Tide:
I calmer Days and ebbing Waves attend,
Rather than boy you up, and ſerve your End,
To periſh by the *Rigor* of my Friend.

The MORAL.

LEarn hence (ye Whigs) and act no more like Fools,
Nor truſt their Friendſhip who wou'd make you Tool;

While

While empty Praiſes and ſmooth Flatt'rers ſerve;
Pay with feign'd Thanks, what their feign'd Smiles deſerve:
But let not the Alliance further paſs;
For know that you are Clay, and they are Braſs.

Epitaph on Harry Care.

A True Diſſenter here does lie indeed,
He ne'er with any or himſelf agreed;
But rather than want Subjects to his Spite,
Wou'd Snake-like turn, and his own Tail wou'd bite.
Sometime, 'tis true, he took the faſter ſide;
But when he came by Suff'ring to be try'd,
The Craven ſoon betray'd his Fear and Pride:
Thence, *Settle*-like, he too recanting fell
Of all he wrote or fancy'd to be well;
Thus purg'd from Good, and thus prepar'd by Evil,
He fac'd to *Rome*, and marcht off to the Devil.

On Eaſter-day 87. *this was found fixt on the King's Chappel-Door.*

WHEN God Almighty had his Palace fram'd,
That Glorious ſhining Place he Heaven nam'd;
And when the firſt Rebellious Angels fell,
He Doom'd them to a certain place, call'd Hell.
Here's *Heaven* and *Hell* confirm'd by Sacred Story,
But yet I ne'er could read of Purgatory,
That cleanſing-place which of late Years is found,
For ſinning-Souls to Flux in till they're ſound:
The Prieſt form'd that for the good *Roman* Race,
Our Maker never thought of ſuch a Place.

Oh *Rome!* we'll own thee for a Learn'd wiſe Nation,
To add a place wanting in God's Creation.

Upon K. J. *Piſtolling a Maſtiff* Dog *at* Banbury, *in his laſt Progreſs.*

THE Poets tell us idle Tales to pleaſe us,
Of Mighty *Perſeus*, *Hercules*, and *Theſeus*;
And ſeveral other gallant Heroes too,
Who e'ery one their ſeveral Monſters ſlew.
The *Minotaur* did *Theſeus* bravely Slaughter,
And then as bravely Sw---d the King's own Daughter.
Nemean Lion bold *Hercules* did choak,
And of his Skin made him a laſting Cloak.
The far fam'd *Perſeus* kill'd a mighty Whale,
And all t'enjoy *Andromeda*'s brown Tail.
Hiſtorians all the great St. *George* admire,
For murd'ring horrid Dragon that ſpit Fire.
But what concerns us yet far more to tell,
One of theſe Heroes ſlew the Dog of Hell;
Renown'd Attempts (you'll all confeſs) if true,
But our great *J---s* did more than this, (*Morbleau*)
He who before, t' immortalize his Name,
Loſt dreaded *England* all her Navel Fame;
He who return'd from *Belgick* Lions Roar,
When *Sandwich* ſunk in ſight of *Southwold* Shore;
He who two Summers but of late ſat down
With all his Forces before *Hounſlow Town*,
And nothing elſe but bare diſhonour won;
He, when he ſaw his Loving Friend aſſail'd
By furious Maſtiff-Cur, Ear-ſnip'd, bob tail'd,
Eyes darting Fire, and with his *Boo-woo*'s fierce,
Ready to ſeize the Lord-Lieutenant's Horſe:
'Tis true, quoth he, to ſhew that wonderous Might
Which I have long conceal'd from Haman Sight:
With furious Tone purſuing then his Speech,
Fanatick Dog, forbear my Royal Breech,

He

(He cry'd) *For know thou art but bluntly pointed,*
Tho' ſharp thy Fangs, to touch the Lord's anointed.
To which the Dog, who never Scripture read
And ſcorn'd to call an Earthly Monarch Dread,
I am no Dog (quoth he) *to Fawn and Flatter,*
But I Addreſs according to my Nature,
However, know I am a Dog of Senſe,
That's more than may be ſaid of many a Prince.
With this the mighty ℣—— a Piſtol drew,
Diſcharg'd, and ſhot the Maſtiff thro' and thro'.
Some ſay, that *Vulcan* like, he riv'd his Brain,
No Matter which, the Dog receiv'd his Bane,
By Royal Hand for ſuch Language ſlain,
And both got Honour, Dog and Sov'reign:
The Sov'reign had the Honour Dog to kill;
The Maſtiff, that a Prince his Gore did ſpill;
Now then, come down from Heaven (ye Cur) come down,
Thou whom the ſultry Summers ſo renown:
Reſign that place of thine more juſtly due,
To this ſame Dog, whom God's Vicegerant ſlew:
Surely a Dog ſo dignify'd in Story,
Is th' only Dog with Conſtellations Glory.
And you, who in you Signs St. *George* advance,
Trampling o'er Dragon's Jaws, pierc'd through with Lance,
Alter your painting, and ſet in place,
The braveſt Hero of the *Scottiſh* Race,
Diſcharging Thunder from his gaudy Saddel,
And Maſtiff proſtrate in a goary Puddle:
So ſhall your Truth advance o'er Fabulous Toys,
And Dog and Monarch both Immortalize.

Cæſar's *Ghoſt.*

'TWas ſtill low Ebb of Night, when not a ſtar
Was twinkling in the muffled Hemiſphere;
But all around in horrid Darkneſs mourn'd,
As if old *Chaos* were again return'd;

When not own Gleam of the eternal Light
Shot thro' the ſolid Darkneſs of the Night;
In diſmal Silence Nature ſeem'd to ſleep,
And all the Winds were bury'd in the Deep;
No whiſpering *Zephyrus* aloft did blow,
Nor warring Boughs were murmuring below;
No falling Waters daſh'd, no Rivers purl'd;
But all conſpir'd to huſh the drowſy World.
When on my Couch in thoughtleſs Slumbers wrapt,
I lay repos'd; ——— my very Soul too ſlept
In peaceful Dulneſs, ſilent and ſerene,
Till 'twas debauch'd and waken'd into Dream.
Methought I ſaw a dark and diſmal Vault,
Whoſe Horror cannot be conceiv'd by Thought,
And ſeem'd by ſome Infernal Magick wrought:
So vaſt and ſo perplexing intricate,
As if the dreadful Court of Death and Fate;
And yet of Kings, the great Repoſiter,
And only Royal Duſt, lies mouldering here.
Amongſt theſe Monuments of Sacred Fame
Great *Cæſar* ſtood; *Cæſar*, whoſe deathleſs Name,
When Shrines decay, triumphant ſhall remain,
While Senſe, good Nature, Wit, and Love ſhall reign.
While I with awful Fear and Trembling, paid
Humble Oblations to the mighty Dead.
Methought the ſweating Marble did uncloſe,
And from Death's Manſion the dead Monarch roſe;
His Eyes o'er all ſcatter'd a ſullen Light,
Such as divides the breaking Day from Night;
By whoſe faint Rays the Object I diſcern'd
All pale——— with ghaſtly Majeſty adorn'd.
His ſtiffen'd Loins a purple Mantle bore,
His Brows a Wreath of wither'd Lawrels wore,
Such as had flouriſh'd there in Life before.
Now forth he ſtalks, ſilent as Shadows glide,
Or Clouds that skim the Air while they divine;
As quick as Thought the faithleſs Town he paſt,
And towards the *Camp* of wonderous Fame does haſt,

While Midnight Fogs ſurround his aweful Head,
And down his Locks their baneful Poyſon ſhed;
The wondring airy *Dæmons* at the View,
And all the *Ignis Fatuus*'s withdrew;
Hecate let fall her Charm-preparing Weeds, (treads;
Wondring what unknown Pow'r Earth's Surface
Which more than that which ſhe invokes, ſhe
She flies all frighted with erected Hair, (dreads.
And ſcarce her Broomſtaff bears her thro' the Air;
From his dread Preſence every evil ran,
Except that more exalted Evil, Man:
Not the firſt Race of leſs corrupted Fiends,
Till taught by Man, knew half their new coin'd Sins.
Thrice with Majeſtick Pace he walks the Round,
Surveying the Pavilions utmoſt Bound,
And uſeleſs Grandeur every where he found.
Philippi, nor the fam'd *Pharſalian* Field,
Did not more ſigns of Glorious Action yeild;
But this was all for Show, not Terror made,
'Twas *Hounſlow* Farce, a Siege in Maſquerade.
More near he views it, and found within,
All the Degrees of Luxury and Sin;
Alſatia's Sink into this Common-ſhore,
Did all its vile and naſty Nuſance pour;
Fat Sharpers, Broken Cuckolds, Gameſters, Cheats,
What *Newgate* diſembogues, find here Retreats;
The Groom and Footman from their Liv'ry ſtript,
With Scarf, gay Feather, and Command equipt.
Promotion gives to Saucineſs Pretence,
And Greatneſs is miſtook for Inſolence;
And to evince their Valour every Hour,
Bamboo the Slaves that bow beneath their Pow'r;
Yet to the Country Ladies theſe appear
So Novel, Witty, *Beau en Cavalier*,
That ſcarce a tender Heart is left behind,
Pray God a Maidenhead you chance to find!
The Phantom to that Quarter firſt reſorts,
Where the Illuſtrious Gen'rals keep their Courts.

I.

Great *Fever*——, the foremoſt of the Grew,
Whoſe Uncle *Turein* well cou'd fight we know.
He who ſo often does repeat the Jeſt,
How he ſubdu'd the Monarch of the *Weſt*,
(Or wou'd have done, had he not been undreſt.)
This rough ſtern Hero of the *Britiſh* War,
To Neighbouring Tents is always born in Chair,
For fear of Incommodement from the Air.

II.

It wonders what did *Chur—ll* recommend,
Who never did to Deeds of Arms pretend:
Love, all his Active Youth, his Bus'neſs was,
Love that beſt ſuits his handſome Shape and Face.
But Armies are like Verſe, whoſe Doggrel Lines
Are here for Senſe, and there for gingling Rhimes.
(Here where *Bellona* lays her Armour by,
And learns to be more charming Company,
Where the ill-manner'd God has nought to do:)
Some few for Fighting are, but moſt for ſhew;
Where rich imbroider'd Cloaks *a la Campagne*
So often ſhine, unleſs it chance to rain.
Then Lord, how the Sir *M.* will fret and fling!
Undone, 'tis ſpoil'd, e'er ſhown before the King;
In perfum'd Beds adorn'd they're basking laid,
As fine as young Birds on *Perſian* Carpets tread,
That o'er the ſpacious Floor in wanton Pride are ſpread.
Like Feaſting Gods luxurious, and, they ſay,
As arrant Fornicators too as they.
None come amiſs when Luſt their Fancies lead,
Alcmena, nor the ſweet-fac'd *Ganimede*;
And, like thoſe Gods, they all are giv'n to Love,
But none we hear e'er thunder'd but old *Jove*.

III.

Here one the Hero acts in *Lovit*'s Arms,
And calls his Paſſions out in warlike Terms,
Tells of ſoft Sieges, Batteries and Alarms;
How the Artillery of her Eyes did wound,
And how at the firſt Onſet he gave Ground:

He

He who ne'er yet did to a Conqueror bow,
Yet kiſſes and adores his Fetters now;
While all the Batteries ever he aſſay'd,
Have been againſt ſome Female Fortleſs Maid;
But *Love-it*, who has leſs of Love than Pride,
Being with gilt Coach and Country-Houſe ſupply'd,
Makes that attone for all Defects beſide.

IV.

There lay a Youth of all his Wits bereft,
Who this Campaign was by his Miſtreſs left.
A nauſeous Strumpet, Inſolent and Loud,
Falſe and Deſtructive, baſely Born, and Proud.
Oh bubbl'd Fool! thou that hadſt ſeen thy Fate
Of Cully *Ba---ſhe*'s quickly ſpent Eſtate:
Collier undone, and forty Rake-hells more,
For an old common o'er grown flabby Whore,
Whoſe Baſtard-Son may vie with thee for Age,
A Trader twenty Years upon the Stage:
What from th' expenſive Folly couldſt thou ſee,
But ſhameful Ruin, laught at Infamy?
Thy Eyes I know were open'd long before,
But ſtill the Jilt betray'd thee to the Whore;
Debas'd thy Noble Spirits to her Rule,
And turn'd thy once fair Fame to ridicule;
Debauch'd thy Senſe with Converſation baſe,
Whores, Eating Pimps, Play'rs, a numerous Race,
While thou the treating Cully art deſpis'd,
And Cuckold by the Slaves thou Gormandiz'd.
Return, thou Prodigal, from Huſks and Swine,
The Ruin of the firſt, was Cauſe of thine:
They ſay thou'rt brave, give us this Proof of it,
And we'll believe thou can'ſt be braver yet:
Thou'ſt yet a Nobler Race of Life to run,
Leave *Her----d* to her now to be undone:
But her kind Keeper gone, his Flame will fade;
Love Cools when 'tis an Obligation made.

V.

Here an old batter'd *Tangieren* he beheld,
More mawl'd by Love then e'er he was in Field;

Yet

Yet wondrous Amorous ſtill, and wondrous Gay,
Old *January* dizen'd up in *May*;
His Zeals as Trophies of his Victory Graces, } Coll.
But all adorn'd with many Looking-glaſſes, } *Sac-l.*
In which he practiſes *Bon Mein* and Faces;
How well to manage *Ogling*, and what Air
He ſhou'd maintain, when cock, when friſk his Hair?
VVhat Affectation beſt wou'd Youth expreſs,
And leaſt the Ruins of his Age confeſs;
Half-choak'd with monſtrous Cravat-ſtring, Diſputes
VVhat Colour beſt to his Complexion ſuits;
And all in Middle Gallery to pore,
And claim which is his Joy, ſome low priz'd VVhore,
Vain ſelf-admiring Fop, though every Day
Thou doſt thy antiquated From ſurvey!
But to be well deceiv'd, ceaſe playing the Aſs
Six Hours each Morn before a Looking-glaſs,
And truſt the wiſer Valet with thy Dreſs?
For whilſt thou doſt not thy ag'd Face behold,
Thy Dreſs may flatter thee thou art not old.

VI.

Chett, that Scoundrel, he whom Nature Made
An arrant Fool, although a Rogue by Trade,
VVhich he induſtriouſly improv'd ſo well,
He does in niceſt Villany excel,
And from the Trumpet rais'd the Colonel;
Yet lives a double Scandal in his Race,
His Morals are as odious as his Face:
Though Knave and Coward in his Front be writ,
He has one Virtue recommends him yet;
A Paſſive Valour that can Kicking bear,
A Caution that ſecur'd him in his Fear
Behind the Cannon in the *Weſtern* VVar.
And farther to this Honour has Pretence,
Can cheat his Men with Matchleſs Impudence:
But that's the gen'ral Cry, while no bold Tongue
Is found to tell *Auguſtus* of their Wrong.

VII.

Next a *Gabreſious Allomer*, who ſate
Like *Bacchus* on his Tun in Drunken State,

VVith

VVith all his mellow Gang encompaſs'd round,
In high Debanch of VVine and Bawdry down'd.

VIII.

That Monſter *G*——*dy* of prodigious ſize,
A Body fitted to his beaſtly Vice;
A Face to all more formidable far
Than *Gorgon*'s Head, or to that Coward *War*;
In Youth mean Cheats and Rooking with his Trade,
Now (ſtarving) got Command—for Drink—, not Bread.

IX.

V—— our new *Troy*'s Hector, and its Hope,
Preferr'd from Tail of Coach, to Head of Troop;
'Twas no true Valour got him firſt a Name,
But ſome *Welſh* Fury did his Blood inflame,
And ſure he never fought when he was ta'en.
No Brutal Coward Tyrant *Algerine*
Ne'er treated Slaves ſo ill as his have been;
As if to him Authority were new,
It is but damn the Raſcal, and a Blow.
For they ſo oft falſe Muſters we obſerve,
Rather than follow him the Rogues will ſtarve,
And vvou'd, if e'er indeed there came a VVar,
Be juſtly ſhot like vvry neck'd *Chevalier*,
By ſome of his ovvn Soldiers in the Rear.
But *V*——*n*'s not alone, more of his Stamp,
That better merit *Tyburn*, rule the Camp.

X.

Among this Crevv *M*——*ll* that Fornicator,
Incamp'd with Grandam *Doxy* and her Daughter;
The good old Soul he loves becauſe ſhe's handy,
Can Joque and Smoak, and hold him tack with Brandy;
Full Threeſcore Years in wiſe Experience bred;
Preferr'd from drawing Ale to *M*——*ll*'s Bed;
She's old enough to Witch, and by her Art,
Has ſtruck ſome crooked Pin quite thro' his Heart,
Or has ſome damn'd Infirmity unſeen,
That makes him dote on ſuch a rivall'd Queen.

XI.

Among this Drunken Club was Beau Sir *Tom*,
Dubb'd for his Brother's Merits, not his ovvn;

From

From drudging City-Prig advanc'd to be
Right Worſhipful, in Place of High Degree,
But knew not how to manage Quality;
And thought the neareſt way was to be lewd,
While all Degrees the Debauchee purſu'd;
But like true Cit, did always over-do,
As well in Lewdneſs, as in Faſhions too;
Drinking's his leading Vice, his darling Sin,
That pumps his duller Inclination in:
Then loud as Storms, encourag'd for all Evil,
Swears and invokes by Healths his Guardian Devil.
By chance the Poet *Elkanah* was there,
To make them Sport, for 'twas not yet the Fair;
With many more too ſcandalous to name,
Whoſe Talents are two Sware, Whore, Drink and Game;
At a large Table they were ſeated round,
With Bottles Snuſh, foul Pipes, and Glaſſes crown'd,
Boxes and Dice------ but whether falſe or true,
I leave it to the Fools that Night ſhall rue;
For there was Country Squire and City Cully,
That came to ſee the Shew, look'd to by Bully,
Where bubbled of their Coin, and healed are
A la Campagne,---- that is with Chear entire:
Damme, cries *Grab*, *each Prig his Buttock bring*,
And let us forthwith fall to managing;
When I am boozing, clear old Dudgeon's *Droliſh*,
Then let my Natural be a Jump, a Poliſh,
I ſink her down---- Then makes ſome naſty Jeſt,
And Crowns it with a Bumper to the Beſt;
(And calls for a Link-Boy, ſwears his Pego's Nice,
And therefore cannot deal in common Vice.)
Then to the Height of Lewdneſs they retire,
And *Venus* muſt extinguiſh *Bacchus* Fire.
Thus 'tis when Men forſake an honeſt Trade,
How much the better Pedant thou hadſt made;
Or (Bilking ſharp) hadſt bully'd up and down,
And ſcar'd the trembling Mortals of the Town?
This was thy Talent, this thy proper Sphere;
Yet ſtill this part of thee remains while here,
That thou canſt Cheat, Oppreſs and Domineer.

Though

Though thus much by thy Foes muſt be confeſs'd,
Of all thy roaring Tribe, thou art the beſt.
The reſt ſuch Cowards, Sots, ſuch hard'ned Rogues,
Blaſphemers, Villains, Rake-hells, Swines and Dogs,
Have newer Sins than were to *Sodom* known,
And if juſt Heav'n ſhould ſend his Vengeance down,
There's not one *Lot* to ſave a ſinking Town.
But numberleſs and endleſs 'twere to tell
All the rank Vice that fills this Local Hell.
All which the Phantom does in haſt ſurvey,
He ſcents the Morning-Air, and muſt away,
And on the *Eaſtern* Hill he views the breaking Day.
Yet e'er he goes with a remorſe Extreme,
Looks back and Sighs o'er this *Jeruſalem*;
Nor cou'd depart till like the Prophet too,
In whiſpering out, pronounc'd thrice, Wo, wo, wo;
And then methought I heard a hollow Sound,
Like Ecchoes that from Caves and Rocks rebound;
And thus it ſpake--- *Full five and twenty Years*
I Reign'd, without the Noiſe or Toil of Wars,
Bore all th' Indignities of Factious Pow'r,
And ſaw my Life in Danger every Hour;
Yet rather had reſign'd it up in Peace,
Than ow'd my Safety to ſuch Brutes as theſe,
At beſt a Scarce-crow Rebels to affright,
Put them to Action, and ſcarce one will Fight.
Ah, great Auguſtus! *thou deſerv'd an Hoſt*
Of Heroes, ſuch as Ancient Rome *produc'd;*
When each Commander ſhould like Scipio *be;*
Or rather like the yet more God-like thee,
Brave, Temperate, Prudent to the laſt Degree.
The common Rout all Sceva's *in the Field,*
Who bore a thouſand Arrows in his Shield.
And leaſt they ſhou'd have Souls to be inſpir'd,
And by thy great Example to be fir'd;
Thy Conſtancy and Valour imitate,
And raiſe at once thy Glory, and the State.
This ſaid, and parting with a pitying Look,
Tow'rds his Eternal Hope, his way he took.

And

And bleſt his Fate he cou'd again return
To the bleſt Confines of his peaceful Urn.

The Fourth Satyr of Boileau *to* W. K. 1687.

BElieve me, *Will*, that thoſe who have leaſt Senſe,
Think they to Wiſdom have the ſole Pretence;
And that thoſe Wretches who in *Bethlem* are,
Deſerve it leſs than thoſe who put them there.
The haughty Pedant, ſwoln with frothy Name
Of Learned Man, big with his Claſſick Fame;
A thouſand Books read o'er and o'er again,
Does Word for Word moſt perfectly retain,
Heap'd in the Lumber-Office of his Brain;
Yet this cramm'd Skull, this undigeſted Maſs,
Does very often prove an arrant Aſs;
Believes all Knowledge is to Books Confin'd,
That Reading only can inform the Mind;
That Senſe muſt err, and Reaſon ramble wide,
If Sacred *Ariſtotle* ben't their Guide.
While, on the other hand, a flutt'ring thing,
With a full Roll, and three pil'd Crevat-ſtring,
Whoſe Life's a *Viſit*, who alone takes Care
To ſay fine things, write Songs, and count the Fair;
Laughs at the muſty Precepts of the School,
Calls the Learn'd Writer an Authentick Fool;
Swears that all Learning is a thing unfit
A well-bred Perſon, or a Man of *Wit*;
Names proper only to the Sparks o'th' Town,
And damns his Scholar to his Colledge Gown.
The fierce Bigot, who vainly does believe,
His bantring Zeal can Heaven it ſelf deceive;
With Saint-like Looks the bleer-ey'd Crow does blind,
And the Jilt Villain damns all Human kind.
While the wild Libertine, that Beaſt of Prey,
Who bears down all that ſtops him in his way,

Ranges

Ranges o'er all, and takes his Savage fill
In the wild Forreſt of a boundleſs Will:
Swears that Heav'n, *Jove*'s, and Hell's eternal Pain,
Are the ſick Dreams of a diſtemper'd Brain,
Tales fit for Children, a meer holy Jeſt,
To ſtarve the People, and to glut the Prieſt.
The ſharpeſt Satyriſt with Poetick Rage,
Strives to reform the Vices of the Age;
Laughs at the *Fool*, and at the *Villain* rails;
Yet *Folly* reigns, and *Villany* prevails;
While the crack'd Skull ſhews all that has been ſaid,
Leaves Marks on nothing but the Poet's Head:
For partial Man, try'd by himſelf alone,
Proteſting every Sentence but his own;
Severe to all Men, to himſelf too kind,
Sees others Faults, but to his own is blind.
The ſordid Miſer, a meer Lump of Clay,
Form'd into Man e'er from its groſs Allay
It was refin'd by the Soul's Heavenly Ray;
Whoſe Thirſt of Wealth encreaſes with his Store,
And to ſpend leſs, does covet to have more;
Who *Midas*-like, to feed his Avarice,
Starves in the Enjoyment of a Golden Wiſh;
Thinks himſelf wiſe, boaſts of being Provident,
And downright Scraping call good Management.
The Love of Wealth is Madneſs, and I hate
The very Trouble of a great Eſtate:
'Tis perfect Dirt, cries the vain Prodigal,
Mad till 'tis gone, and when he has ſpent it all,
The beggar'd Fool calls himſelf Liberal.
Now, weigh them both, and tell me, if you can,
Which of the two ſeems the moſt prudent Man:
The Gameſter Swears both ſhou'd in *Bethlem* be,
That Fortune-monger, maddeſt of the three,
Whoſe Life, whoſe Soul, whoſe very Heav'n is Play,
At which the Bubble throws them all away;
Who every Moment waits his Deſtiny
From the uncertain Running of a Die;

And, if he chance to loſe, then how he ſtares!
Then how the Fury, with his briſtled Hairs,
Curſes his Fate, Earth, Hell, and Heaven defies,
And with Oath heap'd on Oaths, he ſtorms the Skies.
I could name Thouſands more, but to draw all
The Shapes of his falſe reaſoning Animal,
Wou'd be as hard, as to count all that die
Each Spring and Fall by *Low'r* and *Mercury*:
Or ſay, how oft th' impatient Heir, to have
The old Man's Wealth, has wiſht him in his Grave:
A Drudgery ſo great my Pen declines,
Content to ſum up all in theſe four Lines.
Greece boaſts ſeven Sages, but the *Story* lies,
For the whole World ne'er ſaw one truly wiſe:
All Men are Mad; and the ſole Difference
Lies in the More or the Leſs want of Senſe.

The Miracle; how the Dutcheſs of Modena *(being in Heaven) prayed the* B. Virgin *that the Queen might have a Son, and how our Lady ſent the Angel* Gabriel *with her Smock; upon which the Queen was with Child.*

To the Tune of, O *Youth, thou hadſt better been ſtarv'd at Nurſe. In* Bartholomew Fair.

I.

YOU Catholick Stateſ-men and Church-men rejoyce,
And praiſe Heaven's Goodneſs with Heart and with Voice;
None greater on Earth or in Heaven than ſhe.
Some ſay ſhe's as good as the beſt of the Three.
Her Miracles bold,
Were famous of Old,
But a Braver than this was never yet told;
'Tis pity that every good Catholick living,
Had not heard on't before the laſt Day of Thankſ-giving.

II.

II.

In *Lombardy-Land*, great *Modena*'s Dutcheſs
Was ſnatch'd from her Empire by Death's cruel Clutches;
When to Heaven ſhe came (for thither ſhe went)
Each Angel receiv'd her with Joy and Content.
On her knees ſhe fell down,
Before the bright Throne,
And begg'd that God's Mother would grant her one Boon;
Give *England* a Son (at this Critical Point)
To put little *Orange*'s Noſe out of Joynt.

III.

As ſoon as our Lady had heard her Petition,
To *Gabriel*, the Angel, ſhe ſtrait gave Commiſſion;
She pluck'd off her Smock from her *Shoulders Divine*,
And charg'd him to haſten to *England*'s fair Queen.
Go to the Royal Dame,
To give her the ſame,
And bid her for ever to praiſe my Great Name;
For I, in her favour, will work ſuch a Wonder,
Shall keep the moſt Inſolent Hereticks under.

IV.

Tell *James* (my beſt Son) his part of the matter
Muſt be with this only to cover my Daughter;
Let him put it upon her with's own Royal Hand,
Then let him go Travel to viſit the Land;
And the Spirit of Love
Shall come from above,
Though not as before, in form of a Dove;
Yet down he ſhall come in ſome likeneſs or other,
(Perhaps like Count *Dada*) and make her a Mother.

V.

The Meſſage with Hearts full of Faith were receiv'd,
And the next news we heard was *Q. M.* conceiv'd;
You great ones Converted, poor cheated Diſſenters,
Grave Judges, Lords, Biſhops, and Commons Conſenters,
You Commiſſioners all,
Eccleſiaſtical,
From *M*--------the Dutiful, to *C*--------the Tall;

Pray Heav'n to ſtrengthen Her Majeſties Placket,
For if this Trick fail, beware of your Jacket.

DIALOGUE.

M. WHY am I daily thus perplex'd?
Why beyond Woman's patience vex'd?
Your Spurious Iſſue grow and thrive,
While mine are dead e'er well alive.
If they ſurviv'd a nine days wonder,
Suſpicious Tongues aloud do thunder;
Aud ſtrait accuſe my Chaſtity,
For your damn'd Inſufficiency:
You meet my Love with no deſire,
My Altar damps your feeble Fire:
Though I have infinite more Charms
Then all you e'er took to your Arms.
The Prieſt at th' Altar bows to me;
When I appear, he bends the Knee.
His Eyes are on my Beauties fixt;
His Pray'rs to Heav'n and Me are mixt;
Confuſedly he tells his Beads,
Is out both when he Prays and Reads.
I Travell'd farther for your Love,
Then *Sheba*'s Queen, I'll fairly prove.
She from the *South*, 'tis ſaid, did rome,
And I as far from *Eaſt did come.*
But here the difference does ariſe,
Though equally we ſought the Prize;
What that great Queen deſir'd ſhe gain'd,
But I ſoon found your Treaſury drain'd
Your Veins corrupted in your Youth,
'Tis ſad Experience tells this Truth:
Though I had Caution long before
Of which I now too late deplore.
J. Pray, Madam, let me ſilence break,
As I have you, now hear me ſpeak

Theſe Stories ſure muſt pleaſe you well;
You're apt ſo often them to tell.
But, if you'll ſmooth your Brow a while,
And turn that Pout into a Smile,
I doubt not, but to make't appear
That you the great'ſt Aggreſſor are.
I took you with an empty Purſe,
Which was to me no trivial Curſe;
No Dowry could your Parents give;
They'd but a Competence to live.
When you appear'd, your Charming Eyes
(As you relate) did me ſurprize
With Wonder, not with Admiration;
Aſtoniſhment, but no Temptation:
Nor did I ſee in all your Frame
Ought could create an am'rous Flame
Or raiſe the leaſt Deſire in me,
Save only for Variety.
I paid ſuch Service as was due,
Worthy my ſelf and worthy you:
Careſs'd you far above the rate
Both of your Birth, and your Eſtate.
When I ſoon found your haughty mind
Was unto Sov'raignty inclin'd;
And firſt you practis'd over me
The heavy Yoke of Tyranny,
While I your Property was made,
And You, not I was ſtill obey'd:
Nor durſt I call my Soul my own,
You manag'd me as if I'd none.
I took ſuch meaſures as you gave,
All Day your Fool, all Night your Slave.
Nor was Ambition bounded here,
You ſtill reſolve you Courſe to ſteer:
All that oppoſe you, you remove;
'Twas much you'd own the Pow'rs above.
Now ſeveral Stratagems you try,
Aud I'm in all forc'd to comply;
To Mother Church you take Recourſe,
She tells you 'tmuſt be done by force;

And you, impatient of delay,
Contrive and Excecute the way.
When mounted to the place you ſought,
It no Contentment with it brought:
One Tree within your proſpect ſtood
Faireſt and talleſt of the Wood:
Which to your proſpect gave offence,
And it muſt be remov'd from thence.
In this you alſo are Obey'd,
While all the Fault on Me is laid.
Now you was quiet for a while,
As flatt'ring Weather ſeems to ſmile,
Till buzzing Beetles of the Night
Had found freſh matter for your ſpight,
And ſet to work your buſy Brain,
Which took Fire quickly from their Train.
Some Wiſe, ſome Valiant, you remove,
'Cauſe they your Maxims don't approve;
And in their ſtead ſuch Creatures place,
Which to th' Employments bring diſgrace:
While whatſoe'er you do I own,
And ſtill the Dirt is on Me thrown.
Strait new Chimæra's fill your Brain,
The humming Beetles buz again;
A Goal Delivery now muſt be,
All tender Conſciences ſet free;
Not out of Zeal, but pure Deſign
To make Diſſenters with us join,
To pull down Teſt and Penal Laws,
The Bulwark of the Hereticks Cauſe.
The ſly Diſſenters laugh the while,
They ſee where lurks the Serpent's guile;
And rather than with us comply,
Will on our Enemies rely.
The Chieftains of the Proteſtant Cauſe,
We did confine, though 'gainſt the Laws:
But ſoon was glad to ſet 'em free,
Fearing the giddy Mobile.
Now all is turning upſide down,
Loud Murmurings in every Town,

We've Foes abroad, and Foes at home,
Armies and Fleets againſt us come:
The Proteſtants do laugh the while,
And the Diſſenters ſneer and ſmile;
But no aſſiſtance either ſends,
They're neither Enemies nor Friends.
Now pray conclude what muſt be done;
Conſult your Oracle of *ROME*,
For next fair Wind be ſure they come.

On the Univerſity of Cambridge's *burning the D. of* Monmouth's *Picture*, 1685. *who was formerly the Chancellour------In Anſwer to this Queſtion,*

In turba ſemper ſequiter fortunam & odit damnatos?

By Mr. *Stepney.*

YES, fickle *Cambridge*, *Perkins* found this true,
Both from your Rabble, and your Doctors too,
With what Applauſe you once receiv'd his Grace,
And begg'd a Copy of his Godlike Face;
But when the ſage Vice-Chancellor was ſure
The Original in Limbo lay ſecure,
As greaſy as himſelf he ſends a Lictor
To vent his Loyal Malice on the Picture.
The Beadle's Wife endeavours all ſhe can
To ſave the Image of the tall young Man,
Which ſhe ſo oft when pregnant did embrace,
That with ſtrong thoughts ſhe might improve her Race,
But all in vain, ſince the wiſe Houſe conſpire
To damn the *Canvas Traytor* to the Fire,
Leſt it, like Bones of *Scanderbeg*, incite
Scythemen next Harveſt to renew the fight:
Then in comes Mayor *Eagle* and does gravely alledge,
He'll ſubſcribe (if he can) for a bundle of Sedge.
But the Man of *Clarehall* that proffer refuſes,
'Snigs, he'll be beholden to none but the Muſes:

And orders Ten Porters to bring the dull Reams
On the Death of good *Charles*, and Crowning of *James*:
And ſwears he will borrow of the Provoſt more ſtuff
On the Marriage of *Ann*, if that ben't enough.
The Heads leſt he get all the profit t'himſelf
(Too greedy of honour, too laviſh of pelf)
This motion deny, and Vote that *Tite Tillet*
Should gather from each noble Doctor a Billet.
The Kindneſs was common, and ſo they'd return it,
The Gift was to all, all therefore would burn it:
Thus joining their Stocks for a Bonfire together,
As they club for a Cheeſe in the Pariſh of *Chedder*;
Confuſedly crowd on the Sophs and the Doctors,
The Hangman, the Townſmen, their Wives and the Proctros,
While the Troops from each part of the Countries in all,
Come to quaff his Confuſion in Bumpers of ſtale.
But *Roſalin*, never unkind to a Duke,
Does by her abſence their folly rebuke,
The tender Creature could not ſee his fate,
With whom ſhe had danc'd a Minuet ſo late.
The Heads, who never could hope for ſuch Frames,
Out of envy condemn'd Sixſcore pounds to the Flames
Then his Air was too proud, and his Features amiſs
As if being a Traytor had alter'd his Phiz:
So the Rabble of *Rome*, whoſe favour ne'er ſettles,
Melt down their *Sejanus* to Pots and Braſs Kettles.

Nulla manere diu, nequæ vivere carminant poſſum, quæ ſcribuntur aque notoribus.

By Mr. *Aloffe*, *T. C. C.*

HE that firſt ſaid it, knew the worth of Wit,
Lov'd well his Glaſs, and as he drank he writ;
Vaſt was his Soul, and ſprakling was the Wine,
Which ſtrangely did inſpire each Mighty Line.

The

The wat'ry Springs of *Helicon* are Theams
Fit for dull Freſhmen, and dull Doctors Dreams;
Not Flood of *Cam*, or VVell of *Ariſtotle*,
Yield half the pleaſure of the charming Bottle;
Poor Scribes then that Bread and Water uſe,
The ſlender Diet of a *Bridewell* Muſe,
As eaſily may Water Poets make,
As Coffee Policitians does create,
The two Grand Whigs of Poetry and State.
When Booths on *Thames* were built, and Oxen roaſted,
Poets the ſtrength of Waters might have boaſted;
And might have made their frozen Verſe to paſs,
As well as he that put out Ice for Glaſs:
Though our good Proctor otherwiſe does think,
Our Mother *Cambridge* kindly bids us drink;
She holds the Candle and the Sacred Cup,
And as th'one waſteth, cries, Drink t'other up.
'Twas drinking got our Anceſtors Renown,
And Claret firſt that dy'd the Scarlet Gown.
As well may *Dutchmen* without Brandy fight,
As *Engliſh* Poets without Claret write.
Not moderate Learning, nor immoderate Fees,
Are of themſelves ſufficient for Degrees.
Wine, and the Supper, muſt the Act compleat;
And he does beſt diſpute who beſt does treat:
'Tis *Carnival*, and we'll the time enjoy,
This day, and next, while VVine and Wit run high,
And the forty days
Preachers in vain may bid the Court repent,
But Poets ſure did never write in Lent.
Now in the name of Dulneſs and ſmall Beer
Ye *Nothern* VVits of fam'd St. *Johns* appear,
That ſcarce taſte Wine, or VVit throughout the Year.
Had ſhe, who by the pow'rful Charms of Wine
Transform'd *Ulyſſes* Men to Gruntling Swine;
Had ſhe and you th'Experiment try'd again,
By contrary effects ye had Poets been.
Next the pert Fops by Title dignifi'd,
Wiſe to themſelves, and Fools to all beſide,

Whom Company nor Drinking can refine,
Blockiſh and dull beyond the Pow'r of Wine;
Who after the firſt Bottle ſtill's the ſame,
Can never higher raiſe than Anagram,
Or at moſt quibble on their Dowdy's Name.
When *Whig* Religious, Trimmer Loyal turns,
When *Cambridge* Wives, and *Barnwel* Whores turn Nuns,
When Curate's Rich, and the fat Doctor's poor,
When Scholars trick, and Townſmen cheat no more:
When am'rous Fops leave hunting handſom Faces,
When craving Beadle begs no more for Places:
Hopkins and *Sternhold* with their paltry Rhimes,
Shall pleaſe us now, and take with future Times:
And *Water-drinkers* then ſhall famous grow,
Settle the Poet to my Lord-Mayor's Show
Shall *Dryden*, *Cowley* and our *Duke* out-go.

To Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd. *By Mr.* P--r

WHen Crowding Folks, with ſtrange Ill Faces,
Were making Legs, and begging Places;
And ſome with Patents, ſome with Merit,
Tired out my good Lord*D*----------*t*'s Spirit:
Sneaking, I ſtood, among the Crew,
Deſiring much to ſpeak with you.
I waited, while the Clock ſtruck thrice,
And Footman brought out fifty Lies;
Till Patience vext, and Legs grown weary,
I thought it was in vain to tarry:
But did opine it might be better,
By Penny-poſt to ſend a Letter.
Now, if you miſs of this Epiſtle,
I'm balk'd again, and may go whiſtle.
My Buſineſs, Sir, you'll quickly gueſs,
Is to deſire ſome little Place,
And fair pretenſions I have for't,
Much Need, and very ſmall Deſert.

VVhen e'er I writ to you, I wanted;
I always begg'd, you always granted;
Now, as you took me up when little,
Gave me my Learning, and my Vittle:
Askt for me, from my Lord, things fitting
Kind as I'd been your own begetting;
Confirm what formerly you've given,
Nor leave me now in Six and Seven
As *S------d* has left *Mun. St--------n.*
No Family that takes a VVhelp,
VVhen firſt he laps and ſcarce can yelp,
Neglects or turns him out of Gate,
VVhen he's grown up to Dogs Eſtate:
Nor Pariſh, if they one adopt
The ſpurious Barns that Strowlers dropt,
Leave 'em when grown up luſty Fellows,
To the wide VVorld, that is, the Gallows:
No, thank 'em for their Love, that's worſe,
Than if they'd throttl'd them at Nurſe.
My Uncle, reſt his Soul, when Living,
Might have contriv'd me ways of thriving;
Taught me with Syder to repleniſh
My Fatts or ebbing Tide of Rheniſh.
So when for Hock I drew Prickt VVhite-wine,
Swear't had the flavour, and was right Wine:
Or ſent me with ten Pounds to *Furna-*
Vall's Inn, to ſome good Rogue-Attorney;
Where now, by forging Deeds and cheating,
I'd had ſome handſom ways of getting.
All this you made me quit to follow,
That ſneaking Whey-fac'd God *Apollo*,
Sent me among a Fidling Crew
Of Folks, I'ad never ſeen nor knew,
Caliope, and God knows who.
To add no more Invectives to it,
You ſpoil'd the Youth to make a Poet.
In common Juſtice, Sir, there's no Man
That makes the Whore but keeps the Woman.
Among all honeſt Chriſtain People
Who e're breaks Limbs, maintains the Cripple.

The

The ſum of all I have to ſay,
Is, that you'd put me in ſome way,
And your Petitioner ſhall pray——
There's one thing more I had almoſt ſlipt,
But they may do as well in Poſt-ſcript;
My Friend *C——s M——ue's* preferr'd,
Nor would I have it long obſerv'd,
That one Mouſe eats while t'other's ſtarv'd.

The true and genuine Explanation, Of one King James's *Declaration.*

J. R.

WHereas by miſrepreſentation
(Of which Our ſelf was the Occaſion)
We loſt our Royal Reputation,
And much againſt Our Expectation,
Laid the moſt Tragical Foundation,
Of vacant Throne, and Abdication:
After mature Deliberation,
We now Reſolve to Sham the Nation
Into another Reſtauration;
Promiſing, in Our wonted Faſhion,
Without the leaſt Equivocation,
To make an ample Reparation.
And for Our Reinauguration
We chuſe to owe the Obligation
To Our kind Subjects Inclination,
For whom we always ſhew'd a Paſſion.
And when again they take Occaſion
To want a King of Our Perſwaſion,
We'll ſoon appear to take Our Station,
With the enſuing Declaration.
All ſhall be ſafe from Rope and Fire,
Or never more beleive in *J. R.*

J R.

J R.

WHen we reflect what Deſolation
Our Abſence cauſes to the Nation,
We would not hold Our ſelf exempted
From any thing to attempted,
Whereby Our Subjects, well beguil'd,
May to Our Yoke be reconcil'd.
Be all aſſur'd, both Whigg and Tory,
If for paſt Faults you can be ſorry,
You ne're ſhall know what we'll do for ye,
For 'tis our Noble Reſolution
To do more for your Conſtitution,
Than er'e we'll put in Execution.
Tho' ſome before us made a pother,
England hath never ſuch another,
No not our own Renown'd, Dear Brother.
We have it ſet before our Eyes,
That our main Intereſt wholly lies
In managing with ſuch Diſguiſe,
As leaves no room for Jealouſies.
And to encourage Foes and Friends
With Hearts and Hands to ſerve our Ends,
We hereby Publiſh and Declare
(And this we do becauſe we Dare)
That to evince We are not ſullen,
We'll bury all paſt Faults in Woollen,
By which you may perceive we draw
Our wiſe Reſolves from Statute Law:
And therefore by this Declaration
We promiſe Pardon to the Nation,
Excepting only whom VVe pleaſe,
Whether they be on Land or Seas.
And farther Blood-ſhed to prevent,
We here Declare Our ſelf content
To heap as large Rewards on all
That help to brings us to *White-hall*,
As ever did Our Brother Dear
At his Return on Cavalier:
Or we, ro Our immortal Glory,
Conferr'd on Non-reſiſting Tory,

Then

Then be aſſur'd the firſt fair weather
VVe'll call a Parliament together,
(Chuſe right or wrong no matter whether)
VVhere with United Inclinatiton
VVe'll bring the Intereſt of the Nation
Under our own Adjudication:
VVith their Concurrence we'll Redreſs
VVhat we Our ſelf think Grievances,
All ſhall be firm as Words can make it,
And if we promiſe, what can ſhake it?
As for the Church we'll ſtill defend it,
Or if you pleaſe, the *Pope* ſhall mend it,
Your Chappels, Colleges and Schools
Shall be ſupply'd with your own Fools:
But if we live another Summer,
VVe'll then relieve them from St. *Omer*.
Next for a Liberty of Conſcience,
VVith which we bit the Nation long ſince,
VVe ll ſettle it as firm and ſteady,
Perhaps as that you have already.
VVe'll never violate the Teſt,
Till 'tis Our Royal Intereſt,
Or till we think it ſo at leaſt,
But there we muſt conſult the Prieſt.
And as for the Diſpenſing Power
(Of Princes Crown the ſweeteſt Flower)
That Parliament ſhall ſo explain it,
As we in Peace may ſtill maintain it.
If other Acts ſhall be preſented,
VVe'll paſs em all, and be contented.
Let *H*-------*y*, *W*-------*k*, and old *C*-------*s*,
Draw Bills enough to load three Barges.
VVe'll give them thanks and bear their Charges:
VVhether they be for Partial Trial,
Judges Pride, or Self Denial,
For Royal Mines, or Triennial.
VVhat ever Laws receiv'd their Faſhion
Under the preſent Uſurpation,
Shall have Our Gracious Confirmation,
Provided ſtill we ſee Occaſian.

Our

Our Brother's *Iriſh* ſettling Act,
(Which we 'tis true repeal'd in Fact)
We'll be contented to reſtore,
If you'll provide for *Teague* before;
For you your ſelves ſhall have the Glory
To re-eſtabliſh wandring Tory.
But now you have ſo fair a Bidder,
'Tis more than time you ſhould conſider
What Funds are proper to ſupply Us
For that, and what your Hearths ſave by Us;
Therefore conſult your Ployhymne
To find another Rhime to Chimney.
Or if I bleed the Devil's in me.
And leſt a Project in its prime
Should be deſtroy'd for want of time,
We'll ſoon refer the whole Amount
To your Comiſſion of Account.
Thus having tortur'd Our Invention,
To frame a draught of Our Intention,
By the Advice of *H*----------*ton*,
wiſe *Ely*, *Fenwick*, and *Tom D*-------
And, of all Ranks, ſome Fifty One,
Who have adjuſted for Our coming
All Gimcrack's fit for ſuch a Mumming,
And 'tis their buſineſs to perſwade you
VVe come to ſuccour, not invade you.
But after this we think it Nonſence
(Beſides it is againſt our Conſcience)
To trouble you with a Relation,
Of Tyranny, and Violation,
Or Burthens that oppreſs the Nation,
Since yon can make the beſt Conſtructon
Of what may turn to your Deſtruction.
But ſince our Enemies would fright you,
Telling our Debt to *France* is mighty,
As poſitively we aſſure you,
As if we were before a Jury,
That he expects no Compenſation
For helping in our Reſtauration,
But what he gains in Reputation:

And all muſt own that know his Story
How far his Int'reſt ſtoops to Glory:
Whoſe Generoſity is ſuch,
We doubt not he'll out-do the *Dutch*.
We only add, that we are come
By Trumpets ſound and beat of Drum,
For our juſt Titles Vindication,
And Liberties Corroboration.
So may we ever find Succeſs,
As we intend you nothing leſs
Than what you owe to old Queen *Beſs*.

On the Death of the Queen. By my Lord Cutts.

SHE's gone! The Beauty of our Iſle is fled;
Our Joy cut off, the great *MARIA* dead.
We faint beneath the Stroake: but weep no more,
Waft not our Sorrow to a Foreign Shore;
Leſt *ALBION*'s Enemies with impious Breath
Prophane our Sighs, and Triumph in her Death.
Tears are too mean for her, our Grief ſhould be
Dumb as the Grave, and Black as Deſtiny.
For ſuch a Loſs let univerſal Nature mourn,
And all things to their firſt Diſorder turn.
Ye Fields and Gardens, where our Sov'reign walk'd,
Serenely ſmil'd, and profitably talk'd,
Be Gay no more; but wild and Barren lye,
That all your blooming Sweets with Her's may die,
Sweets that crown'd Love, and ſoftned Majeſty.
Bleſs'd Princeſs! How diſtinguiſh'd, how ador'd!
How much above ev'n Her own Sphere She ſoar'd!
Whilſt other Monarchs glory in their State,
In Wealth and Power contending to be great;
She, with a God-like and Heroick Mind,
Purſu'd a Greatneſs of another Kind;
A brighter Diadem than Earth could give;
A glorious Name that ſhould for ever live.

And

And with unweary'd Vertue preſſing on,
Gave Luſtre to, not borrow'd from a Crown.
Nor was this Angel lodg'd in common Earth,
Her Form proclaim'd Her Mind as well as Birth;
So graceful and ſo lovely, ne're was ſeen
A finer Woman or more awful Queen:
The Gazing Crowd admir'd Her as a God,
And reverenc'd the Ground whereon ſhe trod.

Ye gentle Nymphs that on her Throne did wait,
And help'd to fill the Brightneſs of Her State;
Mourn over your dead Miſtreſs, ſpeechleſs mourn,
Watch Her dear Aſhes, and attend Her Urn.
She cheriſh'd and adorn'd your tender Years,
Preventing ſtill the fearful Mothers Cares;
Whilſt all with ſhining Gold and Purple grac'd,
Your Beauties in the faireſt Light were plac'd.

How Majeſty is fall'n! As if the Great
Were deſtin'd to ſhort days and ſudden Fate.
O Empire! Thou deceitful treacherous Good:
How falſe thy Smiles, tho' hard to be withſtood!
VVhat ſtormy Ills thy calmer Brow conceals!
And what uncommon Stroaks a Monarch feels!
See where the glorious *Naſſau* fainting lies;
The mighty *Atlas* falls, the Conqueror dies.
O Sir! return, to *Albion*'s Help return;
Command your Grief, and like a Hero mourn.
If You forſake us, we are loſt indeed;
Your Subjects now Lament, but then muſt Bleed.
Think what a Task Your Vertue has begun,
And be not weary e're your Race is Run.
That Pow'r that form'd You in the tender Womb,
Then laid the Scenes of all Your Toils to come,
Decreed that You ſhould *Europe*'s Saviour be,
And from fierce Monſters purge the Earth and Sea;
Monſters of Tyrants that oppreſs Mankind,
And ſet no Bounds to their ambitious Mind.

Succeſs and Honour wait upon your Arms;
Heav'n guide your Heart, & guide you ſtill from Harms.
Maria has the Crown of Glory won;
And may You Late arrive where She is gone.

Prologue,

Prologue, by the E. of R-------r.

GEntle Reproofs have long been try'd in vain,
Men but deſpiſe us while we but complain:
Such numbers are concern'd for the wrong ſide,
A weak reſiſtance ſtill provokes their Pride;
And cannot ſtem the fierceneſs of the Tide.
Laughers, Buffoons, with an unthinking Crowd
Of gaudy Fools, impertinent and loud,
Inſult in every corner: Want of Senſe,
Confirm'd with an outlandiſh Impudence,
Among the rude Diſturbers of the Pit,
Have introduc'd ill Breeding, and falſe VVit:
To boaſt their Lewdneſs here young Scourers meet,
And all all the vile Companions of a Street,
Keep a perpetual Bawling near that Door,
VVho beat the Bawd laſt Night, who bilk't the VVhore:
They ſnarl, but neither Fight nor pay a Farthing,
A Play-Houſe is become a meer Bear-garden;
VVhere every one with Inſolence enjoys,
His Liberty and Property of Noiſe.
Should true Senſe, with revengful Fire, come down,
Our *Sodom* wants Ten Men to ſave the Town:
Each Pariſh is infected, to be clear
VVe muſt loſe more than when the Plague was here:
VVhile every little Thing perks up ſo ſoon,
That at Fourteen it hectors up and down, (Town,
VVith the beſt Cheats and the worſt VVhores i'th'
Swears at a Play, who ſhould be whipt at School,
The Foplings muſt in time grow up to rule,
The Faſhion muſt prevail to be a Fool.
Some powerful Muſe, inſpir'd for our defence,
Ariſe, and ſave a little common Senſe:
In ſuch a Cauſe, let thy keen Satyr bite,
VVhere Indignation bids thy Genius write:
Mark a bold leading Coxcomb of the Town,
And ſingle out the Beaſt, and hunt him down;
Hang up his mangl'd Carcaſs on the Stage,
To fright away the Vermin of the Age.

On

On Melting down the Plate: Or, the Piſs Pot's Farewel, 1697.

MAids need no more their Silver Piſs-pots ſcoure,
They now muſt jog like Traytors to the Tower:
A quick diſpatch! no ſooner are they come,
But ev'ry Veſſel there receives its Doom:
By Law condemn'd to take their fiery Tryal,
A ſentence that admits of no denial.
Preſumptuous Piſs-pot! how doſt thou offend?
Compelling Females on the Hams to bend?
To Kings and Queens, we humbly bow the Knee:
But Queens themſelves are forc'd to ſtoop to thee;
To thee they cringe, and with a ſtraining Face,
They cure their Grief, by opening their Caſe.
In times of need thy help they did implore,
And oft to eaſe their Ailments made thee roar.
Under their Bed thou ſtill hadſt been conceal'd,
And ne'er but on Neceſſity reveal'd:
When over charg'd, and in Extremity,
Their deareſt Secrets they diſclos'd to thee.
Long haſt thou been a Priſoner cloſe confin'd,
But Liberty is now for thee deſign'd,
Thou, whom ſo many Beauties have enjoy'd,
Now in another uſe ſhall be employ'd;
And with delight be handled ev'ry Day,
And oftner occupied a better way.
But crafty Workmen firſt muſt thee refine,
To purge thee from thy Soder and thy Brine.
When thou, transform'd into another ſhape,
Shalt make the World rejoyce at thy Eſcape;
And from the Mint in Triumph ſhall be ſent,
New Coin'd, and Mill'd, to ev'ry Hearts content.
Welcome to all, then proud of thy new Vamp,
Bearing the Paſport of a royal Stamp;
And paſs as currant, pleaſant, and as free,
As that which hath ſo often paſs'd into thee.

Tunbridge-Wells. *By the Earl of* Rochester, *June* 30. 1675.

AT five this Morn, when *Phœbus* rais'd his head
From *Thetis* Lap, I rais'd my self from Bed,
And mounting Steed, I trotted to the Waters,
The Rendevouze of Fool, Buffoons and Praters,
Cuckolds, Whores, Citizens, their Wives and Daughters.
My squeemish Stomach, I with Wine had brib'd,
To undertake the Dose, it was prescrib'd:
But turning Head a cursed suddain Crew,
That innocent Provision overthrew,
And without drinking, made me Purge and Spew.
From Coach and Six, a Thing unwealdy roll'd,
Whom lumber Cart, more decently would hold:
As wise as Calf it look'd, as big as Bully,
But handled, prov'd a meer Sir *Nicholas Cully*;
A Bawling Fop, a *Natural Nokes*, and yet
He dar'd to Censure, to be thought a Wit.
To make him more Ridiculous in spight,
Nature contriv'd the Fool should be a Knight:
" How wise is Nature when she does dispence,
" A large Estate to cover want of Sence,
" The Man's a Fool, 'tis true, but that's no matter,
" For He's a mighty Wit, with those that flatter;
" But a *poor Blockade*, is a wretched Creature,
Tho' he alone was dismal sight enough,
His Train contributed to set him off,
All of his Shape, all of the self-same Stuff.
No Spleen or Malice need on them be thrown,
Nature has done the business of Lampoon,
And in their Looks their Characters are shown.
Endeavouring this irksome sight to baulk,
And a more irksome noise their silly Talk;
I silently shrunk down to th' lower Walk.
But often when we would *Charibdis* shun,
Down upon *Scylla* 'tis our Fate to run;

For

For here it was my curſed luck to find,
As great a Fop, tho' of another kind.
A tall ſtiff Fool, that walk'd in Spaniſh guiſe,
The Buckram Puppet never ſtirr'd his Eyes,
But grave as Owl t look'd, as Woodcock wiſe.
He ſcorns the empty talk of this mad Age,
And ſpeaks all Proverbs, Sentences, adage;
Can with as great ſolemnity buy Eggs,
As a Cabal can talk of their Intrigues;
Maſter oth' Ceremonies, yet can diſpence,
With the formality of talking ſence.
From hence unto the upper end I ran,
Where a new Scene of Foppery began;
A tribe of Curates, Prieſts, Canonical Elves,
Were company for none beſides themſelves:
They got together, each his Diſtemper told,
Scurvy, Stone, Strangury; and ſome were bold,
To charge the Spleen to be their Miſery,
And on that wiſe Diſeaſe bring Infamy.
But none there were ſo modeſt to complain
Of want of Learning, Honeſty or Brain,
The general Diſeaſes of that Train.
Theſe call themſelves Ambaſſadors of Heaven,
Saucily pretending a Commiſſion given:
But ſhould an *Indian* King, whoſe ſmall Command,
Seldom extends t'above ten miles of Land;
Send forth ſuch wretched Fools on an Embaſſage,
He'd find but ſmall effect, from ſuch a Meſſage.
Liſtning, I found the Cobb of all the Rabble,
Was pert * *Bays*, with Importance comfortable;
He being rais'd to an Arch-deaconry, * *Parker*
By trampling on Religious Liberty;
Was grown ſo fat, and look'd ſo big and jolly,
Not being diſturb'd with care and melancholly,
Tho' *Marvel* has enough expos'd his folly:
He drank to carry off ſome old remains,
His lazy dull Diſtemper left in's Veins;
Let him drink on, but 'tis not a whole Flood,
Can give ſufficient ſweetneſs, to his Blood,
Or make his Nature or his Manners good.

Next after theſe, a fulſom *Iriſh* Crew,
Of ſilly Macks were offered to my view;
The things they talk, but hearing what they ſaid,
I hid my ſelf, the kindneſs to evade.
Nature has plac'd theſe Wretches below ſcorn,
They can't be call'd ſo vile as they were born.
Amidſt the crowd, next I my ſelf convey'd
For now there comes (White-Waſh, and Paint being laid,
Mother and Daughter, Miſtreſs and the Maid,
And Squire with Wig and Pantaloons diſplay'd:
But ne're could Conventicle, Play or Fair,
For a true Medly, with his Herd compare.
Here Lords, Knights, Squires, Ladies and Counteſſes,
Chandlers, Mum, Bacon, Women and Sempſtreſſes,
Were mix'd together, nor did they agree,
More in their Humours, than their Quality.
Here waiting for Gallant, young Damſel ſtood,
Leaning on Cane, and Muffled up in Hood:
The would-be-wit——whoſe buſineſs 'twas to woo,
With Hat remov'd, and ſolemn ſcrapes of Shooe;
Bowing advanced, then he gently ſhrugs,
And ruffled Fore-top he in order tugs;
And thus accoſts her, "Madam, methinks the Weather,
"Is grown much more ſerene ſince you came hither,
"You influence the Heavens; and ſhould the Sun,
"Withdraw himſelf to ſee his Rays out-done;
"Your Luminaries would ſupply the Morn,
"And make a Day, before the Day be born.
With Mouth ſcrew'd up, and aukward winking Eyes,
And breſt thruſt forward; Lord, Sir, ſhe replies:
It is my goodneſs, and not your deſerts,
Which makes you ſhew your Learning, Wit and Parts.
He puzzled, bites his Nails, both to diſplay
The Sparkling Ring, and think what's next to ſay:
And thus breaks out a freſh, Madam, I'gad,
Your Luck, laſt Night at Cards was mighty bad
At Cribbidge; Fifty nine, and the next ſhew,
To make your Game, and yet to want thoſe Two,

G---d

G---d---me, Madam, I'm the Son of a Whore,
If in my Life, I ſaw the like before.
To Pedler's Hall he drags her ſoon and ſays,
The ſame dull ſtuff a thouſand different ways;
And then more ſmartly to expound the Riddle
Of all his Prattle, gives her a Scotch Fiddle.
Quite tir'd with this moſt diſmal ſtuff; I ran
Where were two Wives, and Girl juſt fit for Man,
Short was her Breath, Looks Pale, and Viſage wan.
Some Curtiſy's paſt, and the old Compliment,
Of being glad to ſee each other ſpent:
With Hand in Hand they lovingly did walk,
And one began thus to renew the Talk.
I pray, good Madam, if it may be thought
No Rudeneſs, what cauſe was't hither brought
Your Ladiſhip? She ſoon replying ſmil'd,
We have a good Eſtate, but ne're a Child;
And I'm inform'd theſe Wells will make a barren
Woman, as fruitful as a Cony-warren.
The firſt return'd; for this Cauſe I am come,
For I can have no Quietneſs at Home.
My Husband grumbles tho' we've gotten one,
This poor young Girl, and mutters for a Son,
And this diſturb'd with Head-ach, Pangs and Throws,
Is full Sixteen, and yet had never *Thoſe*.
She anſwer'd, ſtrait, get her a Husband, Madam;
I Married at that Age, and never had 'em;
Was juſt like her, Steel Waters let alone,
A Back of Steel will bring them better down.
And ten to one, but they themſelves will try,
The ſame way to encreaſe their Family.
Poor ſilly Fribble who by Subtilty
Of Midwife, trueſt Friend to Letchery;
Perſuaded art to be at Pains and Charge,
To give thy Wife occaſion to enlarge
Thy ſilly Head. Some here Walk, Cuff and Kick
With brawny Back and Legs potent———
Who more ſubſtantially will cure thy Wife,
And to her half Dead-Womb reſtore new Life.

From theſe the Waters got their Reputation
Of good Aſſiſtance, unto Generation.
Some warlike Men were now got to the Throng,
With Hair ty'd back, ſinging a bawdy Song:
Not much afraid, I got a nearer View,
And 'twas my chance to know the Dreadful Crew:
They were Cadets, that ſeldom did appear,
Damn'd to the ſtint of Thirty Pounds a Year,
With Hawk on Fiſt, or Greyhound led in Hand,
They Dog and Foot-boy ſometimes to command;
But now having trim'd a leaſh of ſpavin'd Horſe,
With three hard-pinch't for Guineas in their Purſe
Two ruſty Piſtols Scarf about their Arſe——
Coat lin'd with Red, they have preſum'd to ſwell;
This goes for Captain, that for Collonel:
Ev'n ſo Bear Garden Ape, on his Steed mounted,
No longer is a Jackanapes accounted,
But is by Vertue of his Trumpery, then
Call'd by the Name of the young Gentleman.
Bleſs me! thought I, what Thing is Man that thus
In all his ſhapes, he is ridiculous.
Our ſelves with noiſe of Reaſon we do pleaſe,
In vain, Humanity's our worſt Diſeaſe,
Thrice happy Beaſts are, who, becauſe they be
Of Reaſon void, are ſo of Foppery.

A Satyr againſt Brandy.

FArewel thou *Stygæan* Juice, which does bewitch,
From the Court Bawd, down to the Country-(Bitch.
Down to thy Native Hell, and mend the Fire;
Or if you rather chooſe to ſettle nigher,
Deſcend to the Dull Clime from whence you came,
Where Wit and Courage may require the Flame;
Where they Carouſe in their *Veſuvian* Bowls,
To cruſh the Quagmire of their Spungy Souls.

Had

Had *Dives* for thy Scorching Moiſture cry'd,
Abraham in pity, had his ſuit deny'd.
Or *Bonner* known thy force, the Martyrs Flood,
Had ſiez'd on thee, and ſav'd the Nation Wood.
Eſſence of Ember, Scum of melted Flint,
With all its native Sparkles floating in't;
Sure the black Chymiſt, with his Cloven Foot,
All *Etna*'s Simples in his Lymbeck put?
And doubly Still'd, nay, Quintiſcenc'd thy Juice,
To Charcoal Mortals, for his future uſe.
Fireſhip to Nature who doſt doubly wound,
For they who grapple thee, are Burnt and Drown'd.
So when Heav'n preſs'd th' Auxiliaries of Hell,
A ſcorching Storm on Curſed *Sodom* fell;
And when its ſingle Plague could not prevail,
Ægypt was ſcall'd with kindled Rain and Hail,
So Natures Feuds are reconcil'd to Thee,
Thou two great Judgments in Epitomy.
Gods paſt, and future Judgment breath in you,
A Deluge, and a Conflagration too,
View yonder Sot, I do'nt mean *S*——
Grill'd all o're with thee from Head to Foot:
His greaſy Eye-lids ſhow'd above their pitch,
His Face with Carbuncles, and Rubies Rich:
His Scull inſtead of Brain, ſupply'd with Cynder,
His Noſe turns all his Hankerchiefs to Tynder:
His feeble Head ſcarce heave the Liquor in,
His Nerves, all crackle in his Parchment-skin:
His Stomach don't concoct, but bake his Food,
His Liver even vitrifies his Blood.
His Guts from Nature's Drudgery are freed,
And in his Bowels *Salamanders* breed.
He breaths like a Smiths Forge, and wets the Fire,
Not to allay the Flame, but raiſe it higher.
He's grown to hot to think, too dull to laugh,
And ſteps as tho' he walk'd with *Pinder*'s Staff.
The moving glaſs-houſe lighten in his Eyes,
Singes his Cloaths, and all his marrow frys,
Glows for a while, then in Aſhes dyes.

But hold; leſt I the Saints dire Anger merit,
By ſtinting theſe Auxiliary Spirits,
I hear of late, whate're the wicked think,
Thou art reform'd and turn'd a Godly Drink:
For ſince the publick Faith, for Plate did whimble,
And ſanctified thy Girl with *Hannah*'s Thimble:
Thou leſts thy old bad Company of Vermin,
The ſwearing Porters, and the drunken Carr-men;
And the lewd drivers of the Hackny Coaches,
And now take up with Sage Diſcreet Debauches:
Thou freely dropſt upon Gold Chains, and *Furr*,
And Sots of Quality thy Minions are.
No more ſhall thou foment an Ale houſe brawl,
But the more ſober Riots of *Guild Hall*.
Whereby thy Spirits fallible Direction,
The Reprobates ſtood Poling for Election.
Go then, thou Emblem of their torrid Zeal,
Add Flame to Flame, and their ſtiff Tempers heal,
Till they grow ductile to the publick Weal.
Yet one word more, now we are out of hearing,
Many have dy'd with drinking, ſome with ſwearing.
If theſe two Ills ſhould in Conjunction meet,
The Graſs would quickly grow in every Street:
Save thou this Nation from the double Blow,
And keep thy fire from *Salamanca* T. O.

On the Infanta *of* Portugal.

I.

HOw Cruel was *Alanzo*'s Fate,
To fix his Love ſo high;
That he muſt periſh for her hate,
Or for her Kindneſs dye?

II.

Tortur'd and Mangl'd, Cut and Maim'd,
I'th' midſt of all his Pain,
He with his dying Breath proclaim'd,
'Twas better than Diſdain.

III.

III.

The Gentle Nymph long ſince deſign'd,
For the proud Mounſieurs Bed;
Now to a Holy Goal confin'd,
Drops Tears for every Bead.

IV.

Tell me, ye Gods, if when a King
Suffers for Impotence;
If Love be ſuch a thing,
What can be Innocence?

Pindarick. By the Lord R——r.

1.

LEt Ancients boaſt no more,
Their lewd Imperial Whore;
Whoſe everlaſting Luſt,
Surviv'd her Body's laſt Thruſt.
And when that tranſitory Duſt
Had no more Vigour left in ſtore,
Was ſtill, as freſh and active, as before.

2.

Her Glory muſt give place,
To one of Modern Britiſh Race;
Whoſe every daily Act exceeds
The others moſt tranſcendent Deeds:
She has at length made good,
That there is Humane Fleſh and Blood,
Even able to out-do,
All that their looſeſt Wiſhes prompt them to.

3.

When ſhe has Jaded quite,
Her almoſt Boundleſs appetite;
Cloy'd with the choiceſt Banquets of Delight,
She'll ſtill trudge on in taſteleſs Vice,
(As if ſhe ſinn'd for Exercife)
Diſabling ſtouteſt Stallions every hour,

And

And when they can perform no more,
She'll rail at 'em, and kick them out of Door.

4.

Mon———th and *Ca———h* Droop,
As first did *Henning——m* and *Scrope*:
Nay, Scabby *Ned* looks Thin and Pale,
And sturdy *Frank* himself begins to fail:
But Wo betide him if he does,
She'll set her *Jockey* on his Toes,
And he shall end the Quarrel without Blows.

5.

Now tell me all you Pow'rs,
Whoe're could equal this Lewd Dame of ours
Lais her self must yield,
And vanquish'd *Julia* quit the Field:
Nor can that Princess, one day fam'd,
As wonder of the Earth,
For *Minataurus* glorious Birth,
With Admiration any more be Nam'd
These Puny Heroins of History,
Eclipsed by her shall all forgotten be
Whilst her great Name confronts Eternity.

A Prophecy by Sir F. S.

WHen * *Tewksbury* Mustard shall travel abroad, * *Lord* C.
And dye in a Ditch without Magpye or Toad;
When the Sauce of the Veal joyning three to one Lion
Shall devour the Fish the Pad Nag to * *Arion*, * *Dolphin*.
Then the Lillies shall try to swim over the Ferry,
And all shall be met with and drown'd by the Cherry;
The Children of *France* with Famine oppress,
Shall complain that their Mother has never a Breast.

An Anſwer to the Prophecy.

WHen the laſt of all Knights, and the worſt of all Knaves.
And the beſt of all P---mps is the worſt of all Braves,
When a Lubberly Clown is prefer'd for his Breeding,
And a Mock Hero dubb'd not for Fighting but Feeding.
When a Medal and Chain is beſtow'd on a Dog,
That better deſerves a Rope than a Clog;
Then *England* beware of the Conduct of *France*,
The Dolphin ſhall lead the Lion a Dance,
And the Children ſhall laugh that their Breſts is ſo full,
Whilſt the proud Navy Royal's a ſucking a Bull.

An Anſwer to the Lord Rocheſter's *Satyr on Man.* *By Dr.* P———

WEre I to chuſe what ſort of Corps I'd wear,
Not Baron Dog, Lord Monkey, or Earl Bear;
But I'd be Man, not as I am the Worſt,
But Man refin'd ſuch as he was at firſt;
The ſpeechleſs State of Brutes I would refuſe,
For the ſame Cauſe another doth it chuſe,
For then the Reputation I ſhould loſe
Of Wit, Extravagance and Mode from whence
Reaſon is made to truckle under Sence,
Or if to Sence I did ſo much incline,
I'd rather be a Satyr, Goat or Swine,
To help to break the Court Phyſicians, who
Beſides compounding Luſts have nought to do.
Nature (exceeding Broths) would then excite
Supplies to make a full meal'd Appetite,
No Bugbear Conſcience dulling the Delight.
But what need ſuch a Metamorphoſis,
Man being made can do e'en more than this,

Grant-

Granting your Principle that Reaſons uſe,
Is not to curb, but make Senſe more profuſe.
For tho' Mans Life more vig'rous is than Brutes,
His pander Reaſon can contrive Recruits,
For its defects what Sins the ſenſual Man
Can't do alone the reaſonable can.
With uſeful Will for Senſuality,
A half unfaſhion'd Sinner doth deſcry
His Modeſty debaucht who can tell why;
That ſtirs up ſlow pac'd Luſt by Agrument,
Who tir'd Senſe give no Divertiſement,
But call for more when all its Sin is ſpent,
And tho' the flagging Wretch would be content,
Diſabled from more Vice, now to repent.
Upbraiding Reaſon ſcorns the puny Motion,
Bids it chear up, and gives it t'other Potion,
Till after all when Nature hath given o're,
And Art can buoy up aged Senſe no more,
Reaſon reſerves this Remedy at laſt,
To think thoſe Pleaſures which it cannot taſt;
In this the thinking Fool may become wiſe,
And yet think on ſo that his thinking lies
In Notions of Venereal Miſteries.
Hence ſprung the reaſoning Art in former Days
Of *Sphinſtrinx Oſcis*, and the modern Ways,
By Baths, Laſcivious Pictures, Jigs and Plays.
If this be Reaſons uſe no more we'll call
Clodius incontinent but rational,
And boaſt the Reaſon of *Sardanapal.*
Reaſon nick nam'd like Quaker new found Light,
One while call'd Spirit, *alias* Appetite;
A ſtupid Reaſon which none will defend,
But he that has with Brutes one common End;
Debaſing Reaſon, corrupting every Aſs,
Even with my Lord in the ſame reaſoning Glaſs:
I'll be no Student in this Learned School,
I'd rather be the human thinking Fool,
A cloiſter'd Coxcomb able to converſe
(Although alone) with the whole Univerſe.

And

And reaſoning, into Heaven mount, from thence.
Poſt *Gazetes* of Divine Intelligence
And ſacred Knowledge moſt remote from Senſe.
Might I be placed in this exploded Sphere,
I'd not alone forgive the witty Jeer,
But boaſt the Name of reaſoning Engineer.
But as for Man made perfect and upright,
Why not the Image of the infinite;
Were this a Scandal to his Glory, muſt
We for his Honours ſake his word diſtruſt?
Or is an Image ſuch a very ſame
With that it repreſents, that it muſt claim
Its full Perfection, ſure my Picture might
Be painted like me, and yet void of Sight?
Muſt the firſt Draught of Man be vilify'd (ſtray'd?
Scorn'd and Contemn'd 'cauſe Man himſelf hath
Or did not *Eve* ſufficiently tranſgreſs,
And baſterdiſe Poſterity, unleſs
Man little as he is be made much leſs.
Tho' he does not his higher End purſue
So well as doth the more ignoble Crew;
Of Birds and Beaſts that have little elſe to do.
The Difficulty of his lofty End
Above the others does his Cauſe defend;
And in the means a diſproportion pleads
Choice ſways the one, Inſtinct the other leads.
'Tis not 'cauſe Jowler's wife he takes the Hare;
But 'tis becauſe Jowler cannot forbear.
Tho' in the Chair of State *Jone* lolling ſit,
That therefore ſhe can ſit upright in it,
Is an ill Conſequence and void of Wit.
But you your ſelf have taught Man ſuch a Way
Unto his Happineſs that he muſt ſtray;
For if his Senſe muſt uſher in his Reſt,
And never be abridg'd of its Requeſt,
He may be drunk and pockey but ne'er bleſt.
As for Pride, gendring Philoſophy
A captious Word, 'tis what you'd have it be,
Its own Diſtinctions have an Act to ſhew
'Tis good or bad, or neither as pleaſe you.

Some

Some Sects love Wrangling, others Pedantry,
But in the Love of Wiſdom all agree,
Wiſdom which all acknowledge to be good,
But hath the Fate to be miſunderſtood,
But tho' Fools crowd among Philoſophers,
The Fault is not the Sciences but theirs;
With all their Flaws our Bedlam School I'd chooſe
Before the madder Taverns lewder ſtews;
Tho' both are Slaves I rather do reſpect
The *Stoick* than the *Epicuræan* Sect;
If Senſe or Reaſon, one muſt be deny'd,
Reaſon would tell me Reaſon muſt abide,
The leſs obnoxious and the ſureſt Guide.
But ſince kind Nature hath deſign'd 'em both,
For humane Complement, I ſhould be loth
To give my human Senſe to its own Will,
Or grant a Tyrant Reaſon leave to kill;
Such uſeful Faculties my Reaſon ſhall,
Govern my ſubject Sence but not enthral;
Nor ſhall officious Senſe preſume to act,
Till Juſtice Authorize the Fact.
That humane Nature is corrupt I grant,
But was't the Uſe of Reaſon, or the want,
That puſt out the warm breath of Love? from whence
Sprung Murder firſt but from malicious Senſe?
Which having firſt uſurp'd Queen Reaſon's Throne,
Was not contented with one Sin alone,
But falling headlong plainly ſhews, alas!
By too too fatal proof that that which was
The beſt, corrupted to the worſt does paſs.
Hence the acuteſt Wits when they are defil'd
Turn moſt extravagant, prophane and wild,
Defend Debaucheries and Senſe advance
To reaſon Reaſon out of Countenance,
Making their Knowledge worſe than Ignorance,
But muſt Humanity be quite erac'd,
Becauſe it is from what it was defac'd?
Or, muſt the little Reaſon Men yet hold,
For their Improvement, be for Dogs fleſh ſold?

Some-

Sometimes the Gameſter when Misfortune croſſes,
With his laſt Stake recovers all his Loſſes;
H's but a weak Phyſician who gives o're
His weaker Patient whom he might reſtore;
But may he ſuffer an eternal Curſe,
That dare preſcribe a Remedy that's worſe
Than the Diſeaſe itſelf, when Jowler's lame,
No one expects that he ſhould catch the Game,
But that he may hereafter, I am ſure
'Tis beſt not to cut off his Leg, but cure.
He that feels Qualms of Conſcience in his Breaſt,
Let him not barter Reaſon with a Beaſt,
But purge the Guilt with which he is oppreſt.
That Honeſty's againſt all common Senſe
Is a good Argument for my Defence,
Since With that thing that hath ſo great a Fame
Is inconſiſtent Senſe is much to blame;
And Reaſon will (ſpite of the Rhime and Tide
Of Ink, Wit and Contempt) more firm abide,
For having ſuch a Vertue on its ſide.
And Valour too takes part with her for Senſe,
As you contrive it puts no Difference
Between the Valiant that are ſo for fear,
And Cowards that would be, but do not dare;
Reaſon could ne're invent ſuch a witty thing,
That one ſhould fight for fear of quarrelling,
All men you ſay for Fools or Knaves muſt go,
And 'tis a Man himſelf that calls them ſo,
And being Man is at his own Choice free,
Or in the Rank of Fools or Knaves to be,
Let him be either, or elſe none for me.
But let me, Sir, requeſt before you ſlip
Into the Dog, or Bear, or Monky-Ship,
Whether you think their bruitiſh Form procures
Any Advantages exceeding yours?
Both Dog and Bear as well as Man will fight,
And (o no Purpoſe too) each other bite;
And as for Pug all his Vertues lye
In aping Man the only thing you fly,

The wiſer way this Evil to redreſs
Is to be what you are, not more not leſs.
That is not Man, Dog, Bear nor Monkey neither,
But a Rare ſomething of them altogether.

An Epitaph on the D. of G——— *By* F. S——d.

I.

BEneath this place
Is ſtow'd his Grace
The Duke of G———
As ſharp a Blade
As are was made,
Or e'er had Haft on.

II.

Mark'd with a Star
Forg'd for War
Of Mettle true
As ever drew
Or made a Paſs
At Lad or Laſs.

III.

This nat'ral Son of *Mars*
Ne're hung an Arſe
Or turn'd his Tail
Tho' ſhot like Hail.

IV.

Flew 'bout his Ears
Through Pikes and Spears
So thick they hid the Sun
He'd boldly lead them on
More like a Devil than a Man.

V.

He valu'd not the Balls of Gun
He ne're would dread
Shot made of Lead
Or Cannon Ball
Nothing at all.

VI.

Yet a Bullet of *Cork*
Soon did his Work
Unhappy Pellet
With Grief I tell it
It has undone
Great *Cæſar*'s Son.
A Stateſman ſpoil'd
A Soldier foil'd
G——rot him
That ſhot him,
A Son of a Whore
I ſay no more.

The

The Iniskilling *Regiment.*

1.

I Will ſing in the Praiſe, if you'll lend but an Ear,
Of the firſt Royal Regiment, but don't think I jeer,
If I vow and proteſt they are as brave Men and Willing,
As ever old *Rome* bred, or new *Iniskilling*.

2.

Oh had you but ſeen them March with that *Decorum*,
That no *Roman* Triumph could e're go before 'em,
Some ſmoking, ſome whiſtling, all meaning no harm;
Like *Yorkſhire* Attornies coming up to a Term.

3.

On Bobtails, on Longtails, on Trotters, on Pacers,
On Pads, Hawkers, Hunters, on Higlers, on Racers,
You'd ha' ſwore Knight and Squires, Prigs, Cuckolds and Pandors.
Appear'd all like ſo many great *Alexanders*.

4.

Whoſe Warriers who thorow all Dangers durſt go,
Moſt bravely deſpiſing Blood, Battle and Foe,
Were mounted on Steeds the laſt Lord Mayor's Day,
From *Turky*, *Spain*, *Barbary*, Coach, Cart and Dray.

5.

'Twas that very day their high Proweſs was ſhown,
In guarding the King thro' the Fire-works o'th' Town,
Tho' Sparks were unhors'd, and their lac'd Coats were ſpoil'd,
They dreaded no Squibs of Men, Women or Child.

6.

The Cornet whoſe Noſe, though it ſpoke him no *Roman*,
Was mounted that day on a Horſe feared no man,
No Wounds, for all o're his Trappings ſo ſumptuous,
He had ty'd Squibs and Crackers, 'twas mighty preſumptuous.

7.

For note his Deſign, faith 'tis worth your admiring,
'Twas to let the Queen ſe how his Horſe could ſtand firing,
Not wiſely conſid'ring her Majeſty's marry'd.
And he had been hang'd if the Queen had miſcarry'd.

8.

All Hearts true as Steel, but of all brave Fellows
Th' Attorney for my mony who was so zealous,
He went for the Leaſe of his own Houſe from home,
To make a new covering for the Troop's Kettle drum.

9.

The Lieutenant being thrown by his Jennet,
His Son in Law fancying ſome Treachery in it,
Gave the Oaths to the Horſe, which the Beaſt took, they ſay,
But ſwore by the Lord they went down like chopt hay.

10.

He the Nag of an *Iriſh* Papiſt did buy,
So doubting his Courage and his Loyalty,
He taught him to eat with his Oats Gunpowder,
And prance to the Tune of *Lilly-bolero*.

11.

The Tub-preaching Saint was ſo furious a Blade,
In Jack-boots both Day and Night preacht, ſlept and pray'd,
To call them to prayers he need no Saints Bell,
For gingling his Spurs chim'd them all in as well.

12.

A noble ſtout Scrivener that now ſhall be nameleſs,
That in Day of Battle he might be found blameleſs,
A War-horſe of Wood from *Duck Carver* buys,
To learn with more ſafety the Horſe Exerciſe.

13.

With one Eye on's Honour, the other on's Gain,
He fixes a Desk on *Bucephalus* Main,
That ſo by that means he his Prancer beſtriding,
Might practiſe at once both his Writing and Riding.

14.

But oh the ſad news which their Joy now confounds,
To *Ireland* their own like the laſt Trumpet ſounds,
Lord, Lord, how this ſets them a Writing Petitions,
And thinking of nothing but Terms and Conditions.

15.

Oh, who will March for me, ſpeak any that dare,
A Horſe and an Hundred Pounds for him that's fair,
Dear Courtiers excuſe me from *Teagland* and Slaughter,
And take which you pleaſe, *Sir*, my Wife or my Daughter.

16. Some

16.

Some feign'd themſelves lame, ſome feign'd themſelves clapt,
At laſt finding all themſelves by themſelves trapt,
The King moſt unanimouſly they addreſt,
And told him the Truth, 'twas all but a Jeſt.

17.

A Jeſt, quoth the King, and with that the King ſmill'd,
Come, it ne're ſhall be ſaid ſuch a Jeſt ſhall be ſpoil'd,
Therefore I diſmiſs you, in Peace all depart,
For it was more your Goodneſs then my Deſert.

18.

Thus happily freed from the dreadful Vexation,
Of being Defenders of this, or that Nation,
They kiſt Royal Fiſt, and were drunk all for Joy,
And broke all their Swords, and cry'd *Vive le Roy*.

A Ballad on the Fleet.

A Mighty great Fleet the like was ne'er ſeen
Since the Reign of K. *William* and *Mary* the Q.
Deſign'd the Deſtruction of *France* to have been.
Which no body can deny, &c.

The Fleet was compoſed of *Engliſh* and *Dutch*,
For Men and for Guns there was never ſeen ſuch,
Nor ſo little done, when expected ſo much.
Which, &c.

One hundred Ships which we Capital call,
With Frigots and Tenders, and Yatchts that were ſmall,
Went out, and did little or nothing at all.
Which, &c.

26050o and ſix Luſty Men,
Had they chanc'd to have met with the *French* Fleet, oh then,
As they beat 'em laſt Year, ſo they'd beat 'em again.
Which, &c.

Six thouſand great Guns and ſeventy eight more,
As good and as great as ever did roar,
It had been the ſame thing had they all been aſhore;
Which, &c.

But *T*———now muſt command them no more;
We try'd of what Mettle he was made of before,
It's ſafer for him on the Land for to whore.
Which, &c.

For a Bullet perhaps from the lowd Cannons Breech,
Which makes no diſtinction betwixt poor and rich,
Inſtead of his Dog might have taken his Bitch.
Which, &c.

But *R*———the C———C———*R*———is choſe,
His fine ſelf and his Fleet to the Sea to expoſe,
But he'll have a Care how he meets with his Foes.
Which, &c.

He had Sea-Colonels of the Nature of Otter,
Which either might ſerve by Land or by Water,
But of what they have done we have heard no great matter.
Which, &c.

In the month of *May* laſt they ſail'd on the Main,
And now in *September* they come back again
With the loſs of ſome Ships, but in Battle none ſlain.
Which, &c.

THE

THE FOREIGNERS.

LONG time had *Israel* been diſus'd from Reſt,
Long had they been by Tyrants ſore oppreſt;
Kings of all ſorts they ignorantly crav'd,
And grew more ſtupid as they were enſlav'd:
Yet want of Grace they impiouſly diſown'd,
And ſtill like Slaves beneath the Burden groan'd:
With languid Eyes their Race of Kings they view,
The Bad too many, and the Good too few,
Some rob'd their Houſes, and deſtroy'd their Lives,
Raviſh'd their Daughters, and debauch'd their Wives;
Prophan'd the Altars with polluted Loves,
And worſhipp'd Idols in the Woods and Groves.
To Foreign Nations next they have recourſe;
Striving to mend, they made their State much worſe,
They firſt from *Hebron* all their Plagues did bring,
Cramm'd in the Single Perſon of a King;
From whoſe baſe Loins ten thouſand Evils flow,
Which by Succeſſion they muſt undergo.
Yet ſenſe of Native Freedom ſtill remains,
They fret and grumble underneath their Chains;
Incens'd, enrag'd, their Paſſion does ariſe,
Till at his Palace-Gate their Monarch dies.
This Glorious Feat was by the Fathers done,
Whoſe Children next depos'd his Tyrant Son,
Made him like *Cain*, a murd'rous Wanderer,
Both of his Crimes, and of his Fortunes ſhare.
But ſtill reſolv'd to ſplit on Foreign Shelves,
Rather than venture once to truſt Themſelves,

To Foreign Courts and Councils do reſort,
To find a King their Freedoms to ſupport:
Of one for mighty Actions fam'd the're told,
Profoundly Wiſe, and deſperately Bold,
Skilful in War, Succeſsful ſtill in Fight,
Had vanquiſh'd Hoſts, and Armies put to flight;
And when the Storms of War and Battles ceaſe,
Knew well to ſteer the Ship of State in Peace.
Him they approve, approaching to their ſight,
Lov'd by the Gods, of Mankind the Delight.
The numerous Tribes reſort to ſee him land,
Cover the Beach, and blacken all the Strand;
With loud Huzza's they welcome him on ſhore,
And for their Bleſſing do the Gods implore.
The Sanhedrim conven'd, at length debate
The ſad Condition of their drooping State,
And Sinking Church, juſt ready now to drown;
And with one Shout they do the Hero crown.
Ah Happy *Iſrael!* had there never come,
Into his Councils crafty Knaves at home,
In combination with a Foreign Brood,
Sworn Foes to *Iſrael*'s Rights and *Iſrael*'s Good;
Who impiouſly foment inteſtine Jars,
Exhauſt our Treaſure, and prolong our Wars;
Make *Iſrael*'s People to themſelves a Prey,
Miſlead their King, and ſteal his Heart away:
United Intereſts thus they do divide,
The State declines by Avarice and Pride.
Like Beaſts of Prey they ravage all the Land,
Acquire Preferments, and uſurp Command.
The Foreign Inmates the Houſe-keepers ſpoil,
And drain the Moiſture of our fruitful Soil.
If to our Monarch there are Honours due,
Yet what with *Gibeonites* have we to do?
When Foreign States employ 'em for their Food,
To draw their Water, and to hew their Wood.
What Muſhroom Honours, does our Soil afford!
One day a Beggar, and the next a Lord.
What daſtard Souls do *Jewiſh* Nobles wear!
The Commons ſuch Affronts would never bear.

Let

Let no Hiſtorian the ſad Stories tell
Of thy baſe Sons. O ſervile *Iſael!*
But thou, my Muſe, more Generous and Brave,
Shalt their black Crimes from dark Oblivion ſave.
To future Ages ſhalt their Sins diſcloſe,
And brand with Infamy thy Nation's Foes.
A Country lies, due Eaſt from *Judah*'s Shoar,
Where ſtormy Winds, and noiſy Billows roar;
A Land much differing from all other Soils,
Forc'd from the Sea, and buttreſs'd up with Piles.
No marble Quarries bind the ſpung Ground,
But Loads of Sand and Cockle-ſhells are found:
Its Natives void of Honeſty and Grace,
A Booriſh, Rude, and Inhumane Race;
From Nature's Excrement their Life is drawn,
Are born in Bogs, and nouriſh'd up from Spawn.
Their hard-ſmoak'd Beef is their continual Meat,
Which they with Rusk, their luſcious Manna, eat;
Such Food with their chill Stomachs beſt agrees,
They ſing *Hoſannah* to a Mare's-milk Cheeſe.
To ſupplicate no God, their Lips will move;
Who ſpeaks in Thunder like Almighty *Jove*,
But watry Deities they do invoke,
Who from the Marſhes moſt Divinely croak.
Their Land, as if aſham'd their Crimes to ſee,
Dives down beneath the Surface of the Sea.
Neptune, the God who does the Seas command,
Ne'er ſtands on Tip-toe to deſcry their Land;
But ſeated on a Billow of the Sea,
With Eaſe their humble Marſhes does ſurvey.
Theſe are the Vermin do our State moleſt;
Eclipſe our Glory, and diſturb our Reſt.
BENTIR in the Inglorious Roll the firſt,
Bentir to this, and future Ages, curſt,
Of mean Deſcent, yet inſolently proud,
Shun'd by the Great, and hated by the Crowd;
Who neither Blood nor Parentage can boaſt,
And what he got the *Jewiſh* Nation loſt.
By laviſh Grants whole Provinces he gains,
Made forfeit by the *Jewiſh* Peoples Pains.

Till angry Sanhedrims ſuch Grants reſume,
And from the Peacock take each borrow'd Plume.
Why ſhould the *Gibeonites* our Land engroſs,
And aggrandize their Fortunes with our Loſs?
Let them in foreign States proudly command,
They have no portion in the Promis'd Land,
Which immemorially has been decreed
To be the Birth-right of the *Jewiſh* Seed.
How ill does *Bentiv* in the Head appear
Of Warriours, who do *Jewiſh* Enſigns bear,
By ſuch we're grown e'en ſcandalous in War.
Our Fathers Trophies were, and oft could tell,
How by their Swords the mighty Thouſands fell;
What mighty Deeds our Grandfathers had done,
What Battels fought, what Wreaths of Honour won.
Thro the extended Orb they purchas'd Fame,
The Nations trembling at their Awful Name:
Such wondrous Heroes our Fore-fathers were,
When we, baſe Soul! but Pigmies are in War.
By Foreign Chieftains we improve in Skill;
We learn how to intrench, not how to kill.
For all our Charge are good Proficients made,
In uſing both the Pickax and the Spade.
But in what Field have we a Conqueſt wrought?
In Ten Years War what Battle have we fought?
If we a Foreign Slave may uſe in War,
Yet why in Council ſhould that Slave appear?
If we with *Jewiſh* Treaſure make him great,
Muſt it be done to undermine the State?
Where are the Ancient Sages of Renown?
No *Magi* left, fit to adviſe the Crown?
Muſt we by Foreign Councils be undone?
Unhappy *Iſrael*, who ſuch Meaſures takes.
And ſeeks for Stateſmen in the Bogs and Lakes:
Who ſpeak the Language of moſt abject Slaves,
Under the Conduct of our *Jewiſh* Knaves.
Our *Hebrew*'s murderer in their hoarſer Throats;
How ill their Tongues agree with *Jewiſh Notes!*
Their untun'd Prattle does our Senſe confound,
Which in our Princely Palaces does ſound.

The

The self-same Language the old Serpent spoke,
When misbelieving *Eve* the Apple took:
Of our first Mother why are we asham'd,
When by the self same Rhetorick we are damn'd?

But *Bentir*, not content with such Command,
To canton out the *Jewish* Nations Land;
He does extend to other Coasts his Pride,
And other Kingdoms into parts divide.
Unhappy *Hiram!* dismal is thy Song;
Tho born to Empire, thou art very young!
Ever in Nonage, canst no Right transfer:
But who made *Bentir* thy Executor?
What mighty Power does *Israel*'s Land afford?
What Power has made the famous *Bentir* Lord?
The Peoples Voice, and *Sanhedrim*'s Accord.
Are not the Rights of People still the same?
Did they e'er differ in or Place or Name?
Have not Mankind on equal Terms still stood,
Without Distinction, since the mighty Flood?
And have not *Hiram*'s Subjects a free Choice,
To chuse a King by their united Voice?
If *Israel*'s People cou'd a Monarch chuse,
A living King at the same time refuse;
That *Hiram*'s People, shall it e'er be said,
Have not the Right of Choice when he is dead?
When no Successor to the Crown's in sight,
The Crown is certainly the Peoples Right.
If Kings are made the People to enthral,
We had much better have no King at all:
But Kings, appointed for the Common Good,
Always as Guardians to their People stood.
And Heaven allows the People sure a Power,
To chuse such Kings as shall not them devour:
They know full well what best will serve themselves,
How to avoid the dangerous Rocks and Shelves.
Unthinking *Israel!* Ah, henceforth beware
How you entrust this faithful Wanderer!

He

Or

He, who another Kingdom can divide,
May ſet your Conſtitution ſoon aſide,
And o're your Liberties in Triumph ride.
Support your Rightful Monarch, and his Crown,
But pull this proud, this croaking Mortal down.
Proceed, my Muſe; the Story next relate
Of *Keppech*, the Imperious Chit of State,
Mounted to Grandeur by the uſual Courſe
Of Whoring, Pimping, or a Crime that's worſe;
Of Foreign Birth, and undeſcended too,
Yet he, like *Bentir*, mighty Feats can do.
He robs our Treaſure to augment his State,
And *Jewiſh* Nobles on his Fortunes wait:
Our raviſh'd Honours on his Shoulder wears,
And Titles from our Antient Rolls he tears.
Was e'er a prudent People thus beſool'd,
By upſtart Foreigners thus baſely gull'd?
Ye *Jewiſh* Nobles, boaſt no more your Race,
Or ſacred Badges did your Fathers grace!
In vain is Blood, or Parentages, when
Ribbons and Garters can ennoble Men,
To Chivalry you need have no recourſe,
The gawdy Trappings make the Aſs a Horſe.
No more, no more your Antient Honours own,
By ſlaviſh *Gibeonites* you are outdone:
Or elſe your Antient Courage re-aſſume,
And to aſſert your Honours once preſume;
From off their Heads your raviſh'd Lawrels tear,
And let them know what *Jewiſh* Nobles are.

The True Born Engliſh-man.

To the Reader.

THe End of Satyr is Reformation: And the Author, tho' he doubts the Work of Converſion is at a General Stop, has put his Hand to the Plow.

I expect a Storm of Ill Language from the Fury of the Town, and eſpecially from thoſe whoſe *Engliſh* Talent is to Rail; and without being taken for a Conjurer, I may venture to foretel, That I ſhall be cavil'd at about my *Mean Stile*, *Rough Verſe*, and *Incorrect Language*; things I might, indeed, have taken more care in. But the Book is Printed; and tho' I ſee ſome Faults, 'tis too late to mend them: And this is all I think needful to ſay to them.

Poſſibly ſomebody may take me for a *Dutchman*, in which they are miſtaken: But I am one that would be glad to ſee *Engliſh men* behave themſelves better to Strangers, and to Governors alſo; that one might not be reproach'd in Foreign Countries for belonging to a *Nation that wants Manners*.

I aſſure you, *Gentlemen*, Strangers uſe us better abroad, and we can give no reaſon but our Ill-Nature for the contrary here.

Methinks an *Engliſh man*, who is ſo proud of being call'd *A Good Fellow*, ſhou'd be Civil: And it cannot be denied but we are in many Caſes, and particularly to Strangers, the Churliſheſt People alive.

As to Vices, who can diſpute our *Intemperance*, whilſt an *Honeſt* Drunken Fellow is a Character in a

Man's

Mans Praiſe? All our Reformations are Banters, and will be ſo, till our Magiſtrates and Gentry reform themſelves by way of Example; then, and not till then, they may be expected to puniſh others without Bluſhing.

As to our *Ingratitude*, I deſire to be underſtood of that particular People, who pretending to be Proteſtants, have all along endeavour'd to reduce the Liberties, and Religion of this Nation, into the Hands of King *James*, and his Popiſh Powers: Together with ſuch who enjoy the Peace and Protection of the preſent Government, and yet abuſe and affront the King who procur'd it, and openly profeſs their Uneaſineſs under him: Theſe, by whatſoever Names or Titles they are dignified, or diſtinguiſh'd, are the People aim'd at. Nor do I diſown, but that it is ſo much the Temper of an *Engliſh-man* to abuſe his Benefactor, that I could be glad to ſee it rectified.

They who think I have been guilty of any Error, in expoſing the Crimes of my own Countrymen to themſelves, may among many honeſt Inſtances of the like nature, find the ſame thing in Mr. *Cowly*, in his Imitation of the ſecond Olympick Ode of *Pindar*: His words are theſe;

But in this Thankleſs World the Givers
Are envy'd even by th' Receivers.
'Tis now the Cheap and Frugal Faſhion,
Rather to hide then pay an Obligation.
Nay, 'tis much worſe then ſo;
It now an Artifice *doth grow,*
Wrongs *and* Outrages *to do,*
Leſt Men ſhould think we Owe.

The Introduction.

SPeak, *Satyr*; for their's none can tell like thee,
Whether 'tis Folly, Pride, or Knavery,
That makes this diſcontended Land appear
Leſs happy now in Times of Peace, than War:
Why Civil Feuds diſturb the Nation more
Than all our Bloody Wars have done before.
Fools out of Favour grudg at Knaves in Place,
And Men are always honeſt in Diſgrace:
The Court Preferments make Men Knaves in courſe:
But they who would be in them would be worſe:
'Tis not at Foreigners that we repine,
Wou'd Foreigners their Perquiſites reſign:
The Grand Contention's plainly to be ſeen,
To get ſome Men put out, and ſome put in,
For this our S———rs make long Harangues,
And florid M——rs whet their poliſh'd Tongues.
Stateſmen are always ſick of one Diſeaſe;
And a good Penſion gives them preſent Eaſe.
That's the Specifick makes them all content
With any King and any Goverment.
Good Patriots at Court-Abuſes rail,
And all the Nation's Grievances bewail:
But when the *Sov'reign Balſam's* once apply'd,
The Zealot never fails to change his Side:
And when he muſt the *Golden Key* reſign,
The *Railing Spirit* comes about again.
Who ſhall this Babbl'd Nation diſabuſe,
While they their own Felicities refuſe?
Who at the Wars have made ſuch mighty pother,
And now are falling out with one another:
With needleſs Fears the Jealous Nation fill,
And always have been ſav'd againſt their Will:
Who fifty Millions *Sterling* have disburs'd,
To be with Peace and too much plenty curs'd:

Who

Who their Old Monarch eagerly undo,
And yet uneaſily obey the New.
Search, *Satyr*, ſearch; a deep Inciſion make;
The Poiſon's ſtrong, the Antidote's too weak.
'Tis pointed Truth muſt manage this Diſpute;
And down-right Engliſh *Engliſhmen* confute.
What thy juſt Anger at the Nation's Pride;
And with keen Phraſe repel the Vicious Tide.
To *Engliſhmen* their own beginnings ſhow,
And ask them why they ſlight their Neighbours ſo.
Go back to elder Times, and Ages paſt,
And Nations into long Oblivion caſt;
To old *Britannia's* Youthful Days retire,
Aud there for *True-Born Engliſhmen* enquire.
Britannia freely will diſown the Name,
And hardly knows her ſelf from whence they came:
Wonders that They of all Men ſhou'd pretend,
To *Birth* and *Blood*, and for a Name contend.
Go back to Cauſes where our Follies dwell,
And fetch the dark Original from Hell:
Speak, *Sayter*, for ther's none like thee can tell.

The True-Born Engliſhman.

PART I.

WHere-ever God erects a Houſe of Prayer,
The Devils always builds a Chappel there:
And 'twill be found upon Examination,
The latter has the largeſt Congregation:
For ever ſince he firſt debauch'd the Mind,
He made a perfect Conqueſt of Mankind,
With Uniformity of Service, he
Reigns with a general Ariſtocracy,
No Noncomforming Sects diſturb his Reign;
For of his Yoke there's very few Complain.

He knows the Genius and the Inclination,
And matches proper Sins for ev'ry Nation.
He needs no Standing Army Goverment;
He always Rules us by own Conſent:
His Laws are eaſie, and his gentle Sway
Makes it exceeding pleaſant to obey.
The Liſt of his Vice-gerents and Commanders,
Out-does your *Cæſars*, or your *Alexanders*.
They never fail of his Infernal Aid,
And he's as certain ne'er to be betray'd.
Thro' all the World they ſpread his vaſt Command;
And Death's Eternal Empire is maintain'd.
They rule ſo politickly, and ſo well,
As if they were L——— J——— of Hell.
Duly divided to debauch Mankind,
And plant Infernal Dictates in his Mind.
Pride, the firſt Peer, and Preſident of Hell,
To his ſhare *Spain*, the largeſt Province fell
The ſubtile Prince thought fitteſt to beſtow
On theſe the Golden Mines of *Mexico*;
With all the Silver Mountains of *Peru*;
Wealth which would in wiſe hands the World undo
Becauſe he knew their Genius was ſuch:
Too Lazy, and too Haughty to be Rich.
So proud a People, ſo above their Fate,
That if reduc'd to beg, they'll beg in State.
Laviſh of Money, to be counted Brave,
And proudly ſtarve, becauſe they ſcorn to ſave.
Never was Nation in the World before,
So very Rich, and yet ſo very Poor.
Luſt choſe the Torrid Zone of *Italy*,
Where Blood ferments in Rapes and Sodomy:
Where ſwelling Veins o'erflow with livid Streams,
With Heat impregnate faom *Veſuvian* Flames:
Whoſe flowing Sulphur forms Infernal Lakes,
And human Body of the Soil partakes.
There Nature ever burns with hot Deſires,
Fann'd with Luxuriant Air from Subterranean Fires:
Here undiſturb'd in Floods of ſcalding Luſt,
Th' Infernal King reigns with Infernal Guſt.

Drun-

Drunk'nneſs, the Darling Favorite of Hell;
Choſe *Germany* to Rule; and Rules ſo well,
No Subjects more obſequionſly obey,
None pleaſe ſo well, or are ſo pleas'd, as they.
The cunning Artiſt manages ſo well,
He lets them bow to Heav'n, and drink to Hell.
If but to Wine and him they Homage pay,
He cares not to what Deity they pray,
What God they worſhip moſt, or in what way:
Whether by *Luther*, *Calvin*, or by *Rome*.
They ſail for Heav'n, by Wind he ſteers them home.
Ungover'd paſſion ſettled firſt in *France*,
Where Mankind lives in Haſt, and thrives by chance.
A *Dancing Nation*, Fickle and Untrue:
Have oft undone themſelves, and others too:
Prompt the Infernal Dictates to obey,
And in Hell's Favour none more great than they.
The *Pagan* World he blindly leads away,
And perſonally rules with Arbitrary Sway:
The Mask thrown off, *Plain Devil* his Title ſtands:
And what elſewhere he Tempts, he there Commands.
There with full Guſt th' Ambition of his Mind
Governs, as he of old in Heav'n deſign'd.
Worſhip'd as God, his *Painim Altar* ſmoak,
Embru'd with Blood of thoſe that him invoke.
The reſt by Deputies he rules as well,
And plants the diſtant Colonies of Hell.
By them his ſecret Power he maintains,
And binds the World in his Infernal Chains.
By Zeal the *Iriſh*; and the *Ruſh* by Folly
Fnry the *Dane*: The *Swede* by Melancholy
By ſtupid Ignorance, the *Muſcovite*:
The *Chineſe* by a *Child of Hell*, call'd Wit;
Wealth makes the *Perſian* too Effeminate:
And Poverty the *Tartars* Deſperate:
The *Turks* and *Moores* by *Mah'met* he ſubdues;
And God has giv'n him leave to rule the Jews:
Rage rules the *Portuguſe*, and Fraude the *Scotch*,
Revenge the *Pole*, and Avarice the *Dutch*.

Satyr

Satyr be kind, and draw a ſilent Veil,
Thy *Native England*'s Vices to conceal:
Or if that Task's impoſſible to do,
At leaſt be juſt, and ſhow her Vertues too;
Too Great the firſt, Alaſs! the laſt too Few.
England unknown as yet, unpeopled lay;
Happy had ſhe remain'd ſo to this day,
And not to every Nation been a Prey.
Her open Harbours, and her Fertile Plains,
The Merchants Glory theſe, and thoſe the Swains,
To ev'ry Barbarous Nation have betray'd her,
Who Conquer her as oft as they Invade her.
So beauty guarded but by Innocence,
That ruins her which ſhould be her Defence.
Ingratitude, a Devil of *Black Renown*,
Poſſeſs'd her very early for his own.
An Ugly, Surly, Sullen, Selfiſh Spirit,
Who Satan's *worſt Perfections does Inherit*:
Second to him in Malice and in Force,
All *Devil without*, and all *within* him *Worſe*.
He made her Firſt-born Race to be ſo rude,
And ſuffer'd her to be ſo oft ſubdu'd:
By ſev'ral Crowds of wandriug Thieves o'er-run,
Often unpeopl'd, and as oft undone.
While ev'ry Nation that her Powers reduc'd,
Their Languages and Manners introduc'd;
From whoſe mix'd Relicks our compounded Breed,
By Spurious Generation does ſucceed;
Making a Race uncertain and unev'n,
Deriv'd from all the Nations under Heav'n.
The *Romans* firſt with *Julius Cæſar* came,
Including all the Nations of that Name,
Gauls, *Greeks*, and *Lombards*; and by Computation,
Auxiliaries, or Slaves of every Nation.
With *Hengiſh*, *Saxons*; *Danes*, with *Sueno* came,
In ſearch of Plunder, not in ſearch of Fame.
Scots, *Picts* and *Iriſh* from the *Hibernian* Shore:
And Conq'ring *William* brought the *Normans* o'er.
All theſe their brabarous Off-ſpring left behind,
The Dregs of Armies, they of all Mankind:

Blended with *Britons* who before were here,
Of whom the *Welſh* ha' bleſt the Character.
From this Amphibious Ill-born Mob began
That vain ill-natur'd thing, an Engliſhman.
The Cuſtoms, Sir-names, Languages, and Manners,
Of all theſe Nations are their own Explainers:
Whoſe Relicks are ſo laſting and ſo ſtrong,
They've left a *Shibboleth* upon our Tongue;
By which with eaſy ſearch you may diſtinguiſh
Your *Roman-Saxon-Daniſh-Norman* Engliſh.
The great invading* *Norman* let us know * Wm. *the*
What Conquerors in after-Times might do. *Conq.*
To ev'ry * *Muſqueteer* he brought to *Town*, *Or Archer.
He gave the Lands which never were his own.
When firſt the *Engliſh* Crown he did obtain,
He did not ſend his *Dutchmen* home again.
No Re-aſſumptions in his reign were known,
D' Avenant might there ha' let his Book alone.
No Parliment his Army cou'd disband:
He rais'd no Money, for he paid in Land.
He gave his Legions there Eternal Station,
And made them all Freeholders of the Nation.
He Canton'd out the Country to his Men,
And ev'ry Soldier was a Denizen.
The Raſcals thus enrich'd he call'd them *Lords*,
To pleaſe their upſtart Pride with new made words,
And *Doomſday Book* his Tyranny records.
And here begins our Antient Pedigree,
That ſo exalts our poor Nobility:
'Tis that from ſome *French* Trooper they derive,
Who with the *Norman* Baſtard did arrive:
The Trophies of the Families appear;
Some ſhow the Sword, the Bow, and ſome the Spear,
Which their Great Anceſtor, *forſooth, did wear.*
Theſe in the Heralds Regiſter remain,
Their Noble mean Extraction to explain.
Yet who the Heroe was, no man can tell,
Whether a Drummer or a Colonel:
The ſilent Record bluſhes to reveal
Their Undeſcended Dark Original.

But

But grant the beſt, How came the Change to paſs;
A *True-Born Engliſhman* of *Norman* Race?
A *Turkiſh* Horſe can ſhow more Hiſtory,
To prove his Well deſcended Family.
Conqueſt, as by the * Moderns 'tis expreſt
May give a Title to the Lands poſſeſt:
But that the Longeſt Sword ſhou'd be ſo Civil,
To make a *Frenchman Engliſh*, that's the Divil.

Dr. Sherl. de Facto.

Theſe are the Heroes that deſpiſe the *Dutch*,
And rail at new-come Foreigners ſo much;
Forgetting that themſelves are all deriv'd
From the moſt Scoundrel Race that ever liv'd:
A horrid Croud of Rambling Thieves and Drones,
Who ranſack'd Kingdoms, and diſpeopled Towns.
The *Pict* and Painted *Briton*, Treach'rus *Scot*,
By Hunger, Theft, and Rapine, hither brought:
Norwegian Pirates, Buccaneering *Danes*,
Whoſe Red-hair'd Off-ſpring ev'ry where remains:
Who join'd with *Norman-French*, compound the Breed,
From whence your *True-born Engliſhmen* proceed.
And leſt by Length of Time it be pretended,
The Climate may this Modern Breed ha' mended:
Wiſe Providence, to keep us where we are,
Mixes us daily with exceeding Care:
We have been *Europe*'s Sink, *the Jakes* where ſhe
Voids all her Offal Out-caſt Progeny.
From our Fifth *Henry's* time, the Strolling Bands
Of baniſh'd Fugitives from neighb'ring Lands,
Have here a certain Sanctuary found,
Th' Eternal refuge of the Vagabond:
Where in but half a common Age of Time,
Borr'wing new Blood, and Manners from the Clime,
Proudly they learn all Mankind to contemn,
And all their Race are *True-born-Engliſh men.*
Dutch, *Walloons*, *Flemins*, *Iriſhmen* and *Scots*,
Vaudois and *Valtolins* and *Hugonots*,
In good Queen *Beſs* Charitable Reign,
Supply'd us with three hundred thouſand Men.
Religion, *God*, *we thank thee*, ſent them hither,
Prieſts, Proteſtants, the Devil, and all together:

Of all Profeſſions, and of ev'ry Trade,
All that were perſecuted, or afraid;
Whether for Debt, or other Crimes, they fled,
David at *Hackelab* was ſtill their Head.
The Off-ſpring of this Miſcellanous Crowd
Had not their new Plantations long enjoy'd,
But they grew *Engliſhmen*, and rais'd their Votes,
At Foreign Shoals for *Interloping Scots*.
The || Royal Branch from *Pictland* did ſucceed, || K. *Ja.*
With Troops of *Scots* and Scabs from *North-by-Tweed*.
The Seven firſt Years of his Pacifick Reign
Made him, and half his Nation, *Engliſhmen*.
Scots from the *Northen* Frozen Banks of *Tay*,
With Packs and Plods came *Whigging* all away:
Thick as the Locuſts which in *Egypt* ſwarm'd,
With Pride and hungry Hopes compleatly arm'd;
With native *Truth*, *Diſeaſes*, and no *Money*,
Plunder'd our *Canaan* of the Milk and Honey.
Here they grew quickly Lords and Gentlemen,
And all their Race are *True-Born* Engliſhmen.
The Civil Wars, the common Purgative,
Which always uſe to make the Nation thrive,
Made way for all that ſtroling Congregation,
Which throng'd in Pious *Ch—s*'s Reſtoration.
The *Royal Refugee* our Breed reſtores,
With *Foreign Courtiers*, and with *Foreign Whores*:
And carefully repeopled us again,
Throughout the Lazy, Long, Laſcivious Reign,
With ſuch a bleſt and True-born *Engliſh* Fry,
As much Illuſtrates our Nobility,
A Gratitude which will ſo black appear,
As future Ages muſt abhor to hear:
When they look back on all that Crimſon Flood,
Which ſtream'd in *Lindſey*'s and *Carnarvan's* Blood:
Bold *Strafford*, *Cambridge*, *Capel*, *Lucas*, *Liſle*,
Who crown'd in Death his Father's Fun'ral Pile.
The Loſs of whom, in order to ſupply,
With a *True-born* Engliſh N———ty.

Six Baſtard Duke ſurvive his Luſcious Reign,
The Labours of *Italian* C——*n*
French, P——*h*, *Tabby* S——*t*, and *Cambrian*:
Beſides the Num'rous Bright and Virgin Throng,
Whoſe Female Glories ſhade them from my Song.

This Off-ſpring, if one Age they multiply,
May half the Houſe with *Engliſh* Peers ſupply:
There with true *Engliſh* Pride they may contemn
S——*g* and *P*——*d*, new-made Noblemen.
French Cooks, *Scotch* Pedlars, and *Italian* Whores,
Were all made L——ds, or L——ds Progenitors.
Beggars and Baſtards by this new Creation,
Much multiply'd the L——ge of the Nation;
Who will be all, e're one ſhort Age runs o'er,
As *True-Born* L——ds as thoſe we had before.

Then to recruit the Commons he prepares,
And heals the Latent Breaches of the Wars;
The pious Purpoſe better to advance,
H' invites the baniſh'd Proteſtants of *France*:
Hither for God's-ſake and their own they fled,
Some for Religion came, and ſome for Bread:
Two hundred thouſand Pair of wooden Shooes,
Who, God be thank'd, had nothing left to loſe,
To Heav'n's great Praiſe did for Religion fly,
To make us ſtarve our Poor in Charity.
In ev'ry Port they plant their fruitful Train,
To get a Race of *True-born* Engliſhmen;
Whoſe Children will, when Riper Years they ſee,
Be as Ill-natur'd, and as Proud as we:
Call themſelves *Engliſh*, Foreigners deſpiſe,
Be Surly like us all, and juſt as Wiſe.

Thus from a Mixture of all Kinds began
That Het'rogeneous *Thing*, *An Engliſhman*:
In eager Rapes, and furious Luſt begot,
Betwixt a Painted *Briton* and a *Scot*:
Whoſe gend'ring Off-ſpring quickly learn'd to Bow,
And yoke their Heifers to the *Roman* Plough:
From whence a Mongrel half-bred Race there came,
With neither Name, nor Nation, Speech or Fame:
In whoſe hot Veins new Mixtures quickly ran,

Infu'd betwixt a *Saxon* and a *Dane*.
While their Rank Daughters, to their Parents juſt,
Receiv'd all Nations with promiſcuous Luſt.
This Nauſeous Brood directly did contain,
The well extracted Blood of *Engliſhmen*.
Which Medly canton'd in a Heptarchy,
A Rapſody of Nations to ſupply,
Among themſelves maintain'd eternal Wars,
And ſtill the Ladies lov'd the Conqerors.
The *Weſtern* Angels all the reſt ſubdu'd;
A Bloody Nation, barbarous and rude:
Who by the *Tenure* of the Sword poſſeſt
One part of *Britain*, and ſubdu'd the reſt.
And as great things denominate the ſmall,
The Conqu'ring part gave *Title* to the Whole.
The *Scot*, *Pict*, *Britain*, *Roman*, *Dane* ſubmit,
And with the *Engliſh-Saxon* all Unite:
And theſe the Mixture have ſo cloſe purſu'd,
The very Name and Memory's ſubdu'd:
No *Roman* now, no *Britain* does remain.
Wales ſtrove to ſeperate, but ſtrove in vain:
The ſilent Nations undiſtinguiſh'd fall.
And *Engliſhman's* the common Name for all.
Fate jumbl'd them together, *God knows how*;
What e'er they were, they'er *True-born Engliſh now*;
The Wonder which remains is at our Pride,
To value that which all wiſe Men deride.
For *Engliſhmen* to boaſt of Generation,
Chancels their Knowledge, and lampoons the Nation.
A *True-born-Engliſhman*'s a Contradiction,
In Speech an Irony, in Fact a Fiction.
A Banter made to be a Teſt of Fools,
Which thoſe that uſe it juſtly ridicules.
A Metaphor invented to expreſs
A Man *a-kin* to all the Univerſe.
For as the *Scots*, as Learned Men ha'ſaid,
Throughout the World their wand'ring Seed have ſpread;
So open-handed *England* 'tis believ'd
Has all the Gleanings of the World receiv'd.
Some think of *England*, 'twas our Saviour ment,

The

The Gospel should to all the World be sent:
Since when the blessed Sound did hither reach,
They to all Nations may be said to preach.
'Tis well this Vertue gives Nobility,
How shall we else the want of Birth and Blood sup-
Since scarce one Family is left alive (ply?
Which does not from some Forigner derive.
Of sixty thousand *English* Gentleman,
Whose Names and Arms in Registers remain,
We challenge all our Heralds to declare
Ten Families which *English-Saxons* are.
France justly boasts the Antient Noble Line,
Of *Bourboon*, *Montmorency*, and *Lorain*.
The *Germans* too their House of *Austria* show,
And *Holland* their Invincible *Nassau*.
Lines which in Heraldry were Antient grown,
Before the Name of *Englishman* was known.
Even *Scotland* too her Elder Glories shows,
Her *Gourdons*, *Hamiltons*, and her *Monroes*;
Dowglas, *Mackays*, and *Grahams*, Names well known,
Long before Antient *England* knew her own.
But *England*, Modern to the last degree,
Borrows, or makes her own Nobility,
And yet she boldly boasts of Pedigree.
Repines that Foreigners are put upon her,
And talks of her Antiquity and Honour:
Her *S——lls*, *S——ls*, *C——ls*, *De——M——rs*,
M——ns—— and *M——ues*, *D——s* and *V——rs*
Not one have *English* Names, yet all are *English* Peers.
Your *H——ns*, *P——llons*, and *L——liers*,
And make good Senate-Members, or Lord-Mayors.
Pass now for *True-born-English* Knights and Squires,
Wealth, howsoever got, in *England* makes
Lords of Mechanicks, Gentlemen of Rakes:
Antiquity and Birth are needless here;
'Tis Impudence and Money makes a P——r.
Innumerable City-Knights we know,
From *Blewcoat-Hospitals* and *Bridewell* flow.
Draymen and Porters fill the City Chair,
And Foot-boys Magisterial Purple were.

Fate has but very ſmall Diſtinction ſet
Betwixt the *Counter*, and the Coronet.
Tarpaulin L——ds, Pages of high Renown,
Riſe up by Poor Mens Valour, not their own.
Great Families of Yeſterday we ſhow,
And Lords, whoſe Parents were *the Lord knows who.*

The True-Born Engliſhman.

PART II.

THE Breed's deſcrib'd: Now, *Satyr*, if you can,
Their Temper ſhow, for *Manners make the Man.*
Fierce, as the *Britain*; as the *Roman*, Brave;
And leſs inclin'd to Conquer, than to Save:
Eager to Fight, and laviſh of their Blood;
And equally of *Fear and Forecaſt* void.
The *Pict* has made 'em Sour, the *Dane* Moroſe:
Falſe from the *Scot*, and from the *Norman* worſe.
What Honeſty they have, the *Saxon* gave them,
And That, now they grow old, begins to leave them.
The Climate makes them Terrible and Bold;
And *Engliſh* Beef their Courage does uphold:
No Danger can their Daring Spirit pall,
Always provided that thir Belly's full.
In cloſe Intrigues their Faculty's but weak,
For gen'rally whate'er they know they ſpeak:
And often their own Councels undermine,
By their Infirmity, and not Deſign;
From whence the Learned ſay it can proceed:
That *Engliſh* Treaſons never can ſucceed,
For they're ſo open-hearted, you may know
Their own moſt ſecret Thoughts, and others too.
The Lab'ring Poor, in ſpite of Double Pay,
Are Sawcy, Mutinous, and Beggarly:

So

So laviſh of their Money, and their Time,
That want of Fore-caſt is the Nation's Crime.
Good drunken Company is their Delight;
And what they get by Day, they ſpend by Night.
Dull thinking ſeldom does their Heads engage,
But drink their Youth away, and Hurry on old Age.
Empty of all good Husbandry and Senſe;
And void of Manners moſt, when void of Pence.
Their ſtrong averſion to Behaviour's ſuch,
They always talk too little, or too much.
So dull, they never take the pains to think:
And ſeldom are good natur'd *but in Drink.*
In *Engliſh* Ale their dear Enjoyment lies,
For which they'll ſtarve themſelves and Families.
An *Engliſhman* will fairly drink as much,
As will maintain two Families of *Dutch*;
Subjecting all their Labour to their Pots,
The greateſt Artiſts are the greateſt Sots.
The Country poor do by Example live.
The Gentry lead them, and the Clergy drive;
What may we not from ſuch Examples hope?
The Landlord is their God, the Prieſt their Pope.
A Drunken Clergy, and a Swearing Bench,
Has giv'n the Reformation ſuch a Drench,
As wiſe Men think there is a cauſe to doubt,
Will purge good Manners and Religion out.
Nor do the Poor alone their Liquor prize,
The Sages joyn in this great Sacrifice,
The Learned Men who ſtudy *Ariſtotle*,
Correct him with an Explanation Bottle;
Praiſe *Epicurus* rather than *Liſander*,
And * *Ariſtippus* more than *Alexander*,
The Doctors too their *Galen* here reſign,
And generally preſcribe *Spicifick Wine.*
The Graduates Study's grown an eaſier *Task*,
While for the *Urinal* they toſs the *Flask.*
The Surgeon's Art grows plainer ev'ry Hour,
And Wine's the Balm, which into Wounds they pour.
Poets long ſince *Parnaſſus* have forſaken,
And ſay the Antient Bards were all miſtaken.

* The Drunkards Name for Canary.

Apol-

Apollo's lately abdicate and fled,
And good King *Bacchus* governs in his ſtead.
He does the Chaos of the Head refine,
And Atom Thoughts jump into Words by Wine:
The Inſpiration's of a finer Nature;
As Wine muſt needs excel *Parnaſſus* Water.
Stateſmen their weighty Politicks refine,
And Soldiers raiſe their Courages by Wine:
Cæcilia gives her Choriſters their Choice,
And let them all drink Wine to clear their Voice.
Some think the Clergy firſt found out the way,
And Wine's the only Spirit by which they Pray.
But others, leſs profane than ſo, agree,
It clears the Lungs, and helps the Memory:
And therefore all of them Divinely think,
Inſtead of Study, 'tis as well to Drink.
And here I would be very glad to know,
Whether our *Aſgilities* may drink or no.
Th' Enlightning Fumes of Wine would certainly
Aſſiſt them much *when they begin to fly:*
Or if a Fiery Chariot ſhou'd appear,
Inflam'd by Wine they have the leſs to fear.
Even the Gods themſelves as Mortals ſay,
Were they on Earth, wou'd be as drunk as they:
Nectar would be no more Celeſtial Drink,
They'd all take *Wine*, to teach them how to think.
But *Engliſh* Drunkards, Gods and Men out-do,
Drink their Eſtate away, and Senſes too.
Colon's in Debt, and if his Friends ſhould fail
To help him out, muſt die at laſt in Goal;
His *Wealthy Uncle* ſent a Hundred Nobles,
To pay his trifles off, and rid him of his Troubles:
But *Colon* like a *True-Born Engliſhman*,
Drank all the Money out in bright Champain;
And *Colon* does in Cuſtody remain.
Drunk'nneſs has been the Darling of this Realm,
E'er ſince a Drunken Pilot had the Helm.
In their Religion they are ſo unev'n,
That each Man *goes his own By-way to Heaven.*

Tenacious of Miſtakes to that degree,
That ev'ry Man purſues it ſeparately,
And fancies none can find the way but he:
So ſhy of one another they are grown,
As if they ſtrove to get to Heav'n alone!
Rigid and Zealous, Poſitive and Grave,
And ev'ry Grace, but Charity, they have:
This makes them ſo Ill natur'd and Uncivil,
That all men think an *Engliſhman* the Devil.
Surly to Strangers, Froward to their Friend;
Submit to Love with a reluctant Mind,
Reſolv'd to be Ungrateful and Unkind.
If by Neceſſity reduc'd to ask,
The Giver has the difficulteſt Task:
For what's beſtow'd they awkwardly receive,
And always take leſs freely then they give.
The Obligation is their higheſt Grief,
And never love, where they accept Relief.
So Sullen in their Sorrows, that 'tis known,
They'll rather die than their Afflictions own:
And if reliev'd, it is too often true,
That they'll abuſe their Benefactors too.
For in Diſtreſs their Haughty Stomach's ſuch,
They hate to ſee themſelves oblig'd too much.
Seldom contented, often in the Wrong;
Hard to be Pleas'd at all, and never long.
If your Miſtakes their ill-Opinion gain,
No Merit can their Favour re-obtain:
And if they're not Vindictive in their Fury,
'Tis their Unconſtant Temper does ſecure ye;
Their Brain's ſo cool, their Paſſion ſeldom burns;
For all's condens'd before the Flame returns:
The Fermentation's of ſo weak a Matter,
The Humid damps the fume, and run's it all to Water.
So tho' the Inclination may be ſtrong,
They're pleas'd by fits, and never angry long.
Then if good Nature ſhows ſome tender Proof,
They never think they have reward enough:
But like our *Modern Quakers* of the Town,
Expect your Manners and return you none,

Friend-

Friendſhip, th' abſtracted Union of the Mind,
Which all Men ſeek, but very few can find;
Of all the Nations in the Univerſe,
None talk on't more, or underſtand it leſs:
For if it does their Property annoy,
Their Property their Friendſhip will deſtroy.
As you diſcourſe them, you ſhall hear them tell
All thinks in which they think they do excel:
No Panegyrick needs their Praiſe record;
An Engliſhman *ne'er wants his own good Word.*
His long Diſcourſes gen'rally appear
Prolong'd with his own wond'rous Character,
But to illuſtrate firſt his own good Name,
He never fails his Neighbour to defame.
And yet he really deſigns no wrong;
His Malice goes no further than his Tongue.
But pleas'd to Tattle, he delights to Rail,
To ſatisfy the Letch'ry of a Tale.
His own dear Praiſes cloſe the ample Speech,
Tells you how Wiſe he is, *that is, how Rich:*
For Wealth is Wiſdom; he that's Rich is Wiſe;
And all Men Learned Poverty deſpiſe.
His Generoſity comes next, and then
Concludes that he's a *True Born-Engliſhman*;
And they 'tis known, are Generous and Free,
Forgetting, and forgiving Injury:
Which may be true, this rightly underſtood,
Forgiving Ill turns, and forgetting Good.
Chearful in Labour when they've undertook it,
But out of Humour when they're out of Pocket.
But if their Belly and their Pocket's full,
They may be Phlegmatick, but never Dull.
And if a Bottle does their Brains refine,
It makes their Wit as ſparkling as the Wine.
As for the general Vices which we find
They're guilty of in common with Mankind.
Satyr, forbear, and ſilently endure;
We muſt conceal the Crimes we cannot cure.
Nor ſhall my Verſe the Brighter Sex defame:
For *Engliſh* Beauty will preſerve her Name.

Be-

Beyond diſpute, Agreeable and fair;
And Modeſter than other Nations are:
For where the Vice prevails, the great Temptation
Is want of Money more than Inclination.
In general, this only is allow'd,
They're ſomething Noiſy, and a little Proud.
An *Engliſhman* is gentleſt in Command,
Obedience is a Stranger in the Land:
Hardly ſubjected to the Magiſtrate,
For Engliſhmen *do all Subjection hate.*
Humbleſt when rich, but peeviſh when they're poor;
And think whate'er they have, they merit more.
The meaneſt *Engliſh* Plow-man ſtudies Law,
And keeps thereby the Magiſtrates in Awe;
Will boldly tell them what they ought to do,
And ſometimes puniſh their Omiſſions too.
Their Liberty and Property's ſo dear,
They ſcorn their Laws or Governours to fear:
So bugbear'd with the Name of Slavery,
They cann't ſubmit to their own Liberty.
Reſtraint from Ill, is Freedom to the Wiſe;
But Engliſhmen *do all Reſtraint deſpiſe.*
Slaves to the Liquor, Drudges to the Pots,
The Mob are Stateſmen, and their Stateſmen Sots.
Their Governors they count ſuch dangerous things,
That 'tis their Cuſtom to affront their Kings:
So jealous of the Power their Kings poſſeſs'd,
They ſuffer neither Power nor Kings to reſt.
The Bad with Force they eagerly ſubdue;
The Good with conſtant Clamours they purſue:
And did King Jeſus reign, they'd murmur too.
A diſcontented Nation, and by far
Harder to rule in Times of Peace than War:
Eaſily ſet together by the Ears,
And full of cauſeleſs Jealouſies and Fears:
Apt to revolt, and willing to rebel,
And never are contented when they're well:
No Goverment cou'd ever pleaſe them long,
Cou'd tie their Hands, or rectify their Tongue.

In this to Ancient Iſrael *well compar'd,*
Eternal Murmurs are among them heard.
It was but lately that they were oppreſt,
Their Rights invaded, and their Laws ſuppreſt:
When nicely tender of their Liberty,
Lord, what a Noiſe they made of Slavery!
In daily Tumults ſhow'd their Diſcontent;
Lampoon'd their King, and mock'd his Goverment.
And if in Arms they did not firſt appear,
'Twas wont of Force, and not for want of Fear.
In humbler Tone then *Engliſh* us'd to do.
At Foreign Hands for Foreign Aid they ſue.
William, *the Great Succeſſor of* Naſſau,
Their Prayers heard, and their Oppreſſions ſaw:
He ſaw and ſav'd them: God and Him they prais'd;
To this their Thanks, to that their Trophies rais'd.
But gluted with their own Felicities,
They ſoon their New Deliverer deſpiſe;
Say all their Prayers-back, their Joy diſown,
Unſing their Thanks, and pull their Trophies down:
Their Harps of Praiſe are on the Willows hung;
For Engliſhmen *are ne'er contented long*
The Rev'rend Clergy too! and who'd ha' thought
That they who had ſuch Non reſiſtance taught,
Should e're to Arms againſt their Prince be brought?
Who up to Heaven did Regal Pow'r advance;
Subjecting *Engliſh* Laws to Modes of *France*:
Twiſting Religion ſo with Loyalty,
As one cou'd never live, and t'other die.
And yet no ſooner did their Prince deſign
Their Globes and Perquiſites to undermine,
But all their Paſſive Doctrines laid aſide;
The Clergy their own Principles deny'd:
Unpreach their Non-reſiſting Cant, and pray'd
To Heaven for Help, and to the *Dutch* for Aid.
The Church chim'd all her Doctrines back again,
And Pulpit Champions did the Cauſe maintain;
Flew in the Face of all their former Zeal,
And Non-reſiſtance did at once repeal:

The

The *Rabbies* ſay it would be too prolix,
To tye Religion up to Politicks:
The Churches Safety is *Suprema Lex.*
And ſo by a new Figure of their own,
Their former Doctrines all at once diſown.
As Laws *Poſt Facto* in the Parliament,
In urgent Caſes have obtain'd Aſſent;
But are as dangerous Precedents laid by,
Made Lawful only by Neceſſity.
The Rev'rend Fathers then in Arms appear,
And Men of God became the Men of War.
The Nation *Fir'd by them*, to Arms apply;
Aſſault their Antichriſtian Monarchy.
To their due Channel all our Laws reſtore,
And made things what they ſhould ha' been before,
But when they came to fill the Vacant Throne,
And the *Pale Prieſts* look'd back on what they'd done;
How *Engliſh* Liberty began to thrive,
And Church of *England* Loyalty out-live:
How all their Perſecuting Days were done,
And their Deliv'rer plac'd upon the Throne;
The Prieſts, *as Prieſts are wont to do*, turn'd Tail;
They're *Engliſhmen*, and *Nature will prevail.*
Now they deplore the Ruins they ha' made,
And murmur for the Maſter they betray'd:
Excuſe thoſe Crimes they could not make him mend,
And ſuffer for the Cauſe they can't defend.
Pretend they'd not have carry'd things ſo high;
And Proto-Martyrs make for Popery.
Had the Prince done as they deſign'd the thing,
Ha' ſet the Clergy up to Rule the King,
Taken a *Donative* for coming hither,
And ſo ha' left their King and them together,
We had, ſay they, been now a happy Nation;
No doubt we'ad ſeen a Bleſſed Reformation:
For Wiſe Men ſay 'tis as dangerous a thing,
A ruling Prieſthood, as a Prieſtrid-King,
And of all Plagues with which Mankind are Curſt,
Eccleſiaſtick Tyranny's the Worſt.

If

If all our former Grievances were feign'd,
King *James* has been abus'd, and we Trepann'd;
Bugbear'd with Popery and Power Deſpotick,
Tyrannick Government, and Leagues Exotick:
The Revolutions a Phanatick Plot,
W—— a Tyrant, *S*—— a *Scot*:
A Factious Army, and a poyſon'd Nation,
Unjuſtly forc'd King *James*'s Abdication.
But if he did the Subjects Rights Invade,
Then he was Puniſh'd only, not Betray'd;
And puniſhing of Kings is no ſuch Crime,
But Engliſhmen *ha' done it many a Time.*
When Kings the Sword of Juſtice firſt lay down.
They are no Kings, though they poſſeſs the Crown.
Titles are Shadows, Crowns are empty things,
The Good of Subjects is the End of Kings;
To guide in War, and to protect in Peace;
Where Tyrants once commence, the Kings do ceaſe:
For Arbitrary Power's ſo ſtrange a thing,
It makes the *Tyrant*, and unmakes the King.
If Kings by Foreign Prieſts and Armies Reign,
And Lawleſs Power againſt their Oaths maintain,
Then Subjects muſt ha' Reaſon to Complain.
If Oaths muſt bind us when our Kings do Ill;
To call in Foreign Aid is to Rebel.
By Force to Circumſcribe our Lawful Prince,
Is wilful Treaſon in the largeſt Senſe:
And they who once Rebel, moſt certainly
Their God, and King, and former Oaths defy.
If we allow no Male Adminiſtration,
Could cancel the Allegiance of the Nation;
Let all our Learned Sons of *Levi* try,
This Eccleſiaſtick Riddle to Unty:
How they could make a ſtep to call the Prince,
And yet pretend to Oaths and Innocence.
By th' firſt Addreſs they made beyond the Seas,
They're Perjur'd in the moſt intenſe Degrees;
And without ſcruple for the time to come,
May Swear to all the Kings in *Chriſtendom.*

And truly did our Kings conſider all,
They'd never let the Clergy Swear at all:
Their Politick Allegiance they'd refuſe;
For Whores and Prieſts do never want Excuſe.
But if the *Mutual Contract* was diſſolv'd,
The Doubts Explain'd, the Difficulty Solv'd:
That Kings when they deſcend to Tyranny,
Diſſolve the Bond, and leave the Subject free.
The Governments ungirt when Juſtice dies,
And Conſtitutions are Non-Entities.
The Nation's all a Mob, there's no ſuch thing
As Lords or Commons, Parliament or King.
A great promiſcuous Croud the *Hydra* lies,
Till Laws revive, and Mutual Contract ties:
A Chaos free to chuſe for their own ſhare,
What Caſe of Government they pleaſe to wear:
If to a King they do the Reins commit,
All Men are bound in Conſcience to ſubmit:
But then that King muſt by his Oath aſſent
To *Poſtulata's* of the Government;
Which if he breaks, he cuts off the Entail,
And Power Retreats to its Original.

This Doctrine has the Sanction of Aſſent,
From Nature's Univerſal Parliament.
The Voice of Nature, and the Courſe of Things,
Allow that Laws Superiour are to Kings.
None but Delinquents would have Juſtice ceaſe,
Knaves rail at Law, as Soldiers rail at Peace:
For Juſtice is the End of Government,
As Reaſon is the Teſt of Argument.

No Man was ever yet ſo void of Senſe,
As to debate the Right of Self-Defence;
A Principle ſo grafted in the Mind,
With Nature born, and does like Nature bind:
Twiſted with Reaſon and with Nature too;
As neither one nor t'other can undo.

Nor can this Right be leſs when National;
Reaſon which governs one, ſhall govern all.
Whate'er the Dialect of Courts may tell,
He that his Right demands, can ne'er Rebel.

Which Right, if 'tis by Governours deny'd,
May be procur'd by Force, or Foreign Aid.
For Tyranny's a Nation's Term of Grief,
As Folks Cry *Fire*, to haſten in Relief.
And when the hated Word is heard about,
All Men ſhou'd come to help the People out.
Thus *England* groan'd, *Britannia*'s Voice was heard,
And Great *Naſſau* to reſcue her appear'd:
Call'd by the Univerſal Voice of Fate;
God, and the People's Legal Magiſtrate.
Ye Heav'ns regard! Almighty *Jove*, look down,
And view thy Injur'd Monarch on the Throne.
On their ungrateful Heads due Vengeance take,
Who ſought his Aid, and then his part forſake.
Witneſs, ye Powers! It was our Call alone,
Which now our Pride makes us aſham'd to own.
Britannia's Troubles fetch'd him from afar,
To court the dreadful Caſualties of War:
But where Requital never can be made,
Acknowledgment's a Tribute ſeldom paid.
He dwelt in bright *Maria*'s Circling Arms,
Defend d by the Magick of her Charms;
From foreign Fears, and from Domeſtick Harms.
Ambition found no Fuel from her Fire,
He had what God could give, or Man deſire.
Till *Pity* rouz'd him from his ſoft Repoſe,
His Life to unſeen Hazards to expoſe:
Till *Pity* mov'd him in our Cauſe t'appear;
Pity! *that Word which now we hate to hear.*
But *Engliſh* Gratitude is always ſuch,
To hate the Hand which does oblige too much.
Britannia's Cries gave Birth to his Intent,
And hardly gain'd his unforeſeen Aſſent:
His boding Thoughts foretold him he ſhould find
The People Fickle, Selfiſh and Unkind.
Which Thought did to his Royal Heart appear
More dreadful than the Dangers of the War:
For nothing grates a generous Mind ſo ſoon,
As baſe Returns for hearty Service done.

Satyr be ſilent, awfully prepare;
Britannia's Song, and *William's* Praiſe to hear.
Stand by, and let her chearfully rehearſe,
Her Grateful Vows in her Immortal Verſe.
Loud Fame's Eternal Trumpet let her ſound;
Liſten ye diſtant Poles, and endleſs Round.
May the ſtrong Blaſt the welcome *News* convey,
As far as Sound can reach, or Spirit can fly.
To *Neighb'ring Worlds*, if ſuch their be, relate
Our Hero's Fame, for theirs to imitate.
To diſtant Worlds of Spirits let her rehearſe:
For Spirits without the helps of Voice converſe.
May Angels hear the gladſome *News* on high,
Mix'd with their everlaſting Sympathy.
And Hell it ſelf ſtand in ſuſpence to know,
Whether it be the Fatal Blaſt, or no.

BRITANNIA.

The Fame of Vertue 'tis for which I ſound,
And Heroes with Immortal Triumphs crown'd.
Fame built on ſolid Vertue ſwifter flies,
Than Morning Light can ſpread my Eaſtern Skies.
The gath'ring Air returns the doubling Sound,
And loud repeating Thunders force it round:
Ecchoes return from Caverns of the Deep:
Old Chaos dreams on't in Eternal Sleep:
Time hands it forward to its lateſt Urn,
From whence it never, never ſhall return;
Nothing is heard ſo far, or laſts ſo long;
'Tis heard by ev'ry Ear, and ſpoke by ev'ry Tongue.
My Hero with the Sails of Honour furl'd,
Riſes like the Great Genius of the World.
By Fate and Fame wiſely prepar'd to be
The Soul of War, and Life of Victory.
He ſpreads the wings of Vertue on the Throne,
And ev'ry Wind of Glory *fans them on.*
Immortal Trophies dwell upon his Brow,
Freſh as the Garlands he has won but now.
By different Steps the high Aſſent he gains,
And differently that high Aſſent maintains.
Princes for Pride, and Luſt *of* Rule *make War;*
And ſtruggle for the Name of Conqueror.

Some fight for Fame, and ſome for Victory;
He Fights to ſave, and Conquers to ſet Free.
Then ſeek a Phraſe his Titles to conceal,
And hide with words what Actions muſt reveal,
No Parallel from Hebrew *Stories take,*
Of God-like Kings my Similies to make:
No borrow'd Names conceal my living Theam:
But Names and Things directly I proclaim.
'Tis honeſt Merit does his Glory raiſe;
Whom that Exalts, let no Man fear to Praiſe;
Of ſuch a Subject no Man need be ſhy;
Vertue's above the Reach of Flattery,
He needs no Character, but his own Fame,
Nor any flattering Titles, but his Name.
William's *the Name that's ſpoke by every Tongue;*
William's *the Darling Subject to my Song;*
Liſten ye Virgins to the Charming Sound,
And in Eternal Dances hand it round:
Your early Offerings to this Altar bring;
Make him at once a Lover, and a King.
May he ſubmit to none but to your Arms;
Nor ever be ſubdu'd, but by your Charms.
May your ſoft Thoughts for him be all Sublime;
And ev'ry tender Vow he made for him.
May he be firſt in every Morning Thought,
And Heav'n ne're hear a Prayer when he's left out.
May ev'ry Omen, ev'ry boding Dream,
Be fortunate *by mentioning his Name;*
May this one Charm Infernal Powers affright,
And guard you from the Terrors of the Night.
May ev'ry chearful Glaſs as it goes down,
To Willima's Health be cordial to your own.
Let ev'ry Song be Choruſt with his Name,
And Muſick pay her Tribute to his Fame.
Let ev'ry Poet *tune his Artful Verſe,*
And in immortal Strains his Deeds rehearſe.
And may Apollo *never more inſpire*
The Diſobedient Bard with his Seraphick Fire.
May all my Sons their grateful Homage pay,
His Praiſes *ſing, and for his* Safety *pray.*

Satyr

Satyr, return to our unthankful Iſle,
Secur'd by Heaven's Regard, and *William's* Toil.
To both Ungrateful, and to both Untrue;
Rebels to God, and to Good Nature too.
If e're this Nation be Diſtreſs'd again,
To whomſoe'er they cry, they'll cry in vain.
To Heav'n they cannot have the Face to look:
Or if they ſhould, it would but Heaven provoke.
To hope for Help from Man would be too much;
Mankind would always tell 'em of the Dutch:
How they came here our Freedoms to maintain,
Were *Pay'd* and *Curs'd*, and *Hurry'd home again.*
How by their Aid we firſt diſſolv'd our Fears,
And then our Helpers damn'd for Foreigners.
'Tis not our *Engliſh* Temper to do better;
For Engliſhmen think ev'ry Man their Debtor.
Tis worth obſerving, that we ne'er complain'd
Of Foreigners, nor of the Wealth they gain'd,
Till all their Services were at an end.
Wiſe Men affirm it is the *Engliſh* way,
Never to Grumble till they come to Pay;
And then they always think, their Tempers ſuch,
The Work too little, and the Pay too much.
As frighted Patients when they want a Cure,
Bid any Price, and any Pain endure:
But when the Doctor's Remedies appear,
The Cure's too Eaſy, and the Price too Dear,
Great *Portland* ne'er was banter'd when he ſtrove
For us his Maſt'rs kindeſt Thoughts to move.
We ne'er lampoon'd his Conduct, when employ'd
King *James*'s Secret Councils to divide:
Then we careſs'd him as the only Man,
Which could the doubtful Oracle explain:
The only *Huſhai* able to repel
The dark Deſigns of our *Achitophel.*
Compar'd his Maſter's Courage to his Senſe;
The Ableſt Statesman, *and the Braveſt* Prince.
On his wiſe Conduct we depended much,
And lik'd him ne'er the worſe for being Dutch.

Nor was he valu'd more than he deſerv'd;
Freely he ventur'd, faithfully he ſerv'd.
In all King *William*'s Dangers he has ſhar'd,
In *England*'s Quarrels always he appear'd:
The *Revolution* firſt, and then the *Boyne*;
In both his Councils, and his Conduct ſhine.
His Martial Valour *Flanders* will confeſs,
And *France* regrets his Managing the Peace.
Faithful to *England*'s Intereſt, and her King,
The greateſt Reaſon of our Murmuring.
Ten Years in *Engliſh* Service he appear'd,
And gain'd his Maſter's, and the World's regard:
But 'tis not *England*'s Cuſtom to Reward.
The Wars are over, *England* needs him not;
Now he's a *Dutchman*, and *the Lord knows what.*
Scomberg, the Ableſt Soldier of his Age,
With *Great Naſſau* did in our Cauſe engage:
Both join'd for *England*'s Reſcue and Defence,
The Greateſt Captain, and the Greateſt Prince.
With what Applauſe his Stories did we tell?
Stories which *Europe's* Volumes largely ſwell.
We counted him an Army in our Aid:
Where he Commanded no Man was afraid.
His Actions with a conſtant Conqueſt ſhine,
From *Villa-Vitioſa* to the *Rhine.*
France, *Flanders*, *Germany*, his Fame confeſs;
And all the World was fond of him, but Us.
Our Turn firſt ſerv'd, we grudg'd him the Command,
Witneſs the Grateful Temper of the Land!
We blame the King that he relies too much
On Strangers, *Germans*, *Hugonots* and *Dutch*;
And ſeldom does his great Affairs of State,
To *Engliſh* Counſellors Communicate.
The Fact might very well be anſwer'd thus;
He has ſo often been betray'd by us,
He muſt have been a Madman to rely
On *Engliſh* G———ns Fidelity,
For laying other Arguments aſide,
This Thought might mortifie our *Engliſh* Pride,
That Foreigners have faithfully obey'd him,
And none but *Engliſhmen* have e'er betray'd him.

They

They have our Ships and Merchants bought and ſold,
And barter'd *Engliſh* Blood for Foreign Gold.
Firſt to the *French* they ſold our *Turky* Fleet,
And Injur'd *Talmarſh* next at *Chameret*.
The King himſelf is ſhelter'd from their Snares,
Not by his Merit, but the Crown he wears.
Experience tell us 'tis the *Engliſh* way,
Their Benefactors always to betray.
And leſt Example ſhould be too remote,
A Modern Magiſtrate of Famous Note,
Shall give you his own Hiſtory by Rote.
I'll make it out, deny it he that can,
His Worſhip is a *True-born Engliſhman*,
In all the Latitude that empty Word
By Modern Acceptation's underſtood.
The Pariſh-Books his Great Deſcent Record,
And now he hopes e'er long to be a Lord,
And truly as things go, it would be pity
But ſuch as he *ſhould Repreſent* the City:
While Robbery for Burnt-Offering he brings,
And gives to God what he has ſtole from Kings:
Great Monuments of Charity he raiſes,
And good St. Magnus *whiſtles out his Praiſes.*
To City-Goals he grants a Jubilee,
And hires Huzza's from his own Mobilee.
Lately he wore the Golden Chain and Gown,
With which Equipp'd he thus harangu'd the Town.

His Fine Speech, &c.

With Clouted Iron Shooes, and Sheepskin Breeches,
More Rags than Manners, and more Dirt than Riches:
From driving Cows and Calves to *Laton-Market*,
While of my Greatneſs there appear'd no ſpark yet,
Behold I come, to let you ſee the Pride,
With which Exalted Beggars always Ride.
Born to the needful Labours of the Plow,
The Cart-whip grac'd me as the Chain does now.
Nature and Fate in doubt what Courſe to take,
Whether I ſhould a Lord, or Plough-boy make;

Kindly at laſt reſolv'd they would promote me,
And firſt a *Knave*, and then a *Knight* they vote me.
What Fate appointed Nature did prepare,
And furniſh'd me with an Exceeding Care,
To fit me for what they deſign'd to have me.
And ev'ry Gift *but Honeſty* they gave me.
And thus Equipp'd to this proud Town I came,
In queſt of Bread, and not in queſt of Fame.
Blind to my future Fate, an humble Boy,
Free from the *Guilt and Glory* I enjoy.
The Hopes which my Ambition entertain'd,
Were in the Name of *Foot-boy* all contain'd.
The Greateſt Heights from ſmall Beginnings riſe;
The Gods were Great on Earth before they reach'd the Skies.
B——well, the Generous Temper of whoſe Mind,
Was always to be bountiful inclin'd;
Whether by his ill Fate, or Fancy led,
Firſt took me up, and furniſh'd me with Bread.
The little Services he put me to,
Seem'd Labours, rather than were truly ſo.
But always my Advancement he deſign'd;
For 'twas his very Nature to be kind.
Large was his Soul, his Temper ever free;
The beſt of Maſters, and of Men to me.
And I who was before decreed by Fate,
To be made Infamous as well as Great,
With an Obſequious Diligence obey'd him,
Till truſted with his All, and then betray'd him.
All his paſt Kindneſſes I trampled on,
Ruin'd his Fortunes, to Erect my own.
So Vipers in the Boſom bred, begin
To hiſs at that Hand firſt which took them in.
With eager Treachery I his Fall purſu'd,
And my firſt Trophies were *Ingratitude.*
Ingratitude, the worſt of Humane Guilt,
The baſeſt Action Mankind can commit;
Which like the Sin againſt the Holy-Ghoſt,
Has leſt of Honour, and of Guilt the moſt;
Diſtinguiſh'd from all other Crimes by this,
That 'tis a Crime which no Man will confeſs.

That

That Sin alone, which ſhould not be forgiven
On Earth, altho' perhaps it may in Heav'n.
Thus my firſt Benefactor I o'rethrew;
And how ſhould I be to a ſecond true?
The Publick Truſt came next into my Care,
And I to uſe them Scurvily prepare:
My needy Sov'reign Lord I play'd upon,
And lent him many a Thouſand of his own;
For which great Intereſt I took care to Charge,
And ſo my ill-got Wealth became ſo large.
My Predeceſſor *Judas* was a Fool,
Fitter to have been whip'd, and ſent to School,
Than Sell a Saviour: Had I been at hand,
His Maſter had not been ſo cheap Trapann'd;
I wou'd ha' made the Eager *Jews* ha' found,
For Thirty Peices, Thirty Thouſand Pound.
My Couſin *Ziba* of Immortal Fame,
(*Ziba, and I, ſhall never want a Name:*)
Firſt-born of Treaſon, Nobly did advance
His Maſter's fall for his Inheritance.
By whoſe keen Arts old *David* firſt began,
To break his Sacred Oath to *Jonathan*:
The Good Old King, 'tis thought, was very loth
To break his Word, and therefore brake his Oath:
Ziba's a Traytor of ſome Quality,
Yet *Ziba* might ha' been inform'd by me:
Had I been there he ne'er had been content
With half the Eſtate, nor half the Government.
In our late Revolution 'twas thought ſtrange,
That I of all Mankind ſhou'd like the Change:
But they who wonder'd at it, never knew,
That in it I did my old Game purſue:
Nor had they heard of twenty Thouſand Pound,
Which never yet was loſt, nor ne're was found.
Thus all things in their Turn to Sale I bring,
God and my Maſter firſt, and then the King:
Till by ſucceſsful Villanies made Bold,
I thought to turn the Nation into Gold;

And ſo to Forg ——y my Hand I bent,
Not doubting I could Gull the Govement;
But there was ruffled by the Parliament.
And if I ſcap'd the Unhappy Tree to Climb,
'Twas want of Law, and not for want of Crime.
But my * Old *Friend*, who printed in my Face
A needful Competence of *Engliſh* Braſs,
Having more Buſineſs yet for me to do,
And loth to loſe his truſty Servant ſo,
Manag'd the Matter with ſuch Art and Skill
As ſav'd his Hero, and threw out the B——ll.
And now I'm grac'd with unexpected Honours,
For which I'll certainly abuſe the Donors:
Knighted, and made a Tribune of the People,
Whoſe Laws and Properties I'm like to keep well:
The *Cuſtos Rotulorum* of the City,
And Captain of the Guards of their *Banditti*.
Surrounded by my Catchpoles, I declare
Againſt the needy Debtor open War.
I Hang poor Thieves for ſtealing of your pelf,
And ſuffer none to Rob you but my ſelf.
The King Commanded me to help reform ye,
And how, and when I'll do't, Miſs ſhall inform ye.
I keep the beſt Seraglio in the Nation,
And hope in time to bring it into Faſhion.
No *Brimſtone Whore* need fear the Laſh from me,
That part I'll leave to Brother *Jeffery*.
Our Gallants need not go abroad to *Rome*,
I'll keep a Whoring Jubilee at Home.
Whoring's the Darling of my Inclination;
A'n't I a Magiſtrate for Reformation?
For this my praiſe is Sung by ev'ry Bard,
For which *Bridewell* would be a juſt Reward.
In Print my *Panegyricks* fill the Street,
And hir'd Goal-Birds their Huzza's repeat.
Some Charities contriv'd to make a Show,
Have taught the Needy Rabble to do ſo;
Whoſe Empty Noiſe is a Machanick Fame.
Since for Sir *Belzebub* they'd do the ſame.

* *The Devil.*

The

The Concluſion.

THen let us boaſt of Anceſtors no more,
Or Deeds of Heroes done in Days of Yore,
In latent Records of the Ages paſt,
Behind the Rear of Time, in long Oblivion plac'd.
For if our Virtues muſt in Lines deſcend,
The Merit with the Families would end:
And Intermixtures would moſt fatal grow;
For Vice would be Hereditary too;
The Painted Blood wou'd of Neceſſity,
In voluntary Wickedneſs convey.
Vice, like Ill-nature, for an Age or two,
May ſeem a Generation to purſue:
But Virtue ſeldom does regard the Breed;
Fools do the Wiſe, and Wiſe Men Fools ſucceed.
What is't to us what Anceſtors we had?
If Good, what better; Or what worſe, if Bad?
Examples are for Imitation ſet,
Yet all Men follow Virtue with Regret.
Cou'd but our Anceſtors retrieve their Fate,
And ſee their Off-ſpring thus Degenerate;
How we contend for Birth and Names Unknown,
And build on their paſt Actions, not our own;
They'd cancel Records, and their Tombs Deface,
And openly diſown the Vile Degenerate Race;
For Fame of Familes is all a Cheat,
'Tis Perſonal Virtue only makes us Great.

Æſop

Æsop at *Tunbridge.*

FAB. I.

Fair Warning.

IN *Æsop*'s new-made World of Wit,
Where Beasts could talk, and read, and write,
And say, and do, as he saw fit;
A certain Fellow thought himself abus'd,
And represented by an *Ass*;
And *Æsop* to the Judge accus'd
That he defamed was.
Friend, quoth the Judge, how do you know
Whether you are defam'd, or no?
How can you prove that he must mean,
You, rather than another Man?
Sir, quoth the Man, it needs must be,
All Circumstances so agree,
And all the Neighbours say 'tis Me.
That's somewhat quoth the Judge indeed;
But let this Matter pass.
Since 'twas not *Æsop*, 'tis agreed,
But *Application* made the *Ass*.

FAB. II.

The Cock and Pearl.

A Dunghil *Cock* was raking in the Ground,
And flirted up a *Pearl*;
I would, quoth he, thou hadst been found
By some great *Lord* or *Earl*.

My

My ſelf a ſingle Barley-corn
  Would, ſurely, rather find:
We Creatures that are dull, Earth-born,
  Things only *uſeful* mind.
Whilſt they who are divinely Wiſe,
  And do from *Jove* proceed,
Thy lovely orient *Luſtre* prize,
  And for thy *Beauty* trade.

FAB. III.

Of the Horſe and the Aſs.

A *Horſe* and *Aſs* were journeying on their way,
  The *Horſe* was only harneſs'd, light and gay;
The *Aſs* was heavy loaden, and lag'd behind,
  And thus, at length beſpake his Friend.
Companion, take ſome pity on my State;
  And eaſe me but of half my Weight,
Half will to you no Burden be,
  And yet a mighty help to me.
The *Horſe* laugh'd loud, and ſhook his Head,
  And wantonly curvetting ſaid,
Seignior, we Horſes never chooſe
  The Burdens that we can refuſe;
  And ſhould ſuch Jeſt upon me paſs,
  Methinks I ſhould be but an *Aſs*.
The *Aſs* quite ſpent, and vext to be deny'd,
  Sunk down beneath his Weight, and dy'd.
The Maſter coming up took off the Sack,
  And threw it on the *Horſe*'s Back:
  And having flaid his *Aſs*, he threw
  The filthy Hide upon him too.
At which the *Horſe*, thus ſadly humbled, cry'd;
  (Letting ſome tears for grief and anger fall)
  Whether 'twere cruelty, or pride.
  That I ſo fair Requeſt deny'd,
I'm juſtly ſerv'd, and made to carry *All*.

The

The Aſſes *of the* South *and* Eaſt
Deſire the Horſes *of the* North *and* Weſt,
That as to Paliament *they trot,*
This Fable may not be forgot.

FAB. IV.

Of the Judgment of the Ape.

A *Wolf* complain'd that he had loſt a *Lamb*,
And ſtrait impleads a *Fox* of no good Fame,
(Who had a *Lamb*) that he had ſtoln the ſame.
An *Ape* was to decide the Cauſe,
Having ſome Knowledge in the Laws.
No Councel was by either feed,
Each would his Cauſe, in Perſon, plead:
And ſo they did, with mighty heat,
The Judge himſelf did almoſt ſweat,
To hear the force of their Debate,
How they accuſe, and how defend,
How they reply'd, join'd and rejoin'd.
At length in pity to the Court,
The Judge was fain to cut them ſhort:
And thus determin'd ——— Sirs, in troth,
The *Lamb* belongs to neither of you both.
You, Mr. *Woolf*, have doubtleſs loſt no *Lamb*;
And, *Reynard*, you as ſurely ſtole that ſame,
But not from him. If Juſtice might prevail,
You ſhould be both condemn'd to Fine and Jail.
So two great Lords *for an Eſtate may fight,*
Which does to neither appertain by Right.

FAB. V.

Of the Horſe and Man.

A Fierce wild *Boar*, of monſtrous ſize and force,
Did once, in early days, affront a *Horſe*;
Who meditating Vengance found his Will
To hurt, much greater than his Power and Skill?

And

And therefore, chaf'd and reſolute he ran
To the next Houſe, and thus apply'd to *Man.*
I come, Superior Power, whom *Jove* has made
His Subſtitute on Earth, to ſeek thy Aid,
Againſt a ſordid Brute who injures me,
And likewiſe ſpeaks contemptibly of thee.
Jove, whom thou nam'ſt (ſaid *Man*) was to thee kind,
And ſent thee where thou ſhalt aſſiſtance find.
But this injurious *Boar* will never meet
Our Arms upon the Plain, but truſt his Feet.
But ſhall his Feet then his Protection be,
Since Swiftneſs is the Gift of *Jove* to thee?
(Mark it, my Friend, this Inſolence
Deprives us of our Common-ſenſe.)
This doubtleſs he forgot? ſo will not we.
You, for Convenience, will a while ſubmit
To be directed with a Bridle and Bit;
And take me on your Back, till we ſhall ſee
This your outragious Enemy.
Up, ſaid the Horſe then, let us never reſt,
'Till we have found this curſed Beaſt.
Away then to the Woods they flew;
The Horſe his Haunts and Coverts knew,
And there his Foe, the dextrous Warrier ſlew.
This done, they jocond homewards make,
And thus the Horſe the Man beſpake:
Now, Sir, accept my Thanks for what is paſt,
I to my wonted Fields, and Friends muſt haſt,
Hold, quoth the Man, we part not quite ſo ſoon;
Your Buſineſs is, but *Mine* is not yet done.
Some Service there remains, due to the Aid
I lent you, which muſt be repaid.
This ſaid, he light, and ty'd him to a Rack;
Where the poor Creature, thus with ſorrow ſpake:
Slight was the Injury of the Boar,
And might, perhaps, have been no more:
But now I'm utterly undone.
My Eaſe and Liberty are gone.

Sweet is Revenge, juſt in the Taſt,
But ſurely Bitterneſs at laſt.
Let other Creatures warning take,
What Bargains they in Paſſion make.
Let Nations alſo take good care,
That they with many Hardſhips bear,
Rather than ſeek Redreſs abroad,
Which is but adding to their Load.

FAB. VI.

The Bargain.

TWO *Welchmen* Partners in a *Cow*,
Reſolv'd to ſell her dear,
And laid their Heads together, how
To do't at *Ludlow Fair*.
It was a ſultry Summers-day,
When out they drove the Beaſt;
And having got about half way,
They ſat them down to reſt.
The Cow a Creature of no Breeding,
(The place with Graſs being ſtor'd)
Fed by; and while ſhe was a feeding,
Let fall a mighty T———.
Roger, quoth *Hugh*, I tell the what,
Two Words, and I have done:
If thou wilt fairly eat up *that*,
The Cow is all thy own.
'Tis done, quoth *Roger*, 'tis agreed,
And to't he went apace;
He ſeem'd ſo eager ſet, 'tis ſaid,
That he forgot his Grace.
He labour'd with his wooden Spoon,
And up he ſlopt the Stuff;
Till, by the time that half was done,
He felt he had enongh.
He felt: but ſcorning to look back,
Would look as if he wanted more;
And ſeem'd to make a freſh Attack,
With as much Vigor as before.

But ſtopping ſhort a while he cry'd,
How fares it, Neighbour *Hugh?*
I hope by this, you're ſatisfied,
Who's Maſter of the Cow.
Ay, ay, quoth *Hugh* (the Devil choke thee,
For nothing elſe can do't)
I'm ſatisfied that thou haſt broke me,
Unleſs thou wilt give out.
Give out? quoth *Roger*, that were fine,
Why, what have I been doing?
But yet I tell thee, Friend of mine,
I ſhall not ſeek thy Ruin.
My Heart now turns againſt ſuch Gain;
I know th'art piteous poor,
Eat thou the half that ſtill remains,
And 'tis as 'twas before.
God's Bleſſing on thy Heart, quoth *Hugh*,
That proffer none can gainſay;
With that he readily fell to,
And eat his ſhare o' th' *Tanſie*.
Well now, quoth *Hodge*, w' are ev'n no doubt,
And neither ſide much Winner:
So have we been, quoth *Hugh*, without
This damn'd confounded Dinner.

Let this, both to our Wars *and* Peace,
Be honeſtly apply'd;
France, *and th'* Allies, *have done no leſs,*
Than what theſe Welch-men *did.*

FAB. VII.

The Frogs Concern.

TWO fierce young Bulls within the Marſhes ſtrove,
For the Reward of Empire, and of Love;
Which ſhould the Faireſt Heifer gain,
And which ſhould govern all the Plain.

This, when a Frog hard-by perceiv'd,
He ſigh'd, and ſob'd, and ſorely griev'd,
He hung his Head, and made great moan,
As though he'd loſt his Wife or Son.
At which a Neighbouring Frog admir'd,
And kindly of the Cauſe enquir'd;
Which when he knew, he ſaid in haſt,
And *Goſſip*, is this all at laſt?
If this, and that great Loggerhead Bull,
Will try the thickneſs of each other Skull,
E'en let them do, as fit they ſee:
But what is that to You and me?
If that, reply'd the other, were all indeed,
We ſhould about this Matter be agreed,
I ſhould not care a ſingle Groat,
To ſee'em tear each others Throat;
But, Friend the Creatures of ſuch Might
Can never meet in Field to fight,
But in the Fury of their Full Career,
Both you and I endanger'd are;
And all our kindred Tribes below,
In hazard of their Lives muſt go.
When *Bulls* ruſh on, or when retreat for Breath,
They'l tread a hundred of us *little Folks* to death.

If Kings *would fight themſelves alone,*
Their People *ſtill ſecure,*
No mortal Man would part 'em ſure,
But let them e'en fight on.
But when the Subjects Blood is ſpilt,
And their Eſtates are drain'd;
To juſtify a Prince's Guilt,
Or have his Vanity maintain'd;
When they muſt pay for all at laſt,
Their Luſt, Ambition, or Revenge lay waſt:
The pooreſt Man alive may fear,
And pray againſt the Miſeries of War.

FAB. VIII.

Of a Man and his Ass.

A Wretched *Churl* was trav'ling with his *Ass*,
Beneath two Panniers Load oppreſt;
And hearing noiſe behind, cry'd to the Beaſt,
Fly, my Friend *Roger*, fly apace;
Elſe I'm undone, and all my Market's naught,
And thou thy ſelf wilt by the Rogues be caught;
Caught? quoth the Beaſt, what if I be?
What will it ſignify to me?
My Panniers are ſo full, they'll hold no more;
I carry *two* and cannot carry *four*.
'Twixt Rogues and You I can no difference make,
They are all Rogues to me, who break my Back.

Fly, fly from France, *our Stateſmen cry,*
And Slavery's curſed Yoke;
Whilſt with our Antient Liberty
Our very Backs are broke.
France *is a Thief; but* France *can do no more,*
Than keep the Panniers on we had before.

FAB. IX.

Of a Wolf.

A *Wolf* retiring from *Whitehall*,
Where he had Stateſman been,
Built for himſelf a Box ſo ſmall,
That few could be receiv'd within.
The Country all admir'd at this,
And could not at the Reaſon gueſs,
Why one ſo Wealthy, and ſo great,
Should cage himſelf at ſuch a rate.
Till at the laſt a *Fox* came by,
A Courtier alſo, ſleek and ſly;

And thus in earneſt and in jeſt,
His Reaſon gave among the reſt.
Perhaps my Lord Commiſſioner intends,
Here to receive only *his honeſt Friends.*

FAB. X.

The Plaintiff and Defendant.

TWO Travellers an Oyſter found,
Dropt from ſome Pannier down;
Each ſtoopt, and took it from the Ground,
And claim'd it as his own.
Since both can't have it all, ſaid one,
E'en let it parted be.
No, ſays the other, all, or none,
But all belongs to me.
One *Serjeant Law* by chance came by,
And he muſt end the Strife:
Which thing he did immediately,
With his deciding Knife.
He took the Fiſh, and cut it up,
(This cauſe he opened well)
And fairly did the Oyſter ſup,
And gave to each a Shell.
And if hereafter Cauſes riſe,
Where People can't agree,
I know, quoth he, you'll be ſo wiſe
To refer them ſtill to me.
My name is *Law*, my Chambers are
At ſome of *th' Inns of Court*,
Or *Serjeants Inn*, or *Weſtminſter*
Where all for help reſort.
Sir, quo' the Men, truſt us for that,
We ſhall not fail to tell,
'Twas *Law* that did the *Oyſter* eat,
And left to Us the *Shell.*

FAB. XI

Of the Pigeons.

THe *Hawks* were once at mortal Jars,
Which came at length to Civil Wars.
The *Pigeons* they ſtood looking on,
And, full of Pity made great moan,
To ſee how bloodily they fought,
And each the others Ruin ſought.
And never would theſe Creatures ceaſe,
Till they had mediated a Peace.
The *Hawks* did eaſily conſent,
So Peace was made, and home they went;
Where when they came and wanted Prey,
And how to paſs their time away,
They fairly made one general Swoop,
And eat their Meditators up.
Two lucky *Pigeons* were not there,
And ſo eſcap'd the Maſſacre.
Of which the one to th'other ſaid,
How came our Kindred all ſo mad?
Parting of *Hawks! Hawks* ever ſhou'd
Be gorg'd with one another's Blood.
The Wicked have a natural Rage,
(A thirſt of Violence to aſſwage)
Which if not on the *Wicked* ſpent,
Will fall upon the *Innocent.*

So the poor Hugonots *of* France,
And Vaudois *full as poor,*
Pray'd loudly, in their Innocence,
That God would Peace *reſtore.*
Peace *was reſtor'd; but* Peace *to them*
No Safety did reſtore:
Their Hawks *employ'd their Power and Time*
Much worſe than e're before.
And thou, O Church of England Dove,
Doat not upon thy Peace.

That may, than War, more fatal prove,
Both to thy Wealth and Eaſe.

FAB. XII.

The Farmer and the Hare.

A *Hare* did once into a Garden get
Belonging to a Farm;
Where ſhe began to throw up Earth, and eat,
And do ſome little Harm.
The *Farmer* cours'd her round and round,
But got her not away;
Puſs took a liking to the Ground,
And there reſolv'd to ſtay.
Well, quoth the Fellow, in a Fret,
Since you are grown ſo bold,
I ſhall ſome more Aſſiſtance get,
And drive you from your Hold.
And ſtrait he ſends to a young *Squire*,
That he, by break of day,
Would with his pack of Hounds repair,
And ſport himſelf that way.
The Squire, as ask'd, attended came,
With Folks, and Horſe, and Hounds,
And in purſuance of the Game,
Rode over all the Grounds.
They leapt the Ditches, broke the Hedges down,
And made moſt fearful Waſt;
They trampl'd all the Garden round,
And kill'd poor *Puſs* at laſt.
At this the *Farmer* tore his Hair,
And ſwore moſt bloodily,
Z——ds! What confounded work was here?
And what a Fool am I?
Not fifty *Hares*, in fifty Days,
Had ſo much miſchief done,
As this good *Squire*, (whom I muſt praiſe.
And thank) hath wrought in *One*.

If our Deliverance from the Frights,
Of ſtanding Army near,
And ſilly ſuperſtitious Rites,
Worth Forty Millions *were;*
Then have we wiſely broke our Mounds,
That our Defences were,
Wiſely call'd in our Neighbours Hounds,
And kill'd the deſperate Hare.
But if, with all this vaſt Expence,
Beſides a Sea of Blood
Spilt in the Church and States Defence,
Our Matters ſtand much as they ſtood;
Then have we done a World of Ill,
With endleſs Coſt and Pains,
A little hurtful Hare to kill,
And well deſerves the Brains.

FAB. XIII.

Poetry its Cure.

1. A Youth of pregnant Parts and Wit,
And thirſty after Fame,
Was muſing long which way to get,
An everlaſting Name.
2. And having heard of *Poetry*,
And its immortal Praiſe;
He thought the way to *Fame* muſt ly
By courting of the *Bays*.
3. He heard how many a noble Town
Laid claim to *Homer*'s Birth,
To purchaſe from it a Renown
Above the reſt of th' Earth.
4. This kindl'd in his generous Mind,
A ſtrong and noble Fire:
He ſeem'd for nothing elſe deſign'd,
Could nothing elſe deſire.
5. The *Father* finding this Intent
Ill with his State agreed,

That, living, wanted *Six per Cent.*
Much more than *Fame*, when dead:
6. Reſolv'd to try to cure his Mind,
And change his vain Deſigns,
And could no fitter Method find,
Then ſending him theſe Lines:

Seven wealthy Towns contend for Homer Dead,
Through which the Living Homer *begg'd his Bread.*

A Panegyrick upon Oates.

OF all the Grain our Nation yields
In Orchard, Gardens, or in Fields,
There is a Grain which, tho' 'tis common,
Its Worth till now was known to no Man.
Not *Ceres* Sickle e're did crop,
A Grain with Ears of greater hope:
And yet this Grain (as all muſt own)
To Grooms, and Hoſtlers well is known;
And often has without diſdain
In muſty Barn and Manger lain:
As if it had been only good
To be for Birds, and Beaſts the Food.
But now by new inſpired Force,
It keeps alive both Man, and Horſe.
Then ſpeak, my Muſe, for now I gueſs
E'en what it is thou wouldſt expreſs:
It is not Barley, Rye, nor Wheat,
That can pretend to do the Feat:
'Tis *Oates*, bare *Oates*, that is become
The Health of *England*, Bane of *Rome*,
And Wonder of all Chriſtendom.
And therefore *Oates* has well deſerv'd
To be from muſty Barn prefer'd,
And now in Royal Court preſerv'd.
That like *Heſperian* Fruit *Oates* may,
Be watch'd and guarded Night and Day.

Which

Which is but juſt retaliation,
For having guarded a whole Nation.
Hence e'ry lofty Plant that ſtands,
'Twixt *Perwick* Walls, and *Dover* Sands,
The Oak it ſelf (which well we ſtile
The Pride, and Glory of our Iſle)
Muſt ſtrike and wave its lofty Head,
And now ſalute an Oaten Reed.
For ſurely *Oates* deſerves to be
Exalted far 'bove any Tree.
The *Ægyptians* once (tho' it ſeems odd)
Did worſhip Onions for their God:
And poor Peelgarlick was with them
Eſteem'd beyond the richeſt Gem.
What would they then have done, think ye,
Had they but had ſuch *Oates* as we,
Oates of ſuch known Divinity?
Since then ſuch good by *Oates* we find,
Let *Oates* at leaſt be now enſhrin'd;
Or in ſome Sacred Preſs'd inclos'd,
Be only kept to be expos'd;
And all fond Relicks elſe ſhall be
Deem'd Objects of Idolatry.
Popelings may tell us how they ſaw
Their *Garnet* pictur'd on a Straw.
'Twas a great Miracle we know,
To ſee him drawn in little ſo:
But on an *Oaten* Stalk there is
A greater Miracle than this;
A Viſage which, with comly Grace,
Did twenty *Garnets* now outface:
Nay, to the Wonder to add more,
Declare unheard of things before;
And thouſand Myſt'ries does unfold,
As plain as Oracles of old:
By which we ſteer Affairs of State,
And ſtave off *Britain*'s ſullen Fate.
Let's then in Honour of the Name
Of *OATES*, enact ſome Solemn Game,

Where

Where Oaten Pipe ſhall us inſpire
Beyond the Charms of *Orpheus* Lyre.
Stone, Stocks, and e'ery ſenſleſs thing
To *Oates* ſhall dance, to *Oates* ſhall ſing,
Whilſt Woods amaz'd to t'Ecchoes ring.
And that this Hero's Name may not
When they are rotten, be forgot,
We'll hang Atchievements o'er their Duſt,
A Debt we owe to Merits juſt.
So if Deſerts of *Oates* we prize,
Let *Oates* ſtill hang before our Eyes,
Thereby to raiſe our Contemplation;
Oates being to this happy Nation,
A Myſtick Emblem of Salvation.

The Laſt Will and Teſtament of Anthony, *King of* Poland.

MY Tap is run; then *Baxter*, tell me why
Shou'd not the good, the great *Potapsby* dy?
Grim Death, who lays us all upon our Backs,
Inſtead of Scythe doth now advance his Ax;
And I who all my Life in Broils have ſpent,
Intend at laſt to make a Settlement.
Imprimis: For my Soul (though I had thought,
To 've left that thing I never minded, out)
Some do adviſe for fear of doing wrong,
To give it him to whom it doth belong.
But I, who all Mankind have cheated, now
Intend likewiſe to cheat the Devil too:
Therefore leave my Soul unto my Son,
For he, as wiſe Men think, as yet has none.
Then for my *Poliſh* Crown, that pretty thing,
Let *M——mouth* take't, who longs to be a King;
His empty Head ſoft Nature did deſign,
For ſuch a Light and Airy Crown as mine.
With my Eſtate I'll tell you how it ſtands,
Jack Catch muſt have my Cloathes, the King my Lands.

Item:

Item: I leave the damn'd Aſſociation,
To all the wiſe Diſturbers of the Nation;
Not that I think they'l gain their ends thereby,
But that they may be hang'd as well as I.
A——ng, in Murthers, and in Whorings skill'd,
Who twenty Baſtards gets for one Man kill'd,
To thee I do bequeath my Brace of Whores,
Long kept to draw the Humors from my Sores;
For you they'l ſerve as well as Silver Tap,
For Women give, and ſometimes cure a Clap.
H——rd. My Partner in Captivity,
Falſe to thy God and King, but true to me;
To the ſome heinous Legacy I'd give,
But that I think thou haſt not long to live:
Beſides, thou'ſt wickedneſs enough in ſtore
To ſerve thy ſelf, and twenty thouſand more.
To thee young C——y, I'll ſome ſmall Toy preſent,
For you with any thing can be content?
Then take the Knife with which I cut my Corns,
'Twill ſerve to pare, and ſharp your Lordſhip's Horns,
That you may rampant *M—mouth* puſh and gore,
'Till he ſhall leave your Houſe, and change his Whore,
On top of Monument let my Head ſtand,
It ſelf a Monument, where firſt began
The Flame that has endanger'd all the Land.
But firſt to *Titus* let my Ears be thrown,
For he 'tis thought will ſhortly loſe his own.
I leave old *Baxter* my invenom'd Teeth,
To bite and poyſon all the Biſhops with.
Item: I leave my Tongue to wiſe Lord *N---th*,
To help him bring his What-de-call-ums forth;
'Twill make his Lordſhip utter Treaſon clear,
And he in time may ſpeak like Noble Peer,
My Squinting Eyes let *Ignoramus* wear,
That they may this way look, and that way ſwear.
Let the Cits take my Noſe, becauſe 'tis ſaid,
That by the Noſe I them have always led;
But for their Wives I nothing now can ſpare,
For all my Life-time they have had their ſhare,

Let

Let not my Quarters ſtand on City Gate,
Leſt they new Sects and Factions do create;
For certainly the Presbyterian Wenches,
In Dirt will fall to idolize my Haunches:
But that I may to my old Friend be civil;
Let ſome Witch make them Mummy for the Devil.
To Good King *Charles* I leave (tho faith 'tis pity)
A poyſon'd Nation, and deluded City;
Seditions, Clamours, Murmurs, Jelouſies,
Falſe Oaths, Sham Stories, and Religious Lies.
There's one thing ſtill which I had quite forgot,
To him I leave the Carcaſe of my Plot;
In a Conſumption the poor thing doth lie,
And when I'm gone 'twill pine away and die.
Let *Jenkins* in a Tub my Worth declare,
And let my Life be writ by *Harry Care.*
And if my Bowels in the Earth find room,
Then let theſe Lines be writ upon their Tomb.

Epitaph upon his Bowels.

Ye Mortal Whigs, for Death prepare,
For Mighty *Tapskies* Guts lie here,
Will his Great Name keep ſweet d'ye think?
For certainly his Entrails ſtink?
Alas!' tis but a fooliſh Pride
To outſin all Mankind beſide,
When ſuch Illuſtrious Garbage muſt
Be mingled with the common Duſt.
Falſe Nature! that could thus delude
The Cheater of the Multitude,
That put his Thoughts upon the wing,
And egg'd him on to be a King;
See now to what an uſe ſhe Puts
His Noble Great and Little Guts.
Tapskie, who was a Man of Wit,
Had Guts for other uſes fit;
Tho Fiddle-ſtrings they might not be,
(Becauſe he hated Harmony)

Yet for Black Puddings they were good,
Their Maſter did delight in Blood;
Of this they ſhould have drank their fill,
(King *Cyrus* did not fare ſo ill)
Poor Guts, could this have been your hap
Sh. *Bethel* might have got a Snap:
But now at *York* his Guts muſt rumble,
Since you into a hole did tumble.

The Combat.

The Argument.

NAN *and* Frank, *two* quondam *Friends*,
In which they'd both their private ends;
Fell from Love to ſudden Wrath,
Much ado is 'twixt 'em both:
Many a Rogue and Whore is call'd;
But, O brave Frank! *the Whore is maul'd.*

Canto.

Of Civil Dudgeon many a Bard
Has ſung, and Tales have oft been heard,
Much in Verſe and much in Proſe,
Of antient Friends grown arrant Foes.
From this Occaſion I'm about
To tell you how two Friends fell out,
The deareſt Two, the kindeſt Pair,
That e'er each other Heart did ſhare,
Damſel and *Hero* Fat and Fair.
The Noble *Hero*, who not knows,
Order attends where e'er he goes;
And in his even-dealing Hand,
He always bears a powerful Wand,
The Badg of Office and Command.
Frequent at Lady *W*——*s* Door,
That ſtood upon a well-known Score;

Which

Which the poor *Jew* Sir *John* has ſeen
Full oft, and curs'd the *Turk* within.
Who not admires the Damſel bright,
That ever traps'd the Mall by Night;
Who that ever had occaſion
For any Filthineſs in Faſhion,
Many a Bed, and Basket full
Has ſhe put off of Traſh and Trull.
In ſhort, their Virtues are well known,
Where e'er her Trumpet Fame has blown;
For long has mighty Clamour ran,
Of honeſt *Frank* and modeſt *Nan*.
But how theſe two from harmleſs Prattle
Came at laſt to direful Battle:
Butler, couldſt thou live agen,
With thy inimitable Pen,
'Twould puzzle e'en thy mighty Verſe,
The wondrous Actions to rehearſe
Of Knight and Damſel, that ſurpaſs
Thy *Trulla*, and thy *Hudibraſs*.
There is a time (as th' Author has it,
That writes the Treatiſe call'd the Gazette,
In many things by him related)
When *Whitehall* is evacuated:
That is, when the Court and Prince are
Catching Agues all at *Windſor*.
For in *Greenland*, as they write,
The whole Year's but one Day and Night;
So of late it has been here,
Only Sun-ſhine half the Year.
And as evil Spirits venture,
Often in the dark to enter
Hallow'd Roofs, when thoſe that keep
The Place, are abſent or aſleep.
So factious Vermin, that are driven
From Court for Faults too oft forgiven;
When they have watch'd the Kng from's Houſe,
Come there to keep their Rendevouz.
Then *Crofts* and *Sun——land* Cabal,
Then *Ce——l* lords it in the *Mall*,

With

With all his train of unfledg'd Fools,
Callow as they came from Schools;
G—-y, *Mord—*, *Bran—*, *K—t*, and *Th—*,
Still at worſt Follies deepeſt in.
And *Hunting* —— with his long Tool,
Not as his mark of Man, but Fool:
Whoſe Tail and Follies makes his Life
Uſeful only to his Wife.
All theſe with full Infection tainted,
Long ago had been tranſplanted
Far from the Court, that ſo the reſt,
That yet were found, might ſcape the teſt:
But as that vile Diſeaſe, the Itch,
Does ſome lewd Natures ſo bewitch,
That it they'l always chooſe to catch,
For the meer Lechery to ſcratch.
So Faction does with ſome prevail,
For a bare Colour but to rail.
Honeſt *Frank* was one of theſe,
In's heart lov'd them, and their Diſeaſe.
Honeſt *Frank*, who's but a Noddy,
Yet rails as well as any Body.
And as ſacred Libels ſhew,
Publiſh'd not many days ago,
A certain Lord was but a Cur,
To which Opinion few demur;
So honeſt *Frank*, ſhou'd I ſpeak mine,
Is ſomething nat'rally canine:
For as ſome Cur his Maſter owns,
To love, and give him Cruſts and Bones,
Tho' kindly fed, will yet be running
Abroad, where Carrion lies a ſunning;
So *Frank*, tho' he no feeding need,
On rotten Faction loves to feed:
With which when he does back reſort,
He ſtinks intolerably at Court;
And for Occaſions of this nature,
Has been of late no lazy Creature.
Tho better, had he minded Duty,
And ſo eſcap'd this War with Beauty:

Beauty,

Beauty, which ſhines in *Nancy*'s Face,
As much as he does in his Place.
Majeſtick Wrinkles deck her Brow,
And goodly glaring Eyes below,
That ſtill with Maudlin kindneſs ſhine,
The ſoft effects of Brandy-wine.
Rich Carbuncles adorn her Noſe,
The envy of her ſober Toes:
And from her Lips Diſcourſes fall,
That make her welcome to *White-hall.*
Where one day ſhe enter'd ſhining,
Juſt as *Frank* was come from dining.
But who the Devil could have gueſt,
To ſee how they at firſt careſs'd,
How cheek by jowl they kindly walk'd,
And with what tenderneſs they talk'd?
My deareſt *Nan*, ſaid he, what Whores
Are freſheſt now? Quoth *Nan*, My Doores,
Heav'n knows, ne'er open'd to receive
A Lover ſince you laſt took leave;
Whom ſtill to ſerve, my Love remains,
Tho your ne'er pay me for my pains.
Pay thee, quoth he! *Nan*, pay for Wenching!
When e'en our Tables are retrenching.
Says *Nancy*, O thou falſely Faireſt!.
'Tis Love I want, not Coin, my Deareſt.
'Tis thee I love, 'tis thee I dote on,
More than a Child that puts new Coat on;
To ſee thee walk, I love thy Trip,
I love the Drops upon thy Lip.
Thy Juſt Crevat, thy regular Wig,
My little Pug, my little Pig.
When with deſire of thee I ſtretch,
I've no Sciatica nor Stich.
Quoth *Frank* in rage, Avant, you Bitch!
Have I for this, through all my Life,
Kept civil diſtance with my Wife;
Studied new Speeches from Romances,
And in my age led Country-dances?

Do I for this e'en at this Hour,
Cheat e'ery Creature in my pow'r;
Gripe from the Poor the utmoſt Farthing,
To keep my credit up at Carding?
Do I for this affect a Grace,
And paint my old John-Apple Face,
Only to have a Bawd adore me?
No, I'll have Virgins fall before me.
Virgins! quoth *Nan*; and then ſhe hung
A Tongue out full two handfuls long,
And with deſire of Malice ſtung,
Lick'd o'er the thickeſt painted place,
And ſpoil'd intirely that days Face.
But who can ſpeak the Noiſe and Din,
The Fury that did then begin;
The Oaths, the Outcries, and the Blows,
When *Francis* catching *Nancy*'s Noſe,
With furious gripe expreſſing hate,
Squeez'd nine large Inſects out of that;
Then with a ſhock upon her Cheſt,
So ſtir'd the Brandy in her Breaſt,
That an eructive Sigh ſhe ſent,
Which as it through the Rigeon went,
Such wondrous influence did bear,
A ſoaring Owl dropt headlong there,
Drunk with ſophiſtacated Air.
Which Omen much ill luck beſpoke,
For the next Tilt the *Hero* broke
The famous Wand deſcrib'd above,
The Enſign of his Pow'r, and Love:
But at the ſame time Conqueſt got,
And doom'd the vanquiſh'd Bawd to Pot;
To Portor's Lodge he ſent her jogging,
To purchaſe Liberty by Flogging.

Thus ended was the Fray that lately roſe,
Betwixt the Whiteſtaff Knight and Lady o'th' red Noſe.

To Julian.

DEAR *Julian*, twice or thrice a Year,
I write to help thee to ſome Gear;
For thou by Nonſenſe liv'ſt, not Wit,
As Carps thrive beſt where Cattel ſhit.
But now that Province I reſign,
And for my Succeſſor deſign
Ell——*d*, whoſe Pen as nimbly glides,
As his good Father changes Sides;
His Head's with Thought as little vex'd,
Or taking care what ſhou'd come next.
But he a Path much ſafer treads,
Poets live when Stateſmen loſe their Heads.
Tho Truth in Proſe might be a Crime,
'Twas never known in any time
That one was hang'd for writing Rhyme.
But ſhou'd ſome Poets be accus'd
That have the Government abus'd,
They'd ſcarce be by their Neck-verſe freed,
Some Whigs will write that cannot read.
But Charity bids us ſuppoſe,
That M——*t* is not one of thoſe;
Beſides, that he can write is known,
By's making *Suckling*'s Songs his own:
He to the *Bays* in time may riſe,
If *Etherege* will but ſuperviſe,
To make his Verſe more ſoft, and tame,
Which yet is without Life or Flame;
Like the Epilogue they jointly writ,
To ridicule the well-horn'd Pit:
A Jeſt that *Mor*——*t* well might ſpare,
Unleſs he ſat to hear it there.
Jack H—— thy Patron's left the Town,
But firſt writ ſomething he dare own;
A Prologue lawfully begotten,
And full nine Months maturally thought on:

Born,

Born with hard Labour and much Pain,
Ouſeley was Doctor *Chamberlain.*
At length from Stuff and Rubbiſh pick'd,
As Bears-Cubs into ſhape are lick'd;
When *Wh——ton*, *Etherege*, and *Soam*,
To give it the laſt ſtrokes were come,
Whoſe Criticks differ'd in their Doom.
Some were for *Embers quench'd with Pages*,
And ſome for *mending Servants Wages*:
Both ways were try'd, and neither took,
But the Faults laid on Mrs. *Cook*;
Yet *Swan* ſays he admir'd it ſcap'd,
Since 'twas *Jack H——*'s without being clap'd.
Our old Friend C——*ts* has left the Trade,
His Muſe is grown a very Jade;
Phillis did take him at his word,
And h' has his Deſtiny ſo ſpurr'd,
Of Love and Verſe he's weary grown,
His Pen and Paſſion both laid down;
And to his praiſe it may be ſaid,
No Love nor Songs of late h' has made.
But *M——ve* will not leave off ſo,
For to his induſtry we owe,
That we the Fate in *Engliſh* ſee
Of *Orpheus*, and *Euridice.*
And 'tis an Honour to the State,
When a Blue Garter will tranſlate:
Who bears the Bell without diſpute,
From *Durfey*, *Settle*, *Creech*, or *Duke.*
I thought 'twould puzzle all the Nine,
To ſpoil a Poem ſo Divine:
But he with Pains and Care doth ſhow,
It may be render'd mean, and low;
So much can one great Blockhead do.
Some ſay his Lordſhip had done better
To anſwer *Roger Martin*'s Letter,
Or give *Jack H——* his belly full,
Who juſtly calls him a dull Owl,
For quoting Books he never read,
And baſely railing at the Dead.

Of Ladies there's no need to tell,
Since they their own Intrigues reveal.
As *Nor*——*k* with her Prince Outlandiſh,
And *Iſham* with the Beau Lord C——*diſh*;
And *Grov'ner* with Lord *Middleton*,
(Not *Cholm'ley*, who 'tis ſaid has none)
How *Walcop* meets with *Cartwright*'s Spouſe
At *Sadlers* the Painter's Houſe;
Or how the modeſt Maid complain'd
That *Talbot* had her Caſement ſham'd,
For what he had before obtain'd;
How *M*——*ant Grafton*'s Virtues tries,
More than King *John* does *Oſſeries*.
But yet a Line or two we'll ſpare,
In gratitude to Lord *Kildare*;
Whoſe marrying Lady *Betty Jones*,
For's killing his firſt Wife atones:
A Wife ſhe'l be for him alone,
But a Help-meet to all the Town.
O that kind Fate wou'd order't ſo,
That *Bellingham* might do ſo too,
And with his Folly, and Eſtate,
Oblige the World, and marry *Kate*.
How many then full ſail would enter,
That in that Port now dare not venture?
But tho he's Fop enough to Woo,
Preſent, and treat, and keep ado,
When he ſhou'd Wed he won't come to.
But theſe Affairs are known to all
That haunt the *Park*, Plays and *Whitehall*;
Beſides, my Labour I may ſave,
For an account you'l timely have,
Who are made cuckolds, or make Love,
From ſome o' th' Authors nam'd above.

A Satyr upon the Poets, being a Tranſlation out of the Seventh Satyr *of* Juvenal.

Et ſpes, & ratio ſtudiorum, &c.

By Mr. *PRIOR.*

SIR,

ALL my Endeavours, all my Hopes depend
On you the Orphans, and the Muſes Friend;
The only great good Man, who will declare
Virtue and Verſe the object of his Care;
And prove a Patron in the worſt of Times,
When hungry *Bays* forſakes his Empty Rhymes,
Beſeeching all true Catholicks Charity,
For a poor Proſtitute which long did lie,
Under the Mortal Sins of Verſe and Hereſy.
Shadewell, and ſtarving *T*— I ceaſe to name,
Poets of all Religions are the ſame:
Recanting *Settle* brings the tuneful Ware,
Which wiſer *Smithfield* damn'd to *Sturbridge* Fair;
Proteſts his Tragedies and Libels fail,
To yield him Paper, Penny-loaves and Ale,
And bids our Youth by his Example fly
The Love of Politicks and Poetry.
And all Retreats except *New Hall* refuſe
To ſhelter *Durfey*, and his Jocky Muſe;
There to the Butler, and his Grace's Maid,
He turns, like *Homer*, Sonnetteer for Bread;
Knows his juſt bounds, nor ever durſt aſpire
Beyond the ſwearing Groom and Kitchin fire.
Is there a Man to theſe Examples blind,
To clinking Numbers fatally deſign'd,
Who by his Parts would purchaſe Meat, and Fame,
And in next Miſcellanies plant his Name;
Were my Beard grown the Wretch I'd thus adviſe:
Repent, fond Mortal, and be timely wiſe;

Take heed, nor be by gilded Hopes betray'd,
Clio's a Jilt, and *Pegaſus* a Jade;
By Verſe you'l ſtarve: *John Saul* cou'd never live,
Unleſs the Bellman made the Poet thrive;
Go rather in ſome little Shed by *Pauls*,
Sell *Chevy-chaſe*, or *Baxter*'s Salve for Souls,
Cry Raree-Shows, ſell Ballads, tranſcribe Votes,
Be *Care*, or *Ketch*, or any thing but *Oates*.
Hold, Sir, ſome Bully of the Muſes cries,
Methinks you're more Satyrical than Wiſe;
You rail at Verſe indeed, but rail in Rhyme,
At once encourage, and condemn the Crime.
True, Sir, I write and have a Patron too,
To whom my Tributary Songs are due;
Yet with your leave I'd honeſtly diſſawde
Thoſe wretched Men from *Pindus* barren ſhade:
Who tho they fire their Muſe, and rack their Brains
With bluſtering *Heroes*, and with piping Swains,
Can no great patient giving Man engage
To fill their Pockets, and their Title-Page.
Were I, like theſe, unhappily decreed
By Penny Elegies to get my Bread,
Or want a Meal, unleſs *George Croom* and I
Could ſtrike a Bargain for my Poetry,
I'd damn my Works to wrap up Soap and Cheeſe,
Or furniſh Squibs for City Prentices
To burn the Pope, and celebrate Queen *Beſs*.
But on your Ruin ſtubbornly purſue,
Herd with the hungry little chiming Crew,
Obtain the empty Title of a Wit,
And be a free-coſt Noiſy in the Pit;
Print your dull Poems, and before 'em place
A Crown of Laurel, and a meager Face.
And may juſt Heav'n thy hated Life prolong,
Till thou, bleſt Author, ſeeſt thy deathleſs Song.
The duſty Lumber of a *Smithfield* Stall,
And findſt thy Picture ſtarch'd 'gainſt Suburb Wall,
With *Johnny Armſtrong*, and the Prodigal.
And to complete the Curſe,

When

When Age and Poverty comes faſter on,
And ſad Experience tells thou art undone.
May no kind Country Grammar-School afford
Ten pound a Year to pay for Bed and Board;
Till void of any fix'd Employ, and now
Grown uſeleſs to the Army and the Plow,
You've no Friend left, but truſting Landlady,
Who ſtows you on hard Truckle Garret-high,
To dream of Dinner, and curſe Poetry.
Sir, Iv'e a Patron, you reply. 'Tis true,
Fortune and Parts you ſay may get one too:
Why faith e'n try, Write, Flatter, Dedicate,
My Lord's, and his Forefathers Deeds relate:
Yet know he'll wiſely ſtrive ten thouſand ways,
To ſhun a needy Poet's fulſom Praiſe;
Nay, to avoid thy Importunity,
Neglect his State, and condeſcend to be
A Poet, tho perhaps a worſe than thee.
Thus from a Patron he becomes a Friend;
Forgetting to reward, learns to commend;
Receives your twelve long Months ſucceſleſs Toil,
And talks of Authors, Energy, and Stile;
Damns the dull Poems of the ſcribling Town,
Applauds your Writings, and repeats his own,
Whilſt thou in Complaiſance oblig'd, muſt ſit
T' extol his Judgment, and admire his Wit;
And wrapt with his *Eſſay on Poetry*
Swear *Horace* writ not half ſo ſtrong as He,
But that we're partial to Antiquity.
Yet this Authentick Peer perhaps ſcarce knows
With jingling ſounds to tag inſipid Proſe,
And ſhou'd be by ſome honeſt *Manly* told,
H'ad had loſt his Credit to ſecure his Gold.
But if thou'rt bleſt enough to write a Play,
Without the hungry hopes of kind third day,
And he believes that in thy Dedication
Thou'l fix his Name, not bargain for the Station,
My Lord his uſeleſs Kindneſs then aſſures,
And to the utmoſt of his pow'r he's yours;

How fine your Plot, how exquiſite each Scene!
And play'd at Court, would ſtrangely pleaſe the [Queen.
And you may take his Judgment ſure, for he
Knows the true Spirit of good Poetry;
And might with equal Judgment have put in
For poet *Laureat* as Lord *Ch——in.*
All this you ſee and know, yet ceaſe to ſhun;
And ſeeing knowing, ſtrive to be undone.
So kidnapt Dutcheſs once beyond *Graveſend*,
Rejects the Councel of recalling Friend;
Is told the dreadful Bondage ſhe muſt bear,
And ſees unable to avoid the ſnare.
So practis'd Thief oft taken ne'er afraid,
Forgets the Sentence, and purſues the Trade.
Tho yet he almoſt feels the Smoaking Brand,
And ſad *T. R.* ſtands freſh upon his Hand.
The Author then, whoſe daring hopes would ſtrive
With well-built Verſe to keep his Fame alive,
And ſomething to Poſterity preſent,
That's very new and very excellent;
Something beyond the uncall'd drudging Tribe,
Beyond what *Bays* can write, or I deſcribe;
Shou'd in ſubſtantial Happineſs abound,
His Mind with Peace, his Board with Plenty Crown'd.
No early Duns ſhould break his Learned Reſt,
No ſawcy Cares his Nobler Thoughts moleſt,
Only the God within ſhould ſhake his labouring [Breſt.

In vain we from our Soneteeres require,
The Height of *Cowley*'s, and *Anacreon*'s Lyre.
In vain we bid 'em fill the Bowl,
Large as their capacious Soul,
Who ſince the King was crown'd ne'er taſted Wine,
But write at ſight, and know not where to dine.
In vain we bid dejected *Settle* hit
The Tragick Flights of *Shakeſpear*'s towring Wit;
He needs muſt miſs the Mark, who's kept ſo low,
He has not ſtrength enough to draw the Bow.

Sedly

Sedly, indeed, and *Rocheſter* might write
For their own Credit, and their Friends Delight,
Shewing how far they cou'd the reſt outdo,
As in their Fortunes, ſo their Writings too.
But ſhould Drudge *Dryden* this Example take
And *Abſolons* for empty Glory make,
He'd ſoon perceive his Income ſcarce enough,
To feed his noſtril with Inſpiring Snuff;
Starving for Meat, not ſurfeiting on Praiſe,
He'd find his Brains as barren as his *Bays*.
There was a Time when *Otway* charm'd the Stage,
Otway the Hope, the Sorrow of our Age;
When the full Pit with pleas'd attention hung,
Wrapt with each accent from *Caſtalio*'s Tongue.
With what a Laughter was his Soldier read!
How mourn'd they when his *Jaffier* ſtruck, and bled!
Yet this beſt Poet, tho with ſo much eaſe,
He never drew his Pen but ſure to pleaſe;
Tho Lightning were leſs lively than his Wit,
And Thunder-claps leſs loud than thoſe o'th' Pit,
He had of's many Wants much earlier dy'd,
Had not kind Banker *Betterton* ſupply'd,
And took for Pawn the Embryo of a Play,
Till he could pay himſelf the next third Day.
Were *Shakeſpear*'s ſelf to live again, he' ne'er
Deg'nerate to a Poet from a Player.
Carlile i'th' new-rais'd Troop we ſee,
And chattering *Mountfort* in the the Chancery;
Mountfort how fit for Politicks and Law,
That play'd ſo well Sir *Courtly* and *Jack Daw*.
Dance then attendance in ſlow *M——ves* Hall,
Read Maps, or court the Sconces till he call;
One Actor's Commendation ſhall do more
Than Patron now, or Merit heretofore.
Some Poets I confeſs, the Stage has fed,
Who for Half Crowns are ſhown, for two Pence read;
But theſe not envy thou, but imitate,
Much rather ſtarve in *Shadwels*'s ſilent Fate,
Then new vamp Farces, and be damn'd with *Tate*.

For

For now no *Sidneys* will three hundred give,
That needy *Spencer*, and his Fame may live;
None of our new Nobility will ſend
To the *King's Beneh*, or to his *Bedlam* Friend.
Chymiſts and Whores by *Buckingham* were fed,
Thoſe by their honeſt Labours gain'd their Bread;
But he was never ſo expenſive yet,
To keep a Creature merely for his Wit;
And *Cowley* from all *Clifden* ſcarce could have
One grateful Stone, to ſhew the World his Grave.
Pemb——lov'd Tragedy, and did provide
For Butcher's Dogs, and for the whole Bankſide;
The Bear was fed, but Dedicating *Lee*,
Was thought to have a larger Paunch than he.
More I could ſay, but care not much to meet
A Crabtree Cudgel in a narrow Street.
Beſides, your Yawning prompts me to give o'er:
Your humble Servant, Sir, not one word more.

Advice to the Painter,

Upon the defeat of the Rebels in the *Weſt*, and the Execution of the late Duke of *Monmouth.*

——*Pictoribus atque Poetis.*
Quidlibet——

SInce by juſt Flames the * guilty Piece is loſt,
The nobleſt Work thy fruitleſs Art could boaſt;
Renew thy faithful Pains a ſecond time,
From the Duke's Aſhes raiſe the Prince of *Lime*,
And make thy Fame eternal as his Crime.
The || Land (if ſuch it may be counted) draw,
Whoſe Intereſt is Religion, Treaſon Law;

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* The Duke's Picture burnt at *Cambridge*. || *Holland*.

Th' in-

Th' ingrateful Land, whoſe Treacherous Sons are Foes
To the kind Monarchy by which they roſe,
And by Inſtinctive Hatred dread that Pow'r,
Joyn'd in our King, and in their Conqueror.
Amidſt the Councels of this black Divan,
Draw the miſled, aſpiring, wretched Man,
His Sword maintaining what his Fraud began.
Draw Treaſon, Sacrilege, and Prefidy,
The curſt *Achitophel*'s kind Legacy;
Three direful Engins of a Rebel's hate,
Fit to Perform the blackeſt work of Fare.
But leſt their horrid Force too weak ſhou'd prove,
Add [3] tempting Woman's more deſtructive Love:
Give the Ambitious Fair———
All Nature's Gifts refin'd by ſubtleſt Art,
Too able to betray that eaſy Heart,
And with more charms than *Helen*'s to deſtroy
That other Hope of our miſtaken *Troy*.
The Scene from Dulneſs, and *Dutch* Plots bring o'er,
And ſet the hopeful Parracide aſhore,
Fraught with the Bleſſings of each booriſh Friend,
And the kind helps their Pray'rs and Brandy lend,
With thoſe few Crowns———
Some *Engliſh Jews*, and ſome *French Chriſtians* ſend.
Next in thy darkeſt Colours paint the [4] Town,
For old Hereditary Treaſon known,
Whoſe Infant Sons in early miſchiefs bred,
Swear to the Cov'nant they can hardly read;
Brought up with too much Charity to hate
Ought, but their Bible and their Magiſtrate.
Here let the gawdy Banner be diſplay'd,
While the kind Folls invoke their Neighbours Aid,
T' adore that Idol they themſelves have made,
And Peaſants from neglected Fields reſort,
To fill his Army, and adorn his Court.
Near this, erected on a Drum unbrac'd,
Let Heaven's and *James*'s [5] Enemy be plac'd,

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[3] Lady *Harr. Wentworth.* [4] *Taunton.* [5] *Ferguſon.*

The

The Wretch that hates, like falſe *Argyle*, the Crown,
The Wretch that, like vile *Oates*, defames the Gown,
And through the Speaking-Trumpet of his Noſe
Heav'ns ſacred Word profanely does expoſe,
Bidding the large-ear'd Rout with one accord
Stand up, and fight the Battle of the Lord.
Then nigh the Pageant Prince (alas to nigh!)
Paint *G.* with a Romantick Conſtancy,
Reſolv'd to Conquer, or reſolv'd to Fly;
And let there in his Guilty Face appear
The Rebel's Malice, and the Coward's Fear,
That future Ages in thy Face may ſee
Not his Wife falſer to his Bed, than to all Parties he.
Now let the curſt triumvirate prepare
For all the baneful Ills of horrid War;
Let Zealous Rage the dreadful Work begin,
Back'd with the ſad variety of Sin;
Let Vice in all its numerous ſhapes be ſhown,
Crimes which to milder *Brennus* were unknown
And Innocent *Cromwel* wou'd have bluſh'd to own.
Their Arms from pillag'd Temples let 'em bring,
And rob the Deity to wound the King.
Excited then by their Camp-Prieſt's long Pray'r
Their Conutry's Curſes, and their own Deſpair,
While Hell combines with its vile Offspring Night,
To hide their Treachery, or ſecure their Flight,
The watchful Troops with cruel haſt come on,
Then ſhout, look terrible, diſcharge, and run.
Fal'n from his ſhort liv'd Pow'r and flatter'd Hopes,
His Friends deſtroy'd by Hunger, Swords and Ropes;
To ſome near Grove the Weſtern Monarch flies,
In vain the innocent Grove her ſhade denies.
The Juſter Trees———
Who when for refuge *Charles* and Virtue fled,
By grateful Inſtinct their glad Branches ſpread,
And round the Sacred Charge caſt their inlarged Head,
Straight when the outcaſt *Abſalom* comes nigh,
Dropt off their fading Leaves, and blaſted dy.

Nor

Nor Earth her ſelf* will hide her guilty Son,
Tho he for refuge to her Bowels run.
Rebellious *Corah* to her Arm ſhe took
When Heav'n, and *Iſrael* his old Cauſe forſook;
But now provok'd by a more juſt diſdain,
She ſhrinks her frighted Head, and gives our Rebel back again,

Now Artiſt, let thy juſter Pencil draw
The ſad Effects of neceſſary Law.
In painted Words, and ſpeaking Colours, tell
The diſmal Exit this ſham Prince befel;
On the ſad Scene the glorious Rebel place,
With Pride, and Sorrow ſtrugling in his Face;
Deſcribe the Pangs of his diſtracted breaſt
(If by thy Labours Thought can be expreſt)
Shew with what difference two vaſt Paſſions move,
And how the Hero with the Chriſtian ſtrove.

Then place the Sacred Prelate by his ſide,
To raiſe his Sorrow, and confound his pride,
With the dear dreadful Thoughts of a God crucify'd.
Paint, if thou canſt, the Heavenly Words that hung
Upon the Holy Mens perſwaſive Tongue,
Words ſweet as *Moſes* writ, or *Aſaph* ſung;
Words whoſe prevailing Influence might have won,
All but the haughty harden'd *Abſolon.*

At diſtance round their weeping Mother, place
The too unmindful Fathers beauteous Race;
But like the Grecian Artiſt, ſpread a Veil
O'er the ſad Beauties of fair *Annabel.*

No Art, no Muſe thoſe Sorrows can expreſs,
Which would be render'd by Deſcription leſs.

Here cloſe the diſmal Scene, conceal the reſt
That the ſad Orphans Eyes will teach us beſt;
Thy guilty Art might raiſe our ill-tim'd Grief too high,
And make us, while we pity him, forget our Loyalty.

---

* Taken in a Ditch.

Madam

Madam Le Croy.

OF all the Plagues Mankind poſſeſs,
Defend me from the Sorcereſs,
Who draws from Lines her Calculations,
Inſtead of Squares for Demonſtrations;
Such as *Le Croy* impoſes on
The credulous deluded Town;
Who tho they know themſelves but fool'd,
Bring double Fees for being gull'd.
So Client jilted of his Suit,
Loſes his Cauſe, and pays to boot.
In comes a Duke from mighty Place
And Merit, fall'n into Diſgrace;
She views his Hand, and bids him Joy,
Calls him his Excellence Vice-Roy.
With this high Character the Bubble
Is well content, and pays her double:
Nor dreams he's baniſh't with his Fleet
A Slave to *Pathmos*, or to *Creet*.
As *Richm*——to the Northern Froſt,
And *Charen* —— to th' *Iriſh* Coaſt,
Blinded with Pride, ſenſleſs of Ruin,
So Fools embrace their own undoing.
Graft—— with Jealouſy oppreſt,
She adds a Creſent to his Creſt;
No Plannet-mount his Brow adorns,
Saturn, and *Venus* turn to Horns:
His Grace is but an Independant,
Whilſt *Mord*—— rules in the Aſcendant.
Northum—— does next implore,
The Stars which *Lucy* curſt before.
And 'twas his Fate, altho he made
A Cloiſter of the Nuptial Bed,
Whence ſhe's return'd with double Charms,
A Veſtal to his faithleſs Arms.

St. Alb.——— Duke, who never ſought her,
By th' bargain gets *N—caſtels* Daughter:
So ſays *Le Croy*, but juſter Fate
Dooms him a Match at *Billingſgate*;
Nor will *N———caſtels* his hopes place
In a baſe Baſtard Pippin Race.
For *So———ſet*, ſhe takes upon her
To ſooth him up with Maids of Honour:
Courage, tho Youth and Beauty fail,
Your Grace has Charms that will prevail;
No Virgin but muſt yield a Martyr,
T' an Idol of the Star and Garter.
Theſe *M———ve*, were the pow'rful Charms
Brought *Conway* Captive to thy Arms;
'Twas not thy Figure, Wit, nor Wealth,
It was the Star that made the Stealth:
Shortly ſhe will repent the Action,
Thy Hopper-arſe will cauſe the Fraction.
Northamp———, happier in his choice,
In Virgin-Wedlock plac'd his Joys;
Wiſely he ſhun'd that dire Intrigue,
Doom'd to be thy eternal Plague:
Of all for better or for worſe,
In miſſing her he eſcap'd the Curſe.
Gray's little Hand ſhe next doe's prove,
Brimful of Luck and Heart of Love.
The Fates you need no more importune,
This is the very line of Fortune;
My Lord, you are moſt ſure of *Nancy*,
If there be truth it *Necromancy*.
With *Elland* how ſhall we demean us?
Bleſs me! what's here? the Mount of *Venus*!
The Table thwarted too! this ſhows.
You'll die a Martyr in the Cauſe;
If you wou'd ſhun this diſmal Fate,
Go home, my Lord, and Salivate,
Beware of *Mercury* and ſuch Foes,
Compound with *Venus* for your Noſe.
With Love and Indignation warm,
Ch———ly begins to huff and ſtorm;

I dreſs

I dreſs and keep an Equipage,
With any Coxcomb of the Age.
Pray tell me then a reaſon why
Each Tinker has his Trull but I?
Your hand, you need not be ſo ſtout,
My Lord your Line of Love is out.
Learn then, if you would have Succeſs,
More Wit, and leſs Affectedneſs.
With Shoulder Belt and gaudy Feather,
Ten Yards of Crevat ty'ſt together,
Comes *New*----*gh*; by theſe Lines expreſt,
As you'd a narrow Scape i'th' *Weſt*,
This Demicircle here declares,
You'l meet worſe Wounds in *Venus* Wars.
But have a care how you ingage
For a new Coach and Equipage,
Laviſh and Love's a double Dart,
That breaks your Back, and this your Heart.
So Hounds and Huntſmen Hare o'er power,
And what thoſe worry, theſe devour.
But theſe are not the only Fools,
Le Croy has choice of female Gulls,
Who puff'd with Pride do flock in vain,
Blown up e'er they diſcern the Train.
Thus *Lucy* into Bondage run
For a great Name to be undone:
Deluded with the Name of Dutcheſs,
She fell into the Lion's Clutches:
This was *Le Croy*'s bewitching Cheat,
Her Sacred Thirſt of being great.
Whilſt *Graf*—— in her Duke leſs bleſt,
Is of her Bucannier poſſeſt;
With *Shir*———*ry* whoſe Love's intent,
And all the Rout that noſe the Scent.
With wither'd Hand and wrinkled Brow
Cleveland in Rage comes next, to know
What deſperate Tatterdemallion
Should next vouchſafe to be her Stallion.
But by the Wrinkles on her Brow,
She's told her Charms quite fail her now;

And

And ſince ſhe coupled with a Strowler,
Her next Admirer muſt be *Fowler.*
Arran with counterfeited Grace,
And muffled Veil about her Face,
Shews to *Le Croy* her ſnowy Fiſt,
Who cryes, ſix Husbands at the leaſt;
But yet there's none to that lewd Damp,
No ſecond Love dares light a Lamp.
Kildare a Beauty in her Bloom,
In vizor ſteals to know her Doom.
Ye Gods! a double Line of Life,
Madam; you'l make a thund'ring Wife,
Great *Jove* himſelf, and all the Land,
Beſides our Lord, at your command:
Devon——, *Mul*——, *Scars*——, all
Shall Captives to your Empire fall;
Till for a virtuous Wife renown'd,
Your *Wittall* Lord at laſt is crown'd.
Next comes young *Fox*'s barren Bliſs,
She reads her Fortune in her Phys!
Beſides, I find it in your Hand,
Madam, you muſt be better man'd;
Your brawny Spouſe's groſs Infuſion,
Sutes not your airy Conſtitution:
If for an Heir you would not want,
Make meagre *Darcy* your Gallant.
Fine Lady *Cartwright* in her Chair
To know her Doom does next repair,
Purſu'd by *Fenwick*, *Frank*, and *Gray*,
Who ſigh all night, and dodg all day:
As Beggars dream of golden Heaps,
Each longs, but none the Treaſure reaps.
The next fine Widow *Whitmore*, ſhe
Is told of gentle *Cornb*—;
But the ſly Wight ſecur'd the Prey,
And flying bore the Nymph away.
Miſs *Nancy* ſhall bring up the Reer,
Whoſe Fortune is to have a Peer;
If't ben't her harder Fate to be
Confounded with Variety.

So tir'd with Change, ſome Courtly Nice
She makes the laſt, and the worſt choice.
Why ſhould I tire your Patience out
With *Warwick*, and the wrinkled Rout,
Hinton or *Howard*? I could tell ye
Of thouſands beſides *Hughes* and *Nelly*.
Who daily croud upon the Plains,
To find out choice of youthful Swains.
But all thoſe Charms that did kind Warmth infuſe,
Worn out of date have chil'd my tired Muſe.

The Tribe of Levi.

SInce Plagues were order'd for a Scourge to Men,
And *Egypt* ſore was chaſtn'd with her Ten;
No greater Plague did any State moleſt,
Than the ſevere, the laſting Plague, a *Prieſt*.
Some Savage Beaſts, by Laws of Nature bound,
Only in Woods, and deſert Lands are found;
No Land, no Climate can this Monſter bind,
But like ſome *Hydra* multiply's his Kind.
Through th' Extended Orb directs his Courſe,
And is at beſt a Univerſal Curſe.
Ah happy *Albion*, to the Gods moſt dear!
How bright thy Rocks, and fertile Lands appear?
The Ocean's glory, and its Nymphs delight,
The Nation's Terror by thy Men of Might.
Thrice happy *Albion*, had there ne're poſſeſt
Thy ſpacious Kingdoms, the conſuming Prieſt!
Who Locuſt-like the Nations overſpread,
In every place a Prieſt erects his Head.
Theſe, as the Fiſhes in the Water breed,
And on the Fat of all the Paſtures feed.
Nor are they ſatisfy'd to have a Pow'r
To drain the Nations, and its Fat devour!
But like the Devil, always bent on Ill,
They plot new Miſchiefs and Devices ſtill:
Their unknown Virtues do the Crowd deceive:
What Prieſtly Knaves report, dull Fools believe,
Nor is a Prince (how great ſo e'er he be)
From their Deceit and ſtudied Malice free,

Like

Like Fiends aſcending from the Houſe of Smoak,
They all around the gilded Palace flock,
And in the Ears of Monarchy they ſing,
That had they not been Prieſts he'ad ne'er been King.
Set off with Titles, and a Specious Name,
They quickly ſet the wondering World on flame.
Methinks I hear its burden'd Axels break,
And of the Prieſts dead Weight diſtinctly ſpeak,
The ſenſeleſs Elements together moan,
And all around the vaſt Creation groan.
Ye juſter Deities, true Friends to Men,
Aſſiſt my Muſe, and guide my fainting pen;
A gen'rous Paſſion raiſe within my Breaſt,
That may affect the vileſt Monſter, *Prieſt*;
Let my Muſe laſh, the ſtrokes be bold and good,
As if my Pen were Steel, my Ink were Blood.

Cloſe by thoſe Banks, the Banks were Silver *Thames*
Still glides along with unpolluted Streams
A Fabrick ſtands, no Storm of Fate moleſts,
From its Foundation was poſſeſt by Prieſts;
Here *Levi* lives, o'er grown with Sin and Years,
Good God, what Lewdneſs lurks in hoary Hairs!
As chief of Prieſts, Imperial Sway does bear,
For he alone is God's Vicegerent here;
His leſſer Villains of the Church are Slaves,
For he that's chief of Prieſts is chief of Knaves.
'Twas this ſame *Levi* did our *James* enthrone
And when h' had done, as baſely pull'd him down:
The *Levites* firſt his Soverign Will declar'd,
The *Levites* firſt his Sovereign Will debarr'd,
And thus old *Levi*, through miſtaken fame,
Had got a Patriot's and a Martyr's Name;
Him th' unſtable Mob with Praiſes grac'd,
And thus his Humor for his Conſcience paſt:
Moroſe and Peeviſh, inſolently Proud;
Levi would ſtoop to none but to the Crowd,
Who, e'er the Rabbel could his Bleſſings crave,
His Apoſtilick Benedictions gave.

Unhappy *James* Prepoſtrous was the Fate,
That brought on thee the Clergy's Frown and Hate.

Hadſt thou our Civil Rights and Charters took,
Not half a word the Clergy than had ſpoke:
But to moleſt the Church, was to depoſe
God's holy Blockeads, and ſet up his Foes.
Now Foreign Troops invited o'er the Main,
Come to diſturb the Scenes of thy ſhort Reign.
Grown mad with Fear when thou hadſt loſt the Day,
And in inglorious haſt didſt run away,
Our Pious *Levi* loyally came down
T' invite our future Monarch to the Town.
How beggarly's the Crown, how mean the State,
That does depend on Biſhops Love or Hate;
Nor can Conventions now make him a King,
Till *Levi* does the Regal Veſtments bring;
In vain's your Reaſoning, in vain your Toil,
If *Levi* but keep back th' anointing Oil.
'Twas not for this the Hero was brought o'er;
No, but to ſettle Church as 'twas before,
To beat his Dad, and call his Mother Whore.
Shou'd he be crown'd, *Levi*'s Deſigns are croſt,
The juggle too of the Succeſſion loſt.
If *James* be reinthron'd, we muſt aſcribe
His Reſtoration unto *Levi*'s Tribe:
And thus the Hierachy of courſe bears Rule,
And the weak Monarch is the Biſhop's Tool;
None but the Church ſhould keep their Civil Rights,
And all Diſſenters be but *Gibeonites*.
So much theſe Arguments with *Levi* ſway'd,
That he aſide his Faith and Conſcience laid;
At once the Sanhedrim and God forſook,
And all his own pernicious Councels took.
Rather than have his Prieſts left in the lurch,
Would damn himſelf only to ſave the Church.
Thus in a Fret he to his Cell retires,
To plot new Miſchiefs, and blow up new Fires.
Had this Retirement been well deſign'd,
Only to eaſe the Plague of Human Kind,
Levi, thy Abſence then we ne'er could mourn,
Nor been ambitious of thy loath'd Return.

But ſince thy Den's become the Lyon's Court,
Whither in Black the Beaſts of Prey reſort,
May'ſt thou from thence thy final Journey take,
And on ſome Gibbet thy juſt Exit make.
Nor ſhalt thou *Corah*, now my Hand is in,
Eſcape the juſteſt Cenſure of my Pen;
Corah, in the lewd Liſt muſt next take place,
To Man, and to Religion, a diſgrace.
In him, when Young, the Prieſtly Sign appears
Did promiſe Miſchief in his tender Years,
No coſt was wanting to provide him Tools,
To paſs the learned Drudgery of the Schools,
Where Youth is with the Laws Corruption fed,
Where Prieſts are form'd, and holy Cheats are bred.
Their ſlaviſh Tenents much our *Corah* lov'd,
And in the Tricks of Prieſthood ſoon improv'd.
He from the Pulpit did his Doctrine breath,
And ſhed his Venom on the Crow'd beneath:
He taught that Kings might govern by their Will,
And like the Gods themſelves could ne'er do ill;
That Princes had an arbitrary Power,
And might their Subjects, when they pleas'd, devour;
That God all Reaſon gave to Kings and Prieſts,
And that all Men beſides were only Beaſts.
But when his Lion from the Throne was driven,
Diſown'd by all good Men, and juſter Heaven,
A King ſet up the Nations all approv'd,
A King that God and all the People lov'd;
Our treacherous *Corah* had his Faith forgot,
And turn'd his fam'd Obedience to a Plot;
His ſcrupulous Conſcience would not let him ſwear,
Whilſt Father liv'd, Obedience to the Heir;
But in the Head of a Rebellious Race,
As void of moral Vertues as of Grace,
Corah the new-made Monarch did diſown,
And ſince the other went, each Action done;
Until King *William*'s Fate reſounds from far,
His great Succeſs and Enterprize in War,
And Fame aloud does of his Fortunes tell,
How by his Hand the Sons of *Corah* fell.

Now *Corah* is become a milder Prieſt,
And ſwears as well as any of the reſt,
Prieſts are like Spaniel's, and inclin'd to good,
No longer than they ſee or feel the Rod.
Ah *William*, had I but thy Scepter Royal!
By Heaven I'd beat the Dogs till they were Loyal!
Ungrateful *Corah*! I'll bid thee adieu;
Since God hath left thee, I will leave thee too:
Nor ſhall my Satyr e'er diſturb my Life,
Since thou haſt got a Satyr in a Wife.
Dathan muſt next be from Oblivion freed,
Who in the Field obtain'd the Biſhop's Meed;
Was bred a Soldier, now by Trade a Prieſt,
Tho not ſo wiſe or learn'd as are the reſt.
He ſeldom does to Preaching make pretence,
But does excuſe it by his want of Senſe.
Yet *Dathan* never like his Tribe was mad,
Nor were his Crimes ſo great or half ſo bad;
Dathan did never queſtion his Belief,
But pinn'd his Faith upon his Father's Sleeve;
Sometimes was in the right, but vary'd ſoon,
And chang'd his looſe Opinion with the Moon.
Dathan did with King *William*'s Intereſt cloſe,
Yet like a Sot encourag'd all his Foes.
Who but wiſe *Dathan* would his Senſe prefer,
And take the part of a Petitioner?
Favour the City Mob, ſo lately fam'd,
For Murderers and Evidences nam'd?
Yet *Dathan*, though thy Crimes too far exceed,
I'll pardon all thy Faults for one good Deed.
But damn'd *Abiram* muſt my Anger feel,
Whoſe Lewdneſs is as deep, as black as Hell,
Such as a Muſe, ſcarce an *Old Nick*, can tell.
Abiram did late *Jemmy*'s Will controul,
And made a Seventh in the famous Roll:
Abiram with 'em enter'd his Proteſt,
And grew as ſaucy as did all the reſt;
But now his Conſcience does by *Levi*'s ſquare,
And his leud Thoughts with *Levi*'s Notes compare.

Levi

Levi to God nor to the Kingdom true,
The Elder Brother of the factious Crew;
He choſe *Abiram* out of all the Tribe,
To be his Secretary and his Scribe,
Who beſt to Mr. *Redding* might preſent
The Strength and Weakneſs of the Government;
How ſtiff the *Levites* to his Intereſt ſtood,
As true as Steel, and firm as Oaken Wood.
But poor *Abiram* does the Toil endure,
Whilſt *Levi* in his Cell does ſit ſecure:
Levi of Freedom knew the worth and price,
And therefore ſent the Fools to break the Ice.
Tho ſome in forming Plots may well agree,
Yet few think good to hang for Company.
But poor *Abiram*! it would vex a Stone,
To plot in Numbers, and to hang alone.
Yet never at thy Deſtiny repine,
Hanging's the fitteſt Death for a D——ne.
For who does ever at the Gallows ſwing,
But e'er he's turned off a Pſalm doth ſing?
And though thou art a dire Example made,
Thoul't leave the World in thy own way of Trade.
Nor muſt *Abiathar* be here forgot,
For he that well can write can make a Plot:
Of any Faith he never maketh doubt,
But like the Wind his Conſcience veers about.
In lofty Strains he Tyrant *Noll* did praiſe,
And to his Fame a laſting Statue raiſe;
Who in Uſurpers praiſe employ their Pens,
Have no Affection to their lawful Prince.
Whate'er pretence to Prieſthood may belong,
Gold is their God, and Glory guides their Tongue.
Theſe even *Beelzebub* have quite undone,
In Prieſt thy *Athens* Plagues are cram'd in one.
But now my Muſe another Story tells;
Pray hear the Sound of pious *Aaron*'s Bells,
Whoſe Strength of Zeal ſuppreſſes that of Senſe;
Where fleſh doth fail, Devotion does commence.
For tir'd with Age, of youthful Vigor free,
He is devout of meer Neceſſity;

His great Auſterity his Tribe does ſute,
He ſometimes rides, but oftner walks on foot:
Such pageant Zeal attendeth Biſhopricks,
He well may walk, where follows Coach and Six.
Nor can he pray, but where his Pictures ſtand,
To fix his Zeal, and wandring Thoughts command.
Theſe Images do pious Heats confer,
And raiſe Devotion up the Lord knows where;
He ſoars ſo high, and to the Clouds does grow,
He quite forgets all Loyalty below,
Can take no Oath, nor ſwallow any Teſt,
But muſt be ſtubborn as are all the reſt.
Let laſting Infamy curſt *Zadoc* damn,
Who maketh all Religion but a Sham:
Zadoc, who boaſts of Fighting, Drinking, Roaring,
And above all his mighty Strength in Whoring;
Yet to debauch his Conſcience now is loth;
And ſwears by God he cannot take the Oath:
Let *Zadoc* to his Sins ſtand firm and ſtiff,
'Till Triple Tree ſhall take the Triple F——
Next in the Liſt muſt *Eleazer* come,
A Foe to *England*, and a Friend to *Rome*.
Prieſts in Divinity take little Pains,
And with Religion ſeldom crack their Brains.
This want of Senſe made *Eleazer* run
The firſt to worſhip the ariſing Sun.
When Brother Prieſts arrived here from *Rome*,
Good *Eleazer* did invite them home:
He took his Coach, and mighty Stir he made
To be aſſiſtant at the Cavalcade;
But yet thy Coachmen, as the Act expreſt,
By moſt was thought the better ſort of Prieſt;
He would not drive, nor *Rome*'s black Fiends adore,
When thou wer't but Poſtillion to the Whore;
Whilſt honeſt *Slaſh* did for his Freedom ſtrive,
Thou like the Devil unto *Rome* didſt drive:
Thy Brethren baniſh'd by the preſent Reign,
Thou long'ſt to view and welcome here again.
Not the lew'd *Levites* which arrive from *Rome*,
Are greater Villains than our Prieſts at home:

The Church's Warriors of thy py-bald Band,
That plague the Natives of this wretched Land,
That blow the Coals and warmer Blood ferment,
To cauſe a Fever in the Government.
I'll mention but one more, and then have done,
'Tis fighting *Joſhua* the Son of *Nun*:
Tho he to Men of Senſe is a Buffoon,
He ſerves to make a Spiritual Dragoon.
What tho he cannot preach, or pray, or write,
He 'gainſt his Country and his King can fight.
He's ſtrongly armed with a double Sword,
To fight God's Battles, and to preach his Word.
What Wonders in the Field were lately done,
By fighting *Joſhua* the Son of *Nun*?
He, bravely *Monmouth* and his Force withſtood,
And made the *Weſtern* Land a Field of Blood;
There *Joſhua* did his reaking Heat aſſwage,
On every Sign-poſt gibbet up his Rage;
Glutted with Blood like ſome moſt Chriſtian Turk,
And ſcarce outdone by *Jefferies* or *Kirk*;
Yet now the Prieſt is grown a Rebel too,
And what *Monmouthians* did, himſelf can do.
Since thou like them art equally too blame,
Their Fate was to be hang'd, be thine the ſame.
Shou'd I of all the leſſer Villains tell,
It would a great, a bulky Volume fill,
Fit for the Devil's Library in Hell.
Should I their Lewdneſs, and their Crimes relate,
Their Luſts, their Perjuries, their Envy, Hate,
Their filthy Drunkenneſs, their height of Pride,
Their Avarice, yet Luxury beſide,
Their want of Goodneſs, and their want of Senſe,
And their Repentance in the future Tenſe,
Their new-coin'd Tenets with the Pulpits fill,
Would tire *Pelling*'s Paſſive Lungs to tell.
Hophnie of old laid down his rampant Whore,
And thump'd her Carcaſe at the Temple-door:
But who can tell what tricks our Prieſts do uſe
Behind the Altar, and within the Pews?

The

The antient *Levites* (as the times then ſtood)
Were Men of Cruelty, and Men of Blood;
The far more harmleſs Bulls they did ſurprize,
And near the Altar ſhew the Sacrifice.
Altho the Butcher now does not take place,
The Cruelty's entail'd upon the Race;
Our Prieſts are all deſcended from that Stem,
Nero and *Aretine* are Saints to them;
They oft the Blood of War in Peace have ſpill'd,
How many Priſons has their Malice fill'd;
How many Widows have they made a Prey?
What Goods the holy Guzmans ſtole away!
Well may they grieve now, having loſt the Power
By which they Widows Houſes did devour:
That Land's accurſt, hath reaſon to lament,
Where Prieſts are made a Piece of Government;
They damn our Souls, and lead us weary Lives,
Miſlead our Daughters, and debauch our Wives:
Whatever ſhew of Zeal the Prieſthood paints,
They are at beſt but cukoldizing Saints;
The pious Vermin that moleſt a State,
The Source of all Diſorder and Debate;
The Bane of Princes, a tumultuous Crew,
Not ſatisfy'd with what is old or new.
For *James* they underwent a wondrous Toil,
And greas'd his Head with their Anointing Oil;
But when he to the Jeſuits tack'd about,
They as the Devil with pray'r caſt them out.
Nor are they with their New-made Monarch glad,
(The Prieſts have ſtill a Priv'lege to be mad)
Tho eaſy, gentle, and averſe to Blood,
His only Crime, he's to his Foes too good;
Well may he have the Prieſts to be his Foes,
That even God Almighty will depoſe.

Some Verſes ſent to a Friend to one who twice ventur'd his Carcaſe in Marriage.

By *Mr.* Tho. Brown.

THE Husband's the Pilot, the Wife is the Ocean
He always in danger, ſhe always in motion;
And he that in Wedlock twice hazards his Carcaſe,
Twice ventures the Drowning, and Faith that's a hard [caſe.
Even at our own Weapons the Females defeat us,
And Death, only Death can ſign our *Quietus*.
Not to tell you ſad Stories of Liberty loſt,
Our Mirth is all pall'd, and our Meaſures all croſt;
That Pagan Confinement, that damnable Station,
Sutes no other States or Degrees in the Nation.
The *Levite* it keeps from Parochial Duty,
For who can at once mind Religion and Beauty?
The Rich it alarms with Expences and Trouble,
And a poor Beaſt, you know, can ſcarce carry double.
'Twas invented, they tell you, to keep us from falling,
O the Virtues and Graces of ſhrill Caterwaling! [Sir,
How it palls in your Gain; but pray how do you know
How often your Neighbour breaks in your Incloſure?
For this is the principal Comforts of Marriage,
You muſt eat tho a hundred have ſpit in your Porridg.
If at night you're unactive, or fail in performing,
Enter Thunder and Lightning, and Blood-ſhed next [Morning;
Luſt's the Bone of your Shanks, O dear Mr. *Horner*,
This comes of your ſinning with Crape in a Corner.

Then

Then to make up the Breach all your Strength you muſt
And labour and ſweat like a Slave in a Gally; [rally,
And ſtill you muſt charge, O bleſſed Condition!
Tho' you know, to your coſt, you have no more Am-
Till at laſt the poor Tool of a mortified Man, [munition:
Is unable to make a poor Flaſh in the Pan.
Fire, Flood, and Female, begin with a Letter,
But for all the World's not a Farthing the better.
[humble,
Your Flood is ſoon gone, and your Fire you muſt
If into Flames ſtore of Water you tumble;
But to cure the damn'd Luſt of your Wife's Titilation,
You may uſe all the Engines and Pumps in the Nation,
As well you may piſs out the laſt Conflagration.
And thus I have ſent you my Thoughts of the matter,
You may judg as you pleaſe, I ſcorn for to flatter,
I could ſay much more, but here ends the Chapter.

The CAMPAIGN.

1692.

WHEN People find their Money ſpent,
They *recollect* which *way* it went,
The like in order to *prevent*
for th' Future.

That *Money*'s ſpent I need not tell,
For what I know not very well,
Unleſs to make Folks to Rebel
or Tutor.

But leſt you think it ſpent in vain,
And of our Hero's Acts Complain,
I will diſcribe this laſt Campaign
in *Flanders*.

With *Treaſure*, *Ships*, and *Arms* good ſtore,
To make the *French* (as we be) poor,
He did embark with many more Commanders.

While

While Cares were fighting in his Breaſt,
And nothing left (but *Wife*) unpreſt,
He took, not ſtaying to be bleſs'd,
his Ark, Sir.

Haſtning to make ſome work for Verſe,
Fit for dull Dutchmen to rehearſe,
Where *Wit* and *Courage* are ſo ſcarce;
d'ye mark, Sir.

He was no ſooner ſet on ſhore,
When News came *Poſt* that *Luxembur'*
Had actually beſieg'd *Namur*,
nigh *Liege*, Sir.

This *Action* put him in a maze,
Fearing if he ſhould make *delays*,
It would be difficult to raiſe
the Siege, Sir.

With that he muſter'd all his Force,
Full foreſcore thouſand Foot and Horſe,
That never flinch'd, or hung an Arſe,
when fighting.

And march'd away with Noble Train;
But all Endeavours prov'd in vain,
There were ſuch Storms of Thunder, Rain,
And Lightning.

The *filthy Seaſon* made him *fret*;
Not that he *fear'd* the *French* a bit,
But that it was ſuch *plaguy* wet
raw Weather.

We boldly view'd their *dirty Paſſes*,
And *Retrenchments* where no *Graſs is*,
And ſo retir'd like *driven Aſſes*,
together.

For not attempting once to fight,
Namur was taken in our ſight,
Though from the Town we lay not quite
a Mile, Sir.

The *ſtrength* of *Flanders* ſo was *won*,
And *W———bravely* ſaw it done,
And unconcernedly look'd on the while, Sir,

The

The *Dutch*, who better knew the Land,
Found it too *ſlippery* to *ſtand*,
And therefore would not be *trappan'd*,
as we were.

For ſo to *Fight* at any *rate*,
Without *Aſſurance* of their *Fate*,
Or a reſpect to *Future State*,
is not fair.

Low Country Courage thus expreſs'd,
His Highneſs thought it time to *reſt*,
And full *three Months* he took at leaſt
to do it.

When ſo *refreſhed*, in *haſt* he roſe,
And *ſwore* (for 'twas his *turn* t' oppoſe)
He'd be *reveng*'d, and make his Foes
to rue it.

To carry on this great *Deſign*,
Early one Morning very fine,
He did *reſolve* to force their *Line*
and Trenches.

With Swords, and Guns, and Hand-Granadoes,
He made his way through *Ambuſcadoes*,
And beat down ſome o'th *Palliſadoes*
of the *Frenches*.

So there began a *warm Diſpute*,
The *French* were ſtrong, and held him to't;
For *Æſop* order'd all his Foot
to draw forth.

When *Two* Fight one muſt always beat,
'Tis ſaid; but that's a meer *deceit*;
For *W*——— only did *retreat*,
and ſo forth.

He left indeed Six thouſand Dead,
At leaſt they were diſpirited,
Twelve hundred, ſome ſay, were Pris'ners made,
but I won't.

The *French* did ſoon decamp we find,
As if to Fight no more inclin'd,
Leaving the Lord knows what behind,
for I don't.

What

What if this great *Attempt* did fail?
He had another to prevail,
That Monſieur might his Stars bewail
with ſorrow.

Louis in *hopes* was made to *fly*,
His *Conqueſts* left to *W*——— to *buy*;
To th *Commonwealth* his *Tyranny*
to borrow.

'Twas a *Deſcent*, you underſtand,
On the *French* Coaſts ſome Men to land,
To reſcue Traitors from the hand
of *Lewis*.

Old Laws of *France* there to reſtore,
As *England*'s he had done before;
But ſome will ha't to *break* 'em more,
moſt true is.

Suppoſe all Kings alike for eaſe,
And the *Name* only not to pleaſe,
(Old *Things* with us are a Diſeaſe)
'twere madneſs;

While *Lewis*'s Glory does commence,
T'exchange him for a creeping Prince,
'Twould be a vile *Affront* to Senſe
in ſadneſs.

The *Ladies* would forbid thoſe *Arts*,
To give away their King of *Hearts*,
For one of leſs performing parts
than *le Grand*.

For One that ha'nt to ſhow, God knows,
So much to *pleaſe 'em*, as a *Noſe*;
Tho it may ſerve to ſpight his Foes,
how ere't ſtand.

But while our *Champion* was abroad,
Mind how he kept the very Road
He to his *Cabinet* had ſhow'd,
and went in.

To drag our *Landmen* out to *Sea*,
To uſe them *ill*, and keep their *Pay*,
Strict Orders coming ev'ry Day,
from *B*——*ting*.

With

With fifteen thouſand Men, and more,
Five hundred Ships to waft them o'er,
With ſixty Cannons that would roar
like Thunder.

Some fifty Mortars great and ſmall,
Bombs, Carcaſes, the Devil and all,
And bloody *Threats* ſent from *Whitehall*,
you'd wonder.

Spades, Shovels, Pioneeers they got,
Guns, Swords, ſav'd all ſince *Oate*'s Plot,
At *Bilboa* made, if I am not
miſtaken.

Bridles and Sadles not a few,
With Harneſſes for Mankind too,
To ſhew the *French* what they muſt do,
if taken.

The forty thouſand Bills from *Spain*,
Which ne're till then ſaw Sun or Rain,
But have in Hugger Mugger lain
fourteen years,

The Pilgrims too, ſly Voluntiers,
Expected juſt ſo many Years,
If you'll believe't, to increaſe *French* Fears,
were ſeen there:

But above all they were ſupplied
With ſix Months Powder'd Beef beſide,
For fear the *French* ſhould not provide
enough, Sir.

And armed with a pious Zeal
For holy Kirk, and Commonweal,
And Courage true as any Steel,
or Buff, Sir.

This grand deſign was deeply laid,
If it be true that People ſaid,
That *Rochel* was to be betray'd,
or *Dunkirk*;

Tho others ſaid they were to go
In dusk of Night to St. *Malo*,
To burn the Ships, and mall the Foe
with Dungfork.

But

But ſome a wiſer thing did ſay,
'Twas farther off into a Bay,
Not far from *Bayonne*, call'd *Biſcay*,
nigh *Spaniard*.

To ſtop our Search an Order came,
That none the deſtin'd Place ſhould name,
But he ſhould ſtrait be hang'd for th' ſame
at Main-yard.

All thus equipt, Wind ſitting right,
They hoiſted Sail with all their Might,
And ſafely paſt the Iſle of *Wight*,
as can be.

Strange Hopes and Fears did us poſſeſs,
To know what would be the Succeſs,
When ſuddenly came an Expreſs
to *Danby*,

Which brought Advice that *Ruſſel*, he
With *L*———*ſter*'s Duke could not agree;
So was our Project utterly
defeated.

To get in order this Deſcent
Four hundred thouſand Pounds were ſpent;
So you, and not the Government,
were cheated.

Thus between *French* that us do *beat*,
And *Dutch* that daily do us *cheat*,
Our *Grief* and *Ruins* muſt be *great*,
I fear it.

Iſſachar's Arms may ours be made,
An Aſs between two Burdens laid,
To both for being *Jews* betray'd,
you'll ſwear it.

Namur we ſaw to *France* ſubmit,
At *Steinkirk* fluſh'd into a Net,
And the Deſcent proved beſhit
all over.

His Conqueſts thus at once you view,
And how he did his Foes ſubdue;
His Triumps next I will to you
diſcover.

But firſt obſerve how he return'd!
Some Paltry Ships that you thought burn'd,
And *Bart*, with whom to fight he ſcorn'd,
no wonder,
Met him: But Kings, whoſe Honour lies
As his, be not to fight a Prize
With Folks concern'd in Robberies,
and Plunder.

So to eſcape a Bloody Bout,
He did take down his Royal Clout,
Or Flag, on which it did fall out,
Gaff *Momus*.

Our King of Bees then did not fail,
Altho he wears no Sting in's Tail,
And without ſhifting Hive to ſail,
ſafe Home to's.

The Tower Guns were all prepar'd,
And Fireworks on Lighters rear'd;
But what came on 'em I ne'er heard
a *Verbum*.

In Windows moſt Folks ſet up Lights,
Excepting ſaucy *Jacobites*,
That had their Glazing broke to rights,
to curb 'em.

Firſt came ſome Guards to clear the way;
And next a Squire with Boots of Hay,
And on a Nag moſt miſerably
Bejaded.

Two Men came next who cring'd aud bow'd,
And humbly did beſeeech the Crowd,
To make a noiſe, and baul aloud,
as they did.

Then came Coach, in whch there ſat
Four Lords, who went, as People prate,
His Highneſs to congratulate
and flatter.

Next twenty Mob, the Chief o'th Town,
In left Hand Club in right Hand Stone,
Thoſe Windows which had Candels none
to batter.

Four

Four Horſes next a Chariot drew,
In which of *Dutch*-men there ſat two,
Whoſe very looks would make one ſpew,
as I did.

At laſt the fierce *Life-guards* appear'd,
Who at the Candles gap'd and ſtar'd:
And thus his Triumphs you have heard
deſcribed.

Now judge if he's ſo fit a Pin
For th' wounded Hole that he is in;
Or have we cauſe to chuſe again,
or no, Sir?

If we to Slavery are born;
Yet 'tis a Caſe that's too forlorn,
To ſerve them that our Servants ſcorn,
I trow, Sir.

But after all it muſt be ſaid,—
His Conqueſts were not quite ſo bad,
But he thoſe Triumphs merited,
and more, Sir.

For ſure no Emperor of *Rome*,
Nor *Britiſh* King was, I preſume,
With Farthing Candles lighted home
before, Sir.

The Nine WORTHIES.

A Satyr written when the K—— went to Flanders, *and left nine Lords Juſtices.*

A Thin ill-natur'd Ghoſt that haunts the King,
Till him and us he does to Ruin bring,
Impeach'd and pardon'd, impudently rides
The Council, and the Parliament beſtrides;
Where ſome bought Members, like his ſerving Men,
To all his lies devoutly ſay *Amen*.
This brazen'd Liar, this known curſed K——
Is now the Man that Church and State muſt ſave.

Room for the Pink of ſtarch'd Civilty,
The Emptineſs of Old Nobility:
This Fop without diſtinction does apply
His Bows and Smiles to all promiſcuouſly;
With an effected Careleſs waves his Wand,
And tottering on does neither go nor ſtand.
So humbly proud, and ſo genteely dull,
Too weak for Counſel, and too old for Trull;
That to conclude with this bilk'd ſtately thing,
He's a meer coſtly piece of Garniſhing.

A drowſy *Wittal* drawn down to the laſt,
Dead before's time by having liv'd too faſt,
Lives now upon the Wit that's long ſince gone,
Nothing but Bulk remains, the Soul is flown;
The little good that's ſometimes of him ſaid,
Is becauſe Men will ſpeak well of the Dead:
For when all's done, this honeſt worthy Man
Has no Remorſe for taking all he can.

A Grave Eye, and an Overthinking Face,
Seem to diſtinguiſh him from all his Race;
But Nature's proud, and ſcorning all Reſtraint,
By ſudden Stars ſhews there's a mortal Taint;
Which to a good Obſerver makes it plain,
The Frenzy will e'er long return again:
But after all, to do him right; 'tis ſad
The beſt of all the Nine ſhould be ſtark mad.

A good Attorney ſpoil'd, when his ill Fate
And ours did make him Secretary of State;
For if his part had been to give a Charge
At Country Seſſions where he might enlarge,
H'as a rare Method to diſplay a thing
With mighty Senſe, not worth the mentioning:
But the fine gilded Bead is much too weak
To bear the wieght he's under, ſo much break,

Next, Painter, draw a Jackanapaes of State,
A Monkey turn'd into a Magiſtrate,
A ſwacy Wight born up with Heat and Noiſe,
Fit only for a Ring-leader of Boys;
To untile Neighbour Houſes, and to play
Such uncouth Gambols on a Holy-day.

Strange!

Strange! that ſo young a Government ſhould dote,
So as to let a Whirl-wind rule the Boat.
Ungrateful Toad-ſtool, deſpicable thing!
Thus to deſert thy Maſter, and thy King;
He was thy Maker too, and from the Duſt
Rais'd thee, tho 'twas to all Mankind's Diſguſt.
William, with all his Courage, muſt be afraid
To truſt the Villain who has *James* betray'd;
For ſure no thing can e'er redeem thy Crime,
But the ſame brutal Trick a ſecond time.
As rich in Words as he is poor in Senſe,
An empty piece of miſplac'd Eloquence:
With a ſoft Voice, and a Moſs Trooper's Smile,
The Widgeon fain the Commons would beguile;
But he is known, and 'tis hard to expreſs
How they deride his *Northern* Gentleneſs,
While he lets looſe the dull inſipid Stream
Of his ſet Speeches made up of whipt Cream.
'Tis here alone you'l find, wher'ere you ſeek,
A profound Stateſman with a cherry Cheek:
He has a quick Eye, and a ſprightful Glance,
His Face a Map of jolly Ignorance.
The Lillies and the Roſes ſo diſpos'd,
Should not by Care or Thought be diſcompos'd:
Pity that fat, round, pretty, bluſhing thing,
Should e'er be thus condemn'd to Counſelling.

To the Lords aſſembled in Council; The Petition of Tho. Brown, *by Sir* Fleetwood Shepherd.

Humbly ſheweth,

SHould you order *Tom Brown*
To be Wipt thro the Town
For Scurvy Lampoon,
Tate, *Southern*, and *Crown*,
Their Pens will lay down.

E'en *Durfy* himſelf, and ſuch merry Fellows,
That put their whole truſt in Tunes and Trangdillo's
May hang up themſelves, and their Harps on the Willows.

For if Poets are puniſh'd for Libelling Traſh,
Jo. Dryden, at ſixty may yet fear the Laſh.

No Penſion nor Praiſe,
All Birch and no Bays;
Theſe are not right ways
Our Fancies to raiſe
To the writing of Plays,
And to Prologues ſo witty,
That jerk at the City;
And now and then hit
Some Friend in the Pit,
So hard, and ſo pat,
Till he hides with his Hat
His monſtrous Crevat.
The Pulpits alone
Can never preach down
The Fops of the Town:
Then pardon *Tom Brown*,
And let him write on.
But if you had rather convert the poor Sinner,
His foul railing Mouth may be ſtopt with a Dinner,
Give him Cloaths to his Back, ſome Meat and much Drink,
Then clap him cloſe Priſoner without Pen and Ink.

And your Petitioner ſhall ever Pray, &c.

A Deſcription of Mr. Dryden's *Funeral.*

OF Kings Renown'd and Mighty Bards I write,
Some ſlain by Whores, and others kill'd in Fight;
Some ſtarving liv'd, whilſt others were prefer'd;
But all, when dead, are in one place inter'd.

A Fabrick ſtands by ancient Heroes built,
Deſign'd for holy Uſe t'atone their Guilt;
Here ſacred Urns of Majeſty they keep,
Here Kings and Poets moſt profundly ſleep;
Here Choriſters in Hymns their Voices raiſe,
And charm'd the dreadful Goblin from the Place.
Tho throng'd with Tombs, no Specter here is found,
They ſing the very Devil off the ground:
No Night-mare dances 'mongſt the antient Tombs,
No ſulphurous *Incubus* diſpences Fumes;
Nor let no ſubterranean Hag affright
My Muſe, whilſt of the FUNERAL I write.
A bard there was, who whilome did command,
And held the Laurel in his potent Hand;
He' o'er *Panaſſus* bore Imperial Sway,
Him all the little Tribes of Bards obey:
But Bards and Kings, howe'er approv'd and great,
Muſt ſtoop at laſt to the Decrees of Fate.
Fate bid him for the ſtroke of Death prepare,
And then remov'd him to the Lords know where.
If to the Living we ſuch Tribute owe,
We on the Dead muſt pious Rites beſtow;
To our Aſſiſtance all the Wits muſt call,
To grace the Glory of the Funeral.
Who is the firſt appears unto our View,
But haughty, proud, imperious *M——ue?*
Who cocks his Chin, and ſcarce affords a Word,
But looks as big as any *Belgick* Lord;
In the beſt Dairies fed, grown ſleek and fat,
The creeping *Mouſe* is turn'd into a *Rat*:
Of other Brows he licks the toilſom Sweat,
And by our Sins grows impudently great:
As chiefs of Wits he does himſelf prefer,
And with our Gold bribes every Flatterer;
But Men of Senſe and Honour does deſpiſe,
And cruſhes ſuch as would by Virtue riſe,
While each lewd Rakehel of the nauſeous Town
He fills with Coin, and does with Honours crown.
The Nation's Wealth he moſt profuſely ſpends,
But not on ſuch as are the Nation's Friends;

But ſuch as wrote our Country to inſlave,
His Kindneſs follows even to the Grave.
He the great Bard at his own charge inters,
And dying Vice to living Worth prefers.
Some others too in the Affair are join'd,
Alike in Morals, and alike in Mind.
But theſe my Muſe muſt here forbear to name,
Scarce worthy Honour or deſerving Fame.
The Day is come, and all the Wits muſt meet,
From *Covent-Garden* down to *Watling-ſtreet*;
They all repair to the Phyſician's Dome
There lies the Corps, and there the Eagles come:
No Corps an Entrance has within this Gate,
None are admitted here to lie in State,
But ſuch as Fate a noted Death has carv'd,
A Cutpurſe hang'd, or a poor Poet ſtarv'd;
One is anatamiz'd when he is dead,
The other in his Life for want of Bread.
A Troop of Stationers at firſt appear'd,
And *Jacob T——n* Captain of the Guard;
Jacob the Muſes Midwife, who well knows
To eaſe a lab'ring Muſe of Pangs and Throws;
He oft has kept the Infant Poet-warm,
Oft lick'd th' unweildy Monſter into Form;
Oft do they in high Flights and Raptures ſwell,
Drunk, with the Waters of our *Jacob*'s Well.
Next theſe the Play-houſe Sparks do take their turn,
With ſuch as under *Mercury* are born,
As Poets, Fidlers, Cutpurſes, and Whores,
Drabs of the Play-houſe, and of Common-ſhores,
Pimps, Panders, Bullies, and Eternal Beaux,
Fam'd for ſhort Wits, long Wigs, and gaudy Clothes;
All Sons of Meter tune the Voice in praiſe,
From Lofty Strains, to humble Ekes and Ayes:
The Singing Men and Clerks who charm the Soul,
And all the Traders in *Fa la fa ſol*:
All theſe the Funeral Obſequies do aid,
As younger Brothers of the Rhyming Trade.
The tuneful Rabble now together come,
They fill with doleſome Sighs the ſable Rome;

Some

Some groan'd, ſome ſob'd, and ſome I think there wept
And ſome got drunk, loll'd down, and ſnor'd and ſlept.
Around the Corps in ſtate they wildly preſs;
In Notes unequal, like Pindarick Verſe,
Each one does his ſad Sentiments expreſs.
The Player ſay, My Friends we are undone,
See here, the Muſes beſt and darling Son
Is from us to the bleſt *Elyzium* gone:
What other Poet for us will engage
To be the Prop of the declining Stage?
All other Poets are not worth a Louſe;
There fell the Prop of our once glorious Houſe:
But now from us by Fate untimely torn,
Leave the dull Stage a Deſert, and forlorn.
A diſmal Sadneſs in each Face appears;
And ſuch as could not ſpeak, burſt out in Tears:
His Death, alas! affected ev'ry body,
And fetch'd deep ſighs and Tears from ev'ry Noddy:
It much affected every tuneful Ringer,
But moſt of all the jolly Ballad-ſinger,
Who now at a Streets Corner muſt no more
A Play-houſe Song in equal Numbers roar.
Nay, I am told, when he his laſt Gaſp groan'd,
The Bell-rope trembl'd, and the Organ ton'd:
And as great things affect a little thing,
This was the Death of many a Fiddle ſtring.
No Chronicles I read of do relate
Such a ſad Hurricane in Church and State.
The charming Songſters at our great *St. Paul's*,
Could ſcarce ſing Prayers to ſave their very Souls:
The Boys were dumb, the Singingmen were wounded,
All the whole Choir diſabled and confounded!
And when the Prayers were ended, alaſs, then
The Clerk could hardly ſob out an *Amen*.
Not a *Crowdero* at a Bawdy-houſe,
Who uſe in racy Liquour to carouſe,
But with ſad haſte unto the burial ran,
Forgets his Tipple, and neglects his Can.
With Tag-rag, Bob-tail was the Room full fill'd,
You'd think another *Babel* to be built;

Not

Not more Confuſion at St. *Bat*'s fam'd Fair,
Or at *Guild-hall* for choice of a Lord Mayor.
But ſtay, my Muſe, the Learned G——*th* appears,
He ſighing comes, and is half drown'd in Tears:
The Famous G——*th*, whom Learned Poets call
Knight of the Order of the Urinal.
He, of *Apollo* learn't his wondrous Skill.
He taught him how to ſing, and how to kill;
For all he ſends unto a darkſome Grave,
He honours alſo with an Epitaph.
He entertain'd the Audience with Oration,
Tho very new, yet ſomething out of faſhion:
But 'cauſe the Hearers were with Learning bleſt,
He ſaid it in the Language of the Beaſt:
But ſo pronounc'd, the Sound and Senſe agrees,
A Country Mouſe talks better in a Cheeſe,
Or *Jack* at-apinch, when reeling he repairs
To neighb'ring Church to mumble o'er his Prayers.
The Senſe and Wit, they ſay, was very good,
Tho neither ſeen, felt, heard, nor underſtood.
Thus we muſt all, as common Rumour ſaith,
Believe the Doctor by implicit Faith.
Next him the Sons of Muſick paſs along,
And murder *Horace* in confounded Song;
Whoſe Monument more durable than Braſs,
Is now defac'd by every chanting Aſs.
No Man at *Tyburn* doom'd to take a ſwinging,
Would ſtay to hear ſuch miſerable ſinging,
Where all the Beaſt of Muſick try their Throats,
And different ſpecies uſe their different Notes:
Here the Ox bellows, there the Satyr howls;
The Puppies whine, and the bold Maſtiff growls;
The Magpys chatter, and the Night-Owls ſcreek;
The old Pigs grunt, and all the young ones ſqueek:
Yet altogether make melodious Songs,
As Bumpkin tools to ruſty pair of Tongs.
Now, now, the time is come, the Parſon ſays,
And for their *Exeunt* to the Grave he prays:
The way is long, and Folk the Streets are clogging,
Therefore, my Friends away, come let's be jogging

Aſſiſt

Aſſiſt me thou, who, clad in Sun-beam Weeds,
Driv'ſt round the Orb each day with fiery Steeds;
Who neither art with Heat nor Cold oppreſt,
Art never weary, tho thou tak'ſt no reſt:
Aſſiſt me to deſcribe the Cavalcade,
What mighty Figure thro the Streets they made.
Before the Herſe the mourning Hautboys go,
And ſcreech a diſmal ſound of Grief and Woe;
More diſmal Notes from Bogtrotters may fall,
More diſmal Plaints at *Iriſh* Funeral.
But no ſuch Flood of Tears e'er ſtopt our Tide,
Since *Charles* the Martyr, and the Monarch dy'd.
The Decency and Order firſt deſcribe,
Without regard to either Sex or Tribe.
The ſable Coaches lead the diſmal Van,
But by their ſides I think few Footmen ran;
Nor needed theſe, the Rabble fill the Streets,
And Mob with Mob in great Diſorder meets.
See the next Coaches how they are accouter'd
Both in the Inſide, eke, and on the Outward.
One pocky Spark, one ſound as any Roach.
One Poet and two Fidlers in a Coach;
The Play-houſe Drab, that beats the Beggars-Buſh,
And Bawdy talks would make an old Whore bluſh,
But every Bully kiſs'd good Truth, but ſuch is
Now her good Fate to ride with Mrs. Dutcheſs.
VVas e'er Immortal Poet thus buffoon'd?
In a long Line of Coaches thus Lampoon'd?
A Man with Gout and Stone quite wearied,
Would rather live than thus be buried.
What greater Plague can Heaven on Man beſtow,
Who muſt with Knaves on Life's dull Journy go?
And when on t'other Shoar he's landed ſafe,
A Crowd of Fools attend him to the Grave,
A Crowd ſo nauſeous, ſo profuſely leud,
With all the Vices of the Times endu'd,
What *Cowley*'s Marble wept to ſee the Throng,
Old *Chaucer* laugh'd at their unpoliſh'd Song,
And *Spencer* thought he once again had ſeen
The Imps attending on his *Fairy Queen*;

Her

Her little *Tibb*, and *Tom*, and *Mib*, and *Mab*,
Come to lament the Death of Poet *Squab*.
But Burying is not all the Rites we owe,
Some other Obſequies we muſt beſtow:
Muſt ſo Religious, ſo profound a Wit,
Be toſs'd like common Duſt into the Pit?
The Fates forbid! We'll ſurely fill the Plains
And Neighb'ring Woods with Elegiack Strains:
E'en *Newgate*'s Chaplain, who in's Office fell,
Inſtructing Villains in the way to Hell;
He had the Muſes Paſs-port on his Herſe,
His Praiſes ſung in everlaſting Verſe.
Nay, a *Dutch* Maſtiff late in ſtate did lie;
My *Lady*'s *Lap-Dog* had an Elegy;
And ſhall not *Dryden* have one, *O Fy, Fy!*
Yes, ſay the *Oxford* and the *Cambridge* Sparks,
We'll ſing his Death as ſweet as any Larks;
Oxford and *Cambridge*, the renowned Schools,
Fam'd for a Breed of Wiſe Men and of Fools,
Where Infant-Wits with Water-gruel fed,
And little puny ſucking Prieſts are bred,
Where Conjurers imploy their Time in Viſion,
Whence many a Learned *Saffold* has his Miſſion?
Theſe always march in Verſe in rank and file,
In Company purſue Poetick Toil;
Here a Batalion does in *Engliſh* lead,
While one in *Latin* does the Troopers head:
But ſuch the Wit and Senſe, you'd think the Elves
Did only write but juſt to pleaſe themſelves:
Playford laments that he their Lines beſpoke,
And ſwears the Bookſeller is almoſt broke.

An Epitaph on the late King of Spain,

Here lies the laſt King *Charles* of *Spain*,
Who all his Life ne'er made Campaign;
He made no Children, Girl nor Boy,
Nor gave two Wives one Nuptial Nuptial Joy.
What has this valiant Prince then done,
Who long poſſeſs'd ſo vaſt a Throne?

E'en

E'en nothing neither Good nor Ill,
Nay, not ſo much as made his Will.

A Fable.

IN *Æſop*'s Tales an honeſt Wretch we find,
Whoſe Years and Comforts equally declin'd;
He in two Wives had two domeſtick Ills,
For different Age they had, and different Wills;
One pluckt his Black Hairs out, and one his Grey,
The Man for quietneſs did both obey,
Till all his Pariſh ſaw his Head quite bare,
And thought he wanted Brains as well as Hair.

The Moral.

The Parties hen-peckt *W——m*, are thy Wives,
The Hairs they pluck are thy Prerogatives;
Tories thy Perſon hate, the Whigs thy Power,
Tho much thou yieldeſt, till they tug for more,
Till this poor Man, and thou, alike are ſhown,
He without Hair, and thou without a Crown.

The Patriots, Writ about the Year 1700.

1.

YE worthy Patriots go on
To heal the Nation's Sores,
Find all Men's Faults out but your own,
Begin good Laws, but finiſh none,
And then ſhut up your Doors.

2.

Fail not our Freedom to ſecure,
And all our Friends disband,
And ſend thoſe Men to t'other Shore
Who were ſuch Fools as to come o'er
To help this grateful Land.

3.

And may the next that hears us pray,
And in Diſtreſs relieve us,
Go home like thoſe without their Pay,
And with Contempt be ſent away
For having once believ'd us.

4.

And if the *French* ſhould e'er attempt
This Nation to invade,
May they be damn'd that liſt again,
But lead the fam'd Militia on,
To be like us betray'd.

5.

As for theCrown you have beſtow'd,
With all its Limitations,
The meaneſt Prince in *Chriſtendom*,
Would never ſtir a Mile from home,
To govern three ſuch Nations.

6.

The King himſelf whom once you call'd
Your Saviour in Diſtreſs,
You in his firſt Requeſt deny'd,
And then his Royal Patience try'd,
With a canting ſham Addreſs.

7.

Ye are the Men that to be choſe
Would be at no Expences,
Who love no Friends, nor fear no Foes,
Have ways and means that no Man knows,
To mortify your Senſes.

8.

Ye are the Men that can condemn
By Laws made *ex poſt facto*,
Who can make Knaves of honeſt Men,
And married Women turn again
To be *Virgo* and *Intacta*.

9.

Go on to purify the Court,
And damn the Men of Places,

Till decently you ſend them home,
And get your ſelves put in their room,
And then you'll change your Faces.

10.

Go on for to eſtabliſh Trade,
And mend our Navigation,
Let *India India* invade,
And borrow on Funds will ne'er be paid,
And Bankrupt all the Nation.

11.

'Tis you that calculate our Gold,
And with a ſenſeleſs Tone,
Vote that you never underſtood,
That we might take them if we wou'd,
Or let them all alone.

12.

Your Miſſives you ſend round about
With Mr. *Speaker*'s Letter,
To fetch Folks in, and find Folks out,
Which Fools believe without diſpute,
Becauſe they know no better.

13.

With borrow'd Ships, and hir'd Men,
The *Iriſh* to reduce,
Who will be paid the Lord knows when
'Tis hop'd when e'er you want again,
You'll think of that Abuſe.

14.

Ye laid ſham Taxes on our Malt,
On Salt, on Glaſs, on Leather,
To wheedle Coxcombs in to lend;
And like true Cheats you dropt that Fund,
And ſunk them all altogether.

15.

And now y' are piouſly enclin'd
The Needy to employ,
You'd better much your time beſtow
To pay neglected Debts you owe,
Which makes them multiply.

Againſt

16.

Againſt Prophaneneſs you declar'd,
And then the Bill rejected;
Ane when the Arguments appear'd,
There were the worſt that e'er were heard,
And beſt that we expected.

17.

'Twas voted once, that for the Sin
Of Whoring Men ſhould die all;
But then it was wiſely thought again,
The Houſe would quickly grow ſo thin,
They durſt not ſtand the Tryal.

18.

King *Charles* the Second knew your aim,
And Places gave and Penſions;
And had King *William*'s Mony flown,
His Majeſty would ſoon have known,
Your Conſciences Dimenſions.

19.

But he has wiſely given you up
To work your own Deſires,
And laying Arguments aſide,
As thing that have in vain been try'd,
To Faſting, Calls and Prayers.

Chorus.

Your Hours are choicely employ'd,
Your Petitions lie all on the Table.
With Funds Inſufficient,
And Taxes Deficient,
And Deponents innumerable.
For ſhame leave this wicked Employment,
Reform both your Manners and Lives,
You were never ſent out
To make ſuch a Rout,
Go home, and look after your W——s!

POEMS
ON
State-Affairs.

Satyr upon Romiſh *Confeſſors. By Mr.* Dryden.

OUR Church, alas! as *Rome* objects, does want
Theſe Ghoſtly Comforts for the falling Saint;
This gains them their Whore-Converts, and may be
One Reaſon of the Growth of Popery.
So *Mahomet*'s Religion came in Faſhion,
By the large Leave it gave to Fornication.
Fear not the Guilt if you can pay for't well;
There is no *Dives* in the *Roman* Hell.
Gold opens the ſtrait Gate, and lets him in,
But Want of Money is a Mortal Sin.
For all beſides you may diſcount to Heav'n,
And drop a Bead to keep the Tallies ev'n.

How are Men Cozen'd ſtill with Shews of Good!
The Bawd's beſt Mask is the Grave Friar's Hood.
The Vice no more a Clergy-man diſpleaſes,
Than Doctors can be thought to hate Diſeaſes.
'Tis by your living Ill that they live Well;
By your Debauches their Fat Paunches Swell.
'Tis a Mock-War between the Prieſt and Devil,
When they think fit they can be very Civil.
As ſome who did *French* Counſels moſt Advance,
To blind the World have rail'd in Print at *France*.
Thus do the Clergy at our Vices bawl,
That with more Eaſe they may engroſs them all.
By Damning ours they do their own Maintain;
A Church-man's Godlineſs is always Gain.
Hence to their Prince they will ſuperior be,
And Civil-Treaſon grows Church-Loyalty.
They boaſt the Gift of Heav'n is in their Power;
Well may they give the God they can devour.
Still to the Sick and Dead their Claims they lay,
For 'tis on Carrion that the Vermin prey.
Nor have they leſs Dominion on our Life,
They Trot the Husband, and they Pace the Wife.
Rouze up ye Cuckolds of the *Northern* Climes,
And learn from *Sweden* to prevent ſuch Crimes.
Unman the Friar, leave the Holy Drone
To hum in his forſaken Hive alone;
He'll work no Honey when his Sting is gone.
Your Wives and Daughters ſoon will leave the Cells,
When they have loſt the Sound of *Aaron*'s Bells.

The Ghoſt.

A Papiſt dy'd, as 'twas Jehovah's Will,
And his poor Soul went trudging down to Hell;
And when it there arriv'd, juſt at the Entry
He found a Maſtiff Devil ſtanding Centry,

With

With Flaming Eyes, and Face as black as Soot,
A Muſqueteer with a great Cloven Foot.
And who goes there? ——— I, a poor Papiſt Ghoſt,
Am come to dwell upon the *Stygian* Coaſt.
Stay where you are, and do not preſs ſo hard,
For I muſt call the Captain of the Guard,
He gave me Orders to let none come in,
But only ſuch as ſhould have Leave from him.
The Captain call'd, accordingly came forth
A Devil of Integrity and Worth:
He ask'd the Ghoſt with a great Voice, as loud
As mighty Thunder breaking from a Cloud,
What was the Buſineſs? Sir, I'm come to dwell,
If you will pleaſe to give me Leave, in Hell.
Damn you for a Whoreſon Dog, ſaid he to him,
I love my Maſter, and you ſhan't come in:
For if above you eat your God, I fear,
Should you come in, you'd eat the Devil here.

The Robber Robb'd.

A Certain Prieſt had hoarded up
A Maſs of ſecret Gold,
And where he might beſtow it ſafe
He knew not to be bold.

At laſt it came into his Thought
To lock it in a Cheſt
Within the Chancel; and he wrote
Thereon, *Hic Deus eſt.*

A merry Grig, whoſe greedy Mind
Did long for ſuch a Prey,
Reſpecting not the Sacred Words
That on the Casket lay,

Took out the Gold, and blotting out
The Prieſt's Inſcript thereon,
Wrote, *Reſurrexit, non eſt hic:*
Your God is roſe and gone.

ODE.

Written ſoon after O. Cromwel's *Death.* *By Mr.* Cowley.

1.

CUrſt be the Man! (What do I wiſh? As tho'
The Wretch already were not ſo).
But curſt on let him be who thinks it Brave
And Great his Country to enſlave;
Who ſeeks to overpoize alone
The Ballance of a Nation,
Againſt the Whole, but Naked, State;
Who in his own light Scale makes up with Arms the
(Weight.

2.

Who of his Nation loves to be the Firſt,
Tho' at the Rate of being Worſt.
Who would be rather a great Monſter, than
A well-proportion'd Man:
The Son of Earth with Hundred Hands
Upon his Three-pil'd Mountain ſtands,
Till Thunder ſtrikes him from the Sky;
The Son of Earth again in his Earth's Womb does lye.

3.

What Blood, Confuſion, Ruin, to obtain
A Short and Miſerable Reign?
In what oblique and humble creeping wiſe
Does the miſchievous Serpent riſe?
But ev'n his Forked Tongue ſtrikes dead,
When he'as rear'd up his Wicked Head:

He

He Murders with his Mortal Frown;
A Baſilisk he grows if once he gets a Crown.

4.

But no Guards can oppoſe aſſaulting Ears,
Or undermining Tears:
No more than Doors or cloſe-drawn Curtains keep
The Swarming Dreams out when we ſleep.
That Bloody Conſcience too of his,
(For O! a Rebel-Redcoat 'tis)
Does here his early Hell begin:
He ſees his Slaves without, his Tyrant feels within.

5.

Let, Gracious God, let never more thy Hand
Lift up this Rod againſt our Land.
A Tyrant is a Rod and Serpent too,
And brings worſe Plagues than *Egypt* knew.
What Rivers ſtain'd with Blood have been?
What Storm and Hail-ſhot have we ſeen?
What Sores deform'd the Ulcerous State?
What Darkneſs to be felt has bury'd us of late?

6.

How has it ſnatch'd our Flocks and Herds away?
And even made our Sons a Prey?
What croaking Sects and Vermin has it ſent
The Reſtleſs Nation to torment?
What greedy Troops, what armed Pow'r,
Of Flies and Locuſts, to devour
The Land, which e'erywhere they fill?
Nor fly they, Lord, away: No, they devour it ſtill.

7.

Come th' Eleventh Plague rather than this ſhould be:
Come ſink us rather in the Sea.
Come rather Peſtilence, and reap us down:
Come God's Sword rather than our own.
Let rather *Roman* come again,
Or *Saxon*, *Norman*, or the *Dane*:
In all the Bonds we ever bore,
We griev'd, we ſigh'd, we wept; we never bluſh'd (before.

8.

If by our Sins the Divine Juſtice be
Call'd to this laſt Extremity,
Let ſome denouncing *Jonas* firſt be ſent,
To try if *England* can repent.
Methinks, at leaſt, ſome Prodigy,
Some Dreadful Comet from on high,
Should terribly forewarn the Earth,
As of Good Princes Deaths, ſo of a Tyrant's Birth.

Smectymnuus: Or, *The Club-Divines.* *By Mr.* Cleveland.

S*Mectymnuus!* The Goblin makes me ſtart:
I'th' Name of *Rabbi Abraham* what art?
Some Conjurer tranſlate, and let me know it,
Till then 'tis fit for a *Weſt-Saxon* Poet.
But do the Brotherhood thus play their Prizes,
Like Mummers in Religion, with Diſguiſes?
Out-brave us with a Name in Rank and File?
A Name, which if 'twere train'd, would ſpread a Mile.
The Saint's Monopoly, the Zealot's Cluſter,
Which like a Porcupine preſents a Muſter,
And ſhoots his Quills at Biſhops and their Sees;
A Devout Litter of Young *Macchabees.*
Thus *Jack* of all Trades has diſtinctly ſhown
The Twelve Apoſtles in a Cherry-Stone.
Next *Sturbridge* Fair is *Smec*'s: For lo! his Side
Into a Fivefold *Lazar*'s multiply'd.
Under each Arm there's tack'd a double Gizard,
Five Faces lurk under one ſingle Vizard.
The Whore of *Babylon* left theſe Brats behind,
Heirs of Confuſion by Gavelkind.
Like a *Scot*'s Mark, where the more modeſt Senſe
Checks the loud Praiſe, and ſhrinks to 13 Pence;
Like to an *Ignis Fatuus*, whoſe Flame,
Tho' ſometimes tripartite, joins in the ſame:

Like

Like to Nine Taylors, who, if rightly ſpelled,
Into One Man are monoſyllabled:
Short-handed Seal in One hath cramped Many,
Like to the Decalogue in a ſingle Penny.
The *Sadducees* would raiſe a Queſtion
Who ſhall be *Smec* at the Reſurrection?
Who coop'd them up together were to blame;
Had they but wire-drawn and ſpun out the Name,
'Twould make another Prentices Petition
Againſt the Biſhops and their Superſtition.
Some *Welchman* was his Godfather, for he
Wears in his Name his Genealogy.
The Banes are ask'd, would but the Times give way,
Between *Smectymnuus* and *Et-cætera.*
The Gueſts invited by a Friendly Summons,
Should be the Convocation and the Commons.
The Prieſt to tie the Foxes Tails together,
Moſely, or *Sancta Clara*, chuſe you whether.
Thus might Religious Caterwaul, and Spight,
Which uſes to divorce, might once unite.
But their Croſs Fortunes interdict their Trade;
The Groom is rampant, but the Bride is ſpay'd.
I could by Letters now untwiſt the Rabble,
Whip *Smec* from Conſtable to Conſtable;
But there I leave you to another Dreſſing;
Only kneel down, and take your Father's Bleſſing.
May the Queen Mother juſtifie your Fears,
And ſtretch her Patent to your Leathern Ears.

Satyr on the Scots. *By Mr.* Cleveland.

COme, keen *Iambicks*, with your Badgers Feet,
And Badger-like bite till your Teeth do meet;
Help, ye Tart Satyriſts, to imp my Rage,
With all the Scorpions that ſhould whip this Age.
But that there's Charm in Verſe, I would not quote
The Name of *Scot* without an Antidote;

Unleſs my Head were red, that I might brew
Invention there that might be Poiſon too.
Were I a drowzy Judge, whoſe diſmal Note
Diſgorges Halters, as a Juggler's Throat
Does Ribbons: Could I in Sir *Empyrick*'s Tone
Speak Pills in Phraſe, and quack Deſtruction;
Or roar like *Marſhal*, that *Geneva* Bull,
Hell and Damnation a Pulpit full:
Yet to expreſs a *Scot*, to play that Prize,
Not all thoſe Mouth-Granadoes can ſuffice:
Before a *Scot* can properly be curſt,
I muſt, like *Hocus*, ſwallow Daggers firſt.
Scots are like Witches; do but whet you Pen,
Scratch till the Blood comes, they'll not hurt you (then,

Now as the Martyrs were compell'd to take
The Shapes of Beaſts, like Hypocrites at Stake,
I'll bait my *Scot* ſo, yet not cheat your Eyes,
A *Scot* within a Beaſt is no Diſguiſe.
No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmleſs Nation
Foſters no Venom ſince that *Scot*'s Plantation;
Nor can our Feign'd Antiquity obtain,
Since they came in, *England* has Wolves again.
Nature her ſelf does *Scotch*-men Beaſts confeſs,
Making their Country ſuch a Wilderneſs;
A Land that brings in Queſtion and Suſpence
God's Omnipreſence, but that *Charles* came thence;
But that *Montroſe* and *Crawford*'s Royal Band
Aton'd their Sin, and Chriſten'd half the Land.
Nor is it all the Nation has theſe Spots,
There is a Church as well as Kirk of *Scots*:
As in a Picture, where the Squinting Paint
Shews Fiend on this Side, and on that Side Saint;
He that ſaw Hell in's Melancholy Dream,
And in the Twilight of his Fancy's Theme,
Scar'd from his Sins, repented in a Fright,
Had he view'd *Scotland* had turn'd Proſelyte.
A Land where one may pray with curſt Intent;
O may they never ſuffer Baniſhment!

Had

Had *Cain* been *Scot* God would have chang'd his (Doom,
Not forc'd him wander, but confin'd him home.
Like *Jews* they ſpread, and as Infection fly,
As if the Devil had Ubiquity.
Hence 'tis they live at Rovers, and defie
This or that Place; Rags of Geography.
They're Citizens o'th' World, they're all in all;
Scotland's a Nation Epidemical.
And yet they ramble not to learn the Mode,
How to be dreſt, or how to liſp abroad;
To return knowing in the *Spaniſh* Shrug,
Or which of the *Dutch* States a double Jug
Reſembles moſt in Belly or in Beard;
(The Card by which the Mariners are ſteer'd)
No! The *Scots-Errant* fight, and fight to eat,
Their Oſtrich Stomachs make their Swords their Meat.
Nature with *Scots* as Tooth-drawers has dealt,
Who uſe to ſtring their Teeth upon their Belt.
Not Gold, nor Acts of Grace, 'tis Steel muſt tame
The Stubborn *Scot*: A Prince that would reclaim
Rebels by yielding, does like him, or worſe,
Who ſaddled his own Back to ſhame his Horſe.
Was it for this you left your leaner Soil,
Thus to lard *Iſrael* with *Egypt*'s Spoil?
Lord! what a Goodly Thing is want of Shirts?
How a *Scotch* Stomach and no Meat converts!
They wanted Food and Raiment, ſo they took
Religion for their Seamſtreſs and their Cook.
Unmask them well, their Honours and Eſtate,
As well as Conſcience, are Sophiſticate.
Shrive but their Titles, and their Moneys poiſe;
A Laird and Twenty Pence, pronounc'd with Noiſe,
When conſtru'd, but for a plain Yeoman go,
And a good ſober Two-pence, and well ſo.
Hence then, you Proud Impoſtors, get you gone,
You *Picts* in Gentry and Devotion;
You Scandal to the Stock of Verſe, a Race
Able to bring the Gibbet in Diſgrace.

Hyperbolus

Hyperbolus by ſuffering did traduce
The Oſtraciſm, and ſham'd it out of Uſe.
The *Indian*, that Heaven did forſwear,
Becauſe he heard ſome *Spaniards* were there,
Had he but known what *Scots* in Hell had been,
He would, *Eraſmus*-like, have hung between.
My Muſe has done. A Voider for the Nonce;
I wrong the Devil ſhould I pick the Bones.
That Diſh is his; for when the *Scots* deceaſe,
Hell, like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles.
A *Scot*, when from the Gallows-Tree got looſe,
Drops into *Stix*, and turns a *Soland* Gooſe.

Satyr *upon the* Dutch. *Written by Mr.* Dryden *in the Year* 1662.

AS Needy Gallants in the Scrivener's Hands
Court the Rich Knaves that gripe their Mort-(gag'd Lands,
The Firſt Fat Buck of all the Seaſon's ſent,
And Keeper takes no Fee in Compliment:
The Dotage of ſome *Engliſh*-men is ſuch,
To fawn on thoſe who ruin them, the *Dutch*.
They ſhall have all, rather than make a War
With thoſe who of the ſame Religion are.
The *Straits*, the *Guiney*-Trade, the Herrings too,
Nay, to keep Friendſhip they ſhall pickle you.
Some are reſolv'd not to find out the Cheat,
But, Cuckold-like, love them that do the Feat.
What Injuries ſoe'er upon us fall,
Yet ſtill the ſame Religion anſwers all.
Religion wheedled us to Civil War,
Drew *Engliſh* Blood, and *Dutch*-mens now would (ſpare.
Be gull'd no longer, for you'll find it true,
They have no more Religion, *Faith*, — than you.

Int'reſt's

Int'reſt's the God they worſhip in their State,
And we, I take it, have not much of that.
Well Monarchies may own Religion's Name,
But States are Atheiſts in their very Frame.
They ſhare a Sin; and ſuch Proportions fall,
That, like a Stink, 'tis nothing to them all.
Think on their Rapine, Falſhood, Cruelty,
And that what once they were they ſtill would be.
To one well-born th'Affront is worſe and more,
When he's abus'd and baffled by a Boar.
With an ill Grace the *Dutch* their Miſchiefs do;
They've both ill Nature and ill Manners too.
Well may they boaſt themſelves an Ancient Nation;
For they were bred e'er Manners were in Faſhion;
And their new Commonwealth has ſet 'em free
Only from Honour and Civility.
Venetians do not more uncouthly ride,
Than did their Lubber State Mankind beſtride.
Their Sway became 'em with as ill a Mien,
As their own Paunches ſwell above their Chin.
Yet is their Empire no true Growth but Humour,
And only Two Kings Touch can cure the Tumour.
As *Cato* did his *Africk* Fruits diſplay,
Let us before our Eyes their *Indies* lay.
All Loyal *Engliſh* will like him conclude;
Let *Cæſar* live, and *Carthage* be ſubdu'd.

A New Ballad, call'd, The Chequer-Inn.

1.

I'LL tell thee, *Dick*, where I have been,
Where I the Parliament have ſeen,
The Choice of Ale and Beer:
But ſuch a Choice as ne'er was found
In any Age on *Engliſh* Ground,
In Burrough or in Shire.

2.

At *Charing-Croſs*, hard by the Way,
Where all the *Berties* make their Hay,
There ſtands a Houſe new painted:
Where I could ſee 'em crowding in;
But ſure they often there had been,
They ſeem'd ſo well acquainted.

3.

The Hoſt that dwells in that ſame Houſe,
Is now a Man, that was a Mouſe,
Till he was Burgeſs choſen:
And for his Country firſt began,
But quickly turned Cat in Pan:
The Way they all have roſen.

4.

And ever ſince he did ſo vex,
That now he Money tells by Pecks,
And heaps up all our Treaſure.
Thou'lt ken him out by his White Wand
He dandles always in his Hand,
With which he ſtrikes the Meaſure.

5.

And tho' he now does look ſo big,
And bear himſelf on ſuch a Twig,
'Twill fail him in a Year.
Then O! how I could claw him off,
For all his ſlender Quarter-ſtaff,
And have him here and there.

6.

He is as ſtiff as any Stake,
And leaner, *Dick*, than any Rake;
Envy is not ſo pale.
And though by ſelling of us all,
He'as wrought himſelf into *Whitehall*,
He looks like Bird of Jail.

7.

And where he might e'er now have laid,
Had not the Members moſt been made,

For ſome had been Indicted.
For whoſoe'er that peach him durſt,
To clear him would have been the Firſt,
Had they too been requited.

8.

But he had Men enough to ſpare,
Beſides a good Friend in the Chair,
Tho' all Men bluſh'd that heard it.
Therefore I needs muſt ſpeak my Mind,
They all deſerv'd to have been kind
For ſuch a Shameful Verdict.

9.

And now they march'd all Tag and Rag,
Each of his Handy-work to brag,
Over a Gallant Supper.
On Backſide of their Letter ſome
For Sureneſs cited were to come;
The reſt were bid by *Cooper*.

10.

They ſtood, when enter'd in the Hall,
Mannerly rear'd againſt the Wall,
Till to ſit down deſir'd.
And ſimper'd, juſtly to compare
Like Maidens at a Statute-Fair,
None went away unhir'd.

11.

The Lady dreſs'd like any Bride,
Her Forehead-Cloth had laid aſide,
And ſmiling through did ſail;
Tho' they had dirted ſo the Room,
That ſhe was forc'd to call for Groom
To carry up her Tail.

12.

Wheeler at Board then next her ſet,
And if it had been nearer yet,
She might it well afford.
For ev'n at Bed the Time has been,
When no one could ſee Sun between
His Lady and her Lord.

13.

This Knight was ſent t'*America*,
And was as ſoon ſent for away,
Tho' not for his good Deeds.
But 'twas, it ſeems, with this Intent,
To plant with us that Government,
From thence he brought the Seeds.

14.

And next him ſate *George Mountague*,
The Foreman of the *Britiſh* Crew,
His Cup he never fails.
Manſel and *Morgan*, and the reſt,
All of them of the Grand Inqueſt,
A Jury right of *Wales*.

15.

Wild with his Tongue did all out-run,
And popping like an Elder-Gun,
Both Words and Meat did utter.
The Pellets which his Chaps did dart,
Fed all his Neighbours overthwart,
That gap'd to hear him ſputter.

16.

But *King*, God ſave him, tho' ſo cramm'd,
The Cheer into his Breeches ramm'd,
Which Butt'ry were and Larder.
And of more Prov'nder to diſpoſe,
Had ſew'd on too his double Hoſe;
For Times, thou know'ſt, grew harder.

17.

H—lt, out of Linen, as of Land,
Had mortgag'd of his Two One Band,
To have the other waſh'd.
And tho' the Sweat the while he eat,
With his own Gravey fill'd the Plate,
That Band with Sawce too daſh'd.

18.

His Brain and Face *Tredenham* wrung,
For Words not to be ſaid but ſung;

His

His Neck it turn'd on Wier.
And *Berkenhead* of all the Rout,
There was but One could be found out,
To be a greater Liar.

19.

Old *Hobbes*'s Brother *Cheyney* there,
Throgmorton, *Neville*, *Doleman*, were,
And *Lawley*, Knight of *Shropſhire*.
Nay, *Portman*, tho' all Men cry'd Shame,
And *Cholm'ley* of *Vale Royal* came
For ſomething more than Chop-cheer.

20.

The *Weſtern* Glory, *Harry Ford*,
The Landlord *Bailes* out-eat, out-roar'd,
And did his Trencher lick.
What Pity 'tis a Wit ſo great
Should live to ſell himſelf for Meat:
But who can help it, *Dick*?

21.

Yet, wot'ſt thou, he was none of thoſe,
But would as well as Meat have Cloaths,
Before he'd ſell the Nation.
And wiſely lodging at next Door,
Was ſerv'd more often than the Poor,
With his whole Generation.

22.

Sir *Courtney Poole* and he contend,
Which ſhould the other moſt commend,
For what that Day they ſpoke.
The Man that gave that woful Tax,
And ſweeping all our Chimney-Stacks,
Exciſes us for Smoke.

23.

The *Hanmers*, *Herberts*, *Sandys*, *Muſgr*——*s*,
Fathers and Sons, like coupled Slaves,
They were not to be ſunder'd.
The Tale of all that there did ſup
On Chequer-Tallies was ſcor'd up,
And made above a Hundred.

24.

Our greateſt Barn could not have held
The Belly-Timber that they fell'd,
For Meſs was tick'd on Meſs.
'Twas ſuch a Treat that I'm afraid
The Reck'ning never will be paid
Without another Ceſs.

25.

They talk'd about, and made ſuch Din,
That ſcarce the Lady could hedge in
The *Papiſhes* and *Frenches*.
On them ſhe was allow'd to rail,
But, and thereby does hang a Tale,
Not one Word of the Wenches.

26.

The Hoſt, who ſat at lower End,
The Healths in order up did ſend,
Nor of his own took Care:
But down the Viſick Bottle threw,
And took his Wine when 'twas his due,
In Spight of Pothecare.

27.

They drank, I know not who had moſt,
Till *King* both Hoſteſs kiſs'd and Hoſt,
And clapp'd 'em on the Back.
And prithee why ſo pale? Then ſwore
Should they Indict him o'er and o'er
He'd bring him off, Ifack.

28.

Then all ſaid Ay who had ſaid No,
And now, who would, 'twas time to go,
For Grace they did not ſtay.
And for to ſave the Serving-Men
The Pains of coming in again,
The Gueſts took all away.

29.

Candleſticks, Forks, Salts, Plates, Spoons, Knives,
Like Sweetmeats for their Girls and Wives,

And Table-Linen went;
I ſaw no more, but hither ran,
Leſt ſome ſhould take me for the Man,
And I for them be ſhent.

The Anſwer.

1.

CUrſe on ſuch Repreſentatives,
They ſell us all, our Barns and Wives;
Quoth *Dick* with Indignation.
They are but Engines to raiſe Tax,
And the whole Buſineſs of their Acts
Is to undo the Nation.

2.

Juſt like our Rotten Pump at home,
We pour in Water when 'twon't come,
And that way get more out.
So when mine Hoſt does Money lack,
He Money gives among the Pack,
And then it runs full ſpout.

3.

By Wiſe Volk I have oft been told,
Parliaments grow nought as they grow old,
We groan'd under the Rump.
But ſure this is a heavier Curſe,
That ſucks and dreins thus ev'ry Purſe,
By this Old *Whitehall* Pump.

The Queen's Ball.

REform, Great Queen, the Errors of your Youth;
And hear a Thing you never heard call *Truth*.
Poor Private Balls content the Fairy Queen;
You muſt Dance, and Dance Damnably, to be ſeen.

Ill-natur'd Little Goblin, and deſign'd
For nothing but to Dance and Vex Mankind.
What Wiſer Thing could our Great Monarch do,
Than root Ambition out by ſhewing you?
You can the moſt Aſpiring Thoughts pull down:
For who would have his Wife to have his Crown?
With a white Vizor you may cheat our Eyes;
You know a Black one would be no Diſguiſe.
See in her Mouth a Sparkling Diamond ſhine,
The Firſt Good Thing that e'er came from that Mine.
Heav'n ſome great Curſe upon that Hand diſpence,
That for th'Encreaſe of Nonſence takes it thence.
How Gracefully ſhe moves, and ſtrives to lug
A Weight of Riches that may ſink the Pug!
Such Fruit ne'er loaded ſo deform'd a Tree;
Her Jewels may be match'd, but never ſhe.
If Bold *Acteon* in the Waves had ſeen
In Fair *Diana*'s Room our Puppet Queen,
He would have fled, and in his full Career,
For greater Haſte, have wiſh'd himſelf a Deer;
Preferr'd the Bellies of his Dogs to hers,
And thought 'em the more cleanly Sepulchers.
What ſtupid mad Man would not chuſe to have
The ſettled Reſt and Silence of a Grave,
Rather than ſuch a Hell, which always burns,
And from whom Nature forbids all Returns?
Orm——d looks paler now than when he rid;
Your Viſit frights him more than *Tyburn* did.
Fear of your coming does not only make
Wor—r's wiſe Marquiſs, but his Houſe too, ſhake.
What will be next, unleſs you pleaſe to go
And dance among your Fellow-Friends below?
There as upon the *Stygian* Lake you float,
You may o'erſet and ſink the laden Boat,
While we the Fun'ral Rites devoutly pay,
And dance for Joy that you are danc'd away.

His M——y's most Gracious Speech to both Houses of P——t.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I Told you at our last Meeting the Winter was the fitteſt time for Buſineſs, and truly I thought ſo, till my Lord Treaſurer aſſur'd me the Spring was the beſt Seaſon for Sallads and Subſidies: I hope therefore that *April* will not prove ſo unnatural a Month as not to afford ſome kind Showers on my Parch'd Exchequer, which gapes for want of them. Some of you perhaps will think it dangerous to make me too Rich; but I do not fear it, for I promiſe you faithfully whatever you give me I will always want; and altho' in other things my Word may be thought a ſlender Authority, yet in that you may rely upon me, I will never break it.

My Lords and Gentlemen, I can bear my Straits with Patience; but my Lord Treaſurer does proteſt to me, that the Revenue, as it now ſtands, will not ſerve him and me too; one of us muſt Pinch for it if you do not help me. I muſt ſpeak freely to you, I am under Circumſtances, for, beſides my Harlots in Service, my Reformado Concubines lye heavy upon me. I have a paſſable good Eſtate, I confeſs, but (Guds-fiſh) I have a great Charge upon't. Here's my Lord Treaſurer can tell, that all the Money deſign'd for next Summer's Guards muſt of Neceſſity be apply'd to the next Year's Cradles and Swaddling-Cloaths. What ſhall we do for Ships then? I hint this only to you, it being your Buſineſs, not mine. I know by Experience I can live without Ships; I liv'd Ten Years abroad without, and never had my Health better in my Life: But how you will be without I leave to your ſelves to judge, and therefore hint this only by the by; I don't inſiſt upon it. There's another thing I muſt preſs

more earneſtly, and that is this. It ſeems a good Part of my Revenue will expire in Two or Three Years, except you will be pleas'd to continue it. I have to ſay for't, Pray why did you give me ſo much as you have done, unleſs you reſolve to give on as faſt as I call for it? The Nation hates you already for giving ſo much, and I will hate you too if you do not give me more; ſo that if you ſtick not to me, you muſt not have a Friend in *England*. On the other Hand, If you will give me the Revenue I deſire, I ſhall be able to do thoſe things for your Religion and Liberty that I have had long in my Thoughts, but cannot effect them without a little more Money to carry me through: Therefore look to't, and take Notice, that if you do not make me rich enough to undo you, it ſhall lye at your Doors; for my Part I waſh my Hands on't. But that I may gain your good Opinion, the beſt Way is to acquaint you what I have done to deſerve it out of my Royal Care for your Religion and your Property. For the firſt, my Proclamation is a true Picture of my Mind: He that cannot, as in a Glaſs, ſee my Zeal for the Church of *England*, does not deſerve any farther Satisfaction, for I declare him wilful, abominable, and not good. Some may perhaps be ſtartled, and cry, —— How comes this ſudden Change? To which I anſwer, I am a Changeling, and that's ſufficient, I think. But to convince Men farther that I mean what I ſay, there are theſe Arguments.

Firſt, I tell you ſo, and you know I never break my Word.

Secondly, My Lord Treaſurer ſays ſo, and he never told Lie in his Life.

Thirdly, My Lord *Laud——le* will undertake it for me, and I ſhould be loth by any Act of mine he ſhould forfeit the Credit he has with you. If you deſire more Inſtances of my Zeal I have 'em for you. For Example, I have converted my Natural Sons from Popery; and I may ſay without Vanity, it was my own Work, ſo much the more peculiarly mine than

than the Begetting them. 'Twould do one's Heart good to hear how prettily *George* can read already in the *Pſalter*. They are all fine Children, God bleſs 'em, and ſo like me in their Underſtandings.—— But, as I was ſaying, I have, to pleaſe you, given a Penſion to your Favourite, my Lord *Laud——le*; not ſo much that I thought he wanted it, as that you would take it kindly. I have made *Carwell* Dutcheſs of *Portſmouth*, and Marry'd her Siſter to the Earl of *P———ke*. I have at my Brother's Requeſt ſent my Lord *Inchequin* into *Barbary*, to ſettle the Proteſtant Religion among the *Moors*, and an *Engliſh* Intereſt at *Tangier*. I have made *C——w* Biſhop of *Durham*, and at the Firſt Word of my Lady *Portſmouth*, *Prideaux* Biſhop of *Chicheſter*. I know not for my Part what Factious Men would have; but this I am ſure of, my Predeceſſors never did any thing like this to gain the Good-will of their Subjects. So much for your Religion, and now for your Property.

My Behaviour to the Bankers is a Publick Inſtance, and the Proceedings between Mrs. *Hyde* and Mrs. *Sutton*, for Private ones, are ſuch Convincing Evidences, that 'twill be needleſs to ſay any more to't.

I muſt now acquaint you, that by my Lord Treaſurer's Advice I have made a conſiderable Retrenchment upon my Expences in Candles and Charcoal, and do not intend to ſtop there, but will, with your Help, look into the late Embezelments of my Dripping-pans and Kitchin-ſtuff; of which, by the Way, upon my Conſcience, neither my Lord Treaſurer, nor my Lord *Laud——le*, are guilty. I tell you my Opinion, but if you ſhould find them dabbling in that Buſineſs, I tell you plainly I leave 'em to you; for I would have the World to know I am not a Man to be cheated.

My Lords and Gentlemen, I deſire you to believe me as you have found me; and I do ſolemnly promiſe you, that whatſoever you give me ſhall be ſpecially manag'd with the ſame Conduct, Truſt, Sincerity,

and Prudence, that I have ever practis'd ſince my Happy Reſtoration.

The D. of B's *Litany.*

FRom a Proud, Senſual, Atheiſtical, Life,
From arming our Lackeys with Piſtol and Knife,
From Murd'ring the Husband, and Whoring the Wife,
Libera nos Domine.

From going Ambaſſador only as Panders;
From re-killing dead Kings by monſtruous Slanders,
And betraying the Living in *Scotland* and *Flanders*,
Libera nos, &c.

From wild rambling no-where Abode,
Without Day or Night, not at Home nor Abroad;
From a Prince to unhorſe us in *Dover* Road,
Libera nos, &c.

From crowning the Herſe of our Babe of Adultery,
Interr'd among Kings by a Lord of the Prelacy,
Whom we got caſhier'd for carnal Arſery,
Libera nos, &c.

From ſelling Land, twice Ten Thouſand a Year;
All ſpent, no Mortal can tell how, or where;
From reforming of Kingdoms like a ſanctify'd Peer,
Libera nos, &c.

From monſtrous ſucking till both Tongues have bliſter'd;
From making our Boaſt of giving Three Glyſters,
By giving our Claps to Three Cheated Siſters,
Libera nos, &c.

From tranſpoſing Nature on our *Bongars*,
On *Kynaſton* acting both *Venus* and *Mars*,
From owning Twenty other Mens Farce,
Libera nos, &c.

From

From wretched Paſquils 'gainſt *Shadwel* and *Dryden*;
From caſting Nativities from Learned *Heyden*,
And caſting of Dollars at *Antwerp* and *Leyden*,
Libera nos, &c.

From trembling at Sea when not a Gun roar'd,
And then ſtealing on Shoar by breaking our Word,
With D——— if ever you catch me on Board,
Libera nos, &c.

From being ſtill cheated by the ſame Undertakers,
By Levellers, Bawds, Saints, Chymiſts, and Quakers,
Who make us Gold-finders, and themſelves Gold-
(makers,
Libera nos, &c.

From damning whatever we don't underſtand;
From purchaſing at *Dowgate*, and ſelling the *Strand*;
From calling Streets by our Name, when we have
(ſold the Land,
Libera nos, &c.

From borrowing our own Houſe to feaſt Scholars ill,
And then be unchancellor'd againſt our Will,
Nought left of a College, but our College-hill,
Libera nos, &c.

From judging the Judges in a ſenſleſs Speech;
From following *Sh*———*y* that wriggling Leech,
Becauſe by Turns both — the ſame Bitch,
Libera nos, &c.

From mortally hating all thoſe that love us;
From mimical acting all thoſe above us,
Till our Maſter at laſt is forc'd to remove us,
Libera nos, &c.

From cringing to thoſe we ſcorn and contemn,
In Hopes to be made the Citizens Gem,
Who now ſcorn us more than we e'er did them,
Libera nos, &c.

From beginning an Execrable Trayt'rous Health,
To deſtroy the Parliament, King, and himſelf,
To be made Ducal Peer of a New Common-wealth,
Libera nos, &c.

From changing old Friends for raſcally new ones;
From taking *Wildman* and *Marvel* for true ones;
From wearing Green Ribbons 'gainſt him gave us Blue (ones,
Libera nos, &c.

From lodging at Court before we are ſent for;
From ſelling Six Palaces for leſs than they rent for,
And buying † Three Hillocks for the Three Kings of (*Brentford*.
Libera nos, &c.

From learning new Morals from *Bedlam* Sir *Payton*,
And Truth and Modeſty from Sir *Ellis Layton*;
From making our Heirs to be *Morrice* and *Clayton*,
Libera nos Domine.

The Lord Chancellor's Speech to the Parliament.

WOuld you ſend *Kate* to *Portugal*,
Great *James* to be a Cardinal,
And make Prince *Rupert* Admiral?
This is the time.

Would you turn *D———y* out of Doors,
Baniſh *Italian* and *French* Whores,
That worſer Sort of Common-Shores?
This is the time.

Would you unravel Popiſh Plots,
Send *Laud———le* among the *Scots*,
And rid the Court of *Iriſh* Sots?
This is the time.

---

† *Sion*-Hill, *College*-Hill, *Clifton*-Hill.

Would

Would you exalt the mighty Name
Of *Shaftsbury* and *Buckingham*,
And not forget Judge *Scrogg*'s Fame?
This is the time.

Would you our Sov'reign diſabuſe,
And make his Parliament of Uſe,
Not to be chang'd like dirty Shoes?
This is the time.

Would you extirpate Pimps and Panders,
Disband the reſt of our Commanders,
Send *Mulg—ve* after *Teague* in *Flanders*?
This is the time.

Would you give *Bellaſis* his due,
And hang him if his Crime proves true,
Send *Peter* to his Name-ſake *Hugh*?
This is the time.

Would you ſend Confeſſors to tell
Powys, *Stafford*, *Arundel*,
They muſt prepare their Souls for Hell?
This is the time.

Would you remove our Miniſters,
The curſed Cauſes of our Fears,
Without forgetting Turncoat *Meers*?
This is the time.

Would you hang thoſe who take Example
By *Clar———n* and *Timber Temple*,
For all ſuch Raſcals merit Hemp well?
This is the time.

Would you once bleſs the *Engliſh* Nation,
By changing of Queen *Kate*'s Vocation,
And find one fit for Procreation?
This is the time.

Would you let *Portſmouth* try her Chance,
Believe *Oates*, *Bedlow*, *Dugdale*, *Prance*,
And ſend *Barillon* home to *France*?
This is the time.

Would you turn Papiſts from the Queen,
Cloiſter up fulſome *Mazarine*,
And once more make *Charles* King again?
This is the time.

The

The Answer.

I Should be glad to see *Kate* going,
And Great *James* to our Church returning,
And Prince *Rupert* Admiralling,
At any time.

But to turn *D*———*y* out of Doors,
Or join his Name to Common-Shores,
None will say but Sons of Whores,
At any time.

I'd beg t'unravel Popish Plots,
To send *Laud*———*le* to rule the *Scots*,
And rid all Places of all Sots,
At any time.

But for exalting of the Name
Of *Shaftsbury* and *Buckingham*,
Let him who knows 'em be the Man,
And do't how and when he can
At any time.

But to remember *Scrogg*'s Name,
And to proclaim his real Fame,
I could most gladly be the Man
At all times.

There's none our Sov'reign will abuse,
Or say the Parliament's of no Use,
But Rogues who're bred in filthy Stews,
And smell more rank than dirty Shoes,
At this time.

I'm for disbanding Pimps and Panders,
As fast as Country kills old Glanders,
Prove *Mulgrave*, *Teague*, sent him to *Flanders*,
But to encourage good Commanders,
At all times.

I'm for giving *Bellasis* his due,
Hang him, and all that are untrue,
But know not where to find Old *Hugh*
At this time.

Then

Then to ſend Confeſſors to tell
Powis, *Stafford*, *Arundel*,
Unleſs they repent, they'll go to Hell,
I ſay, would do moſt wondrous well
At this time.

But to remove our Miniſters,
Without the Truths of Grounds for Fears,
Would be like *Olivering Gears*
At this time.

Hang thoſe that take an ill Example,
I ſay, they merit Cords of Hemp well,
But I know greater Rogues than *Temple*
At this time.

'Tis God muſt bleſs our *Engliſh* Nation,
He'll do't when Whoring's out of Faſhion,
And Pimps ſhall leave their old Vocation,
I wiſh for happy Procreation
At this time.

I wiſh *Barillon* ſent to *France*,
Believe *Oats*, *Bedlow*, *Dugdale*, *Prance*,
And would let *Portſmouth* have her Chance
At this time.

I would turn Papiſts from the Queen,
No Cloiſter build for *Mazarine*,
For ſhe is certain Trump Marine,
But make *Charles* great as e'er he'as been
At all times.

But if you'd come to mend the Matter,
Leave to diſſemble, lie, and flatter,
And uſe Plain-dealing clear as Water
At all times.

SATYR.

SATYR.

Quem Natura negat dabit Indignatio Verſum.

I Who from Drinking ne'er could ſpare an Hour,
But what I gave to ſome obedient Whore,
Who hate all Satyr, whether ſharp or dull,
From *Dryden* to the Governor of *Hull*,
Provok'd at length to a Poetick Rage,
Reſolve to ſhare in railing at the Age.
I cannot Poet turn with worſe Succeſs,
Than Thouſand Fools who now infeſt the Preſs;
Whoſe ſenſleſs Works proclaim'd in ev'ry Street,
Like ſawcy Beggars, worry all they meet.
At ev'ry Shop, while *Shakeſpear*'s Lofty Stile
Neglected lyes, to Mice and Worms a Spoil;
Gilt on the Back, juſt ſmoaking from the Preſs,
Th'Apprentice ſhews you *Durfey*'s *Hudibras*,
Crown's Mask, bound up with *Settle*'s Choiceſt La-
(bors,
And promiſes ſome New Eſſay of *Babor*'s.
If you go off, as who the Devil would ſtay?
He cries, Sir, Mr. *Otway*'s laſt new Play,
With th'Epilogue, which for the Duke he writ,
So lik'd at Court by all the Men of Wit.
I heard an Enſign of the Guards declare,
That with him *Shadwell* was not to compare.
He lik'd that Scene of *Nicky Nacky* more,
Than all that *Shadwell* ever writ before.
Was't not enough that at his tedious Play
I laviſh'd half a Crown, and half a Day;
But muſt I find patch'd up at ev'ry Wall
Such Stuff that none can bear who ſtarves not at
(*Whitehall*?
As Raſcals changing Rags for Scarlet Coats,
Cudgell'd before ſet up to cut Whigs Throats;
So ev'ry Blockhead that can pleaſe the Court,
Plucks up a Spirit, and turns Poet for't.

They

They know not that a ſenſleſs fawning Praiſe
Does both their Heroes and themſelves Diſgrace,
Praiſing *York*'s Loyalty's like praiſing of his Face.
Charles only his baſe Treaſon could forgive,
And *York* alone ſo good a Brother leave.
An Infamy ſo mean no Age has known,
To ſeek from Rebels Hands a Brother's Crown.
From his confiding Friends he falſly ran,
And was a full-grown Knave e'er yet a Man.
The Quiet which on *England* he has brought,
Appears in his ſtill carrying on the Plot:
Of which his Weakneſs the Foundation laid,
An Obſtinacy ſince has perfect made.
In *Scotland* we a well-drawn Model ſee
Of what he Purpoſes we once ſhall be.
By *Coleman*'s Speech at *Tyburn* too we find,
He has a Heart that ne'er forgets his Friend.
Conningſmark did not uſe a baſer Way
His wretched hireling Ruffians to betray.
This Diff'rence only is betwixt them known,
This murders for a Wife, that for a Throne.
His Lady's a good Woman, God defend her!
But why are we ſo fond of her *Hans en Kelder?*
The Slave that thought he or his Seed ſhould reign,
As ſurely wiſh'd the King untimely ſlain.
The one with Pox has long corrupted been,
The other viſited with his Father's Sin.
Poor harmleſs Babe, that lab'ring in the Womb,
To hated Light all o'er diſeas'd wilt come.
A wretched innocent Pledge to all the Nation,
That Parents Crimes afflict their Generation.
But while I thus on others Faults run on,
I make the ſame which thoſe I blame have done;
Omit the Praiſes of our Gracious King,
Which ev'ry Pen ſhould trace, and ev'ry Tongue ſhould (ſing.
Ev'n God himſelf grew jealous of his Pow'r,
And curs'd all thoſe who Creatures durſt adore.
By God allow'd, by his People freely given,
Our *Charles*'s Empire is like that of Heaven,

Thoſe

Thoſe Praiſes to Idolatry declare,
That make a Subject with a Monarch ſhare.
Let ſuch as live by't then his Brother praiſe,
A Nobler Theme my Loyal Stile ſhall raiſe.
Let *Dryden*'s Pen indulgent *David* blame,
And brand his Friends with hated Rebels Name.
He that could once call *Charles* a ſaunt'ring Cully,
By *Portſmouth* ſold, and jilted by Bitch *Nelly*;
He that could once the Prince of Rebels praiſe,
With the ſame Hand the Tories Cauſe may raiſe.
A ſtarving Muſe no Int'reſt can advance,
He writes, as Parſons preach, for Suſtenance.
A pamper'd Hero for the Duke's Applauſe,
A cudgell'd Martyr to the Whiggiſh Cauſe.
A Cur that fawns on him that give him Bread,
And grouls and ſnarls at all the World beſide.
Ungrateful, mercenary, fearful, mean,
The beſt of Rhymers, and the worſt of Men.
While *Charles* reigns here no Cloud can ſhade our Iſle;
Thoſe who ſlight *James*'s Frown, adore thy Smile.
The threat'ning Storms that with thy Brother come,
Diſſolve like Clouds before a pow'rful Sun.
Spight of their Enemies, and of thy own,
Thy Peoples duteous Love will e'er be ſhown.
Happy thy Reign, and *Neſtor*'s be thy Years,
Vain Popiſh Hopes, and vain be all our Fears.
May ſome brave Youth ſpring from thy Princely Blood,
Like thee forgiving, prudent, great, and good,
Succeed thee late to this thy Glorious Crown,
And tumble all preſumptive Hopers down,
While *England* from her threat'ned Ills got free,
In ſerving him, may ſtill give Thanks to thee.
But to go on with my Satyrick Tale;
(Who thinks on him will ſoon forget to rail)
What Age like ours did e'er with Vice abound,
A Proteſtant Officer may as ſoon be found,
A Cuckold jealous, or a Counteſs ſound,

As one whoſe Honeſty 'gainſt all things proof,
No Fear can ſhake, and no Preferment move.
Loſt Reputations ſhall forget to meet
To Club for naſty Verſe in *Jermin-Street.*
And, ceaſing Envy, th'Innocent and Fair
Shall hate the Stiff-neck'd Prieſt, and love the Pray'r.
Fools ſhall be wanting to diſperſe their Rhymes,
And Shopkeepers no more complain of Times.
The *Scots* and *Iriſh* homeward ſhall reſort,
And ſwarm no more about the *Engliſh* Court;
The one Induſtrious, t'other Rich, ſhall prove,
Both ſhall grow honeſt, both ſhall *Engliſh* love,
E'er I give o'er to laſh the fulſome Slaves,
To laugh at Coxcombs, and to rail at Knaves:
Who are the Men who moſt Mankind diſgrace,
They in my Verſe ſhall have the leading Place.
The Knave of State will all the ſneaking Throng,
Of under Raſcals which to Court belong.
Or ſhould I of the hot-brain'd Clergy treat,
Whoſe very Trade is naturally a Cheat;
All over Lux'ry they at Vice declaim,
Chide at ill Lives, and at good Livings aim.
A Male-converted ſtill ſuſpected proves;
A Lady-Convert 'tis the B——— loves.
On Down they ſleep, and upon Carpets tread,
Their Anceſtors, the Apoſtles, wanted Bread,
Each luſtful D——— free Licenſe has to whore,
But the grave wary B——— may do more.
At home they lye with Pride, Spleen, Plenty, ſtor'd,
And hire ſome poor dull Rogue to ſerve the Lord.
Where-e'er thou call'ſt, loud Scandal, will I fly,
From the proud Stateſman to the ſnivelling Spy;
From *Hallifax*, whoſe Crimes now furniſh Fame,
Down to *Fleet Shepherd*'s falſe and abject Name.
The firſt, that he all Villains might exceed,
His Honour ſold for what he did not need.
An Atheiſt once; now Popery has profeſs'd,
Finding that ſuit with his good Morals beſt.

He'as

He as ſold his Country, and his King abus'd,
Join'd with ſcorn'd Chits, he as Innocence accus'd,
And is at laſt ev'n by thoſe Chits refus'd.
From Crime to Crime he by Degrees runs on,
Not ſafe from one till he as a greater done.
But he ſo falſe and ſo contemn'd does grow,
His Fellow Rogues truſt him no longer now.
Yet uſe him ſtill, and have found out a fit
Employment for my Lord's prodigious Wit.
For join'd with *Roger*, he with like Applauſe
Does write dull railing Libels for the Cauſe.
But he ſo often lies to every Fool,
That on that Theme his Son could ſcarce be dull.
Seymour in every Quality does ſurpaſs,
Which may a ſenſleſs, ſawcy, Turncoat grace.
By's Breeding he for *Cottrel*'s Place is fit,
And may the *Bantam* courtly Envoy meet,
And for his Learning may on Woollſack ſit.
For Eloquence he may grave *Finch* ſucceed,
And for his Courage Tory Forces lead.
Theſe with his Knav'ry, Pride, and Country's hate,
Accompliſh him for Miniſter of State.
As School-boys heat their Gigs to make 'em calve,
And from their old one a ſmall Off-ſpring have:
So our Diminutive Stateſman *Falkland* looks,
As if from *Seymour* fall'n at *Arran*'s Strokes.
Money, we know, him to Preferment brought;
He ought to hide how he the Money got.
Let *Albemarle* no more Deſert pretend
That from the worthy *Monk* he does deſcend.
His Title's all that by his Birth he gains,
While his baſe Life the Noble Fountain ſtains,
The General's loſt, the Sempſtreſs Blood remains.
The Father *England*'s Freedom did regain,
The Son conſpires t'enſlave it once again.
Him a true Soldier of the Age we ſee,
He has not Courage, Senſe, nor Honeſty.
A needleſs Foil to th'Hero he ſucceeds,
That dares not juſtifie the Guards he leads.

Lord!

Lord! how the Tories will the City rout,
While he the Horſe, and *Grafton* leads the Foot.
In their Sires Steps the *H*———*s* have better grown,
Wh' entail'd it on his Line to cheat the Crown.
Their Father was the Founder of that Ill,
Which his Two Sons are lab'ring to fulfil;
Their Lordſhips ſtink of the old Lawyer ſtill.
The firſt to *J*———*s* his proſtrate Daughter Wed,
Then brought a barren Imp to C—— his Bed.
To equal him his Pious Sons at Strife,
One cheats the Husband, t'other robs the Wife.
The firſt for *Mu*——*ve*'s Famous Cuckold known,
Does the King's Baſtards ſtarve to keep his own.

D---by's *Farewel.*

FArewel, my *Tom D—by*, my Pimp and my Cheat,
'Twas for my own Ends I made you ſo Great.
The Plot is diſcover'd, our Money's all ſpent,
I'll leave you to hang, and my ſelf to repent.
Our Maſters, the Commons, begin now to war,
And ſwear they will either have you or my Whore.
Then *D—by* forgive me if I am forſworn,
And leave you to die like a Traitor forlorn.

An Alluſion.

WHen *Iſrael* firſt provok'd the Living Lord,
He ſcourg'd their Sin with Famine, Plague, (and Sword,
Still they rebell'd; the God in's Wrath did fling
No Thunderbold among them, but a King.
A *James*-like King was Heav'n's ſevereſt Rod,
The utmoſt Vengeance of an angry God.

God in his Wrath ſent *Saul* to puniſh *Jewry*,
And *James* to *England* in a greater Fury:
For *Saul* in Sin was no more like our *James*,
Than little *Jordan* can compare to *Thames*.

To be written under the Dutcheſs *of* Portſmouth's *Picture.*

HAD ſhe but liv'd in *Cleopatra*'s Age,
When Beauty did the Earth's great Lord engage,
Britain, not *Egypt*, had been Glorious made,
Auguſtus then, like *Julius*, had obey'd.
A Nobler Theme had been this Poet's Boaſt,
That all the World for Love had well been loſt.

ANSWER.

OH that ſh'had liv'd in *Cleopatra*'s Age,
And not in Ours, to fill us all with Rage!
To ſee *Great Britain* thus by her betray'd,
And *Th——es*, who once was Great, a Beggar made.
Of ſuch a Theme no Poet ſure will boaſt,
That would have ſtole the Pearl that then was loſt.

Satyr *on King* James's *Favourites and Court.*

UNhappy Iſland! what hard Fate ordains
That thou ſhouldſt change thy Liberty for Chains?
Thou who to ſtubborn Nations once gav'ſt Law,
And kept the jarring World in peaceful Awe,

Holding that Ballance in thy ſteady Hand,
By which the Weaker does the Strong withſtand;
From *Goths* and *Vandals* long in vain ſet free,
And now thy ſelf become a Colony,
The *Scots* and *Iriſh* are repriz'd in thee.
Starv'd Fugitives ſcatter'd by Want abroad,
Great Travellers for want of an Abode,
All meet in Swarms in this unlucky Place,
To lead our Armies, and our Counſels grace,
While croaking Prieſts and greedy Troops devour
The Faithful Land with Sacrilegious Pow'r.
Prevailing Nonſence Reaſon over-rules,
And Providence has giv'n us up to Fools.
Fools did th' excluding of a Fool prevent,
By a Rebellion Fools have Slavery ſent,
And Fools confirm it ſtill in Parliament.
Talbot Supplies of Fools from *Ireland* ſends,
And *Cla——don*'s return'd to make amends.
The Fav'rite Brother wears th' Almighty Rod,
Courted and prais'd by each created Toad;
The Sorcerer repines to be a God.
Pharaoh and he theſe Plagues of *Egypt* bring,
And ſuch our Fate muſt be while ſuch our King.
Conſpiring *Sun——land* ſtill ſaves the Tide,
A Knave moſt uſeful to th' unjuſteſt Side,
And does as fit an Inſtrument now prove
Of lawleſs Pow'r, as once adult'rous Love.
The little Chit does ſcarce deſerve Rebuke,
That looks behind the Chair as if 'twould puke;
Beats time with Politick Head, and all approves,
Pleas'd with the Charge of the Queen's Muff and (Gloves.
Much Fam'd in Youth for Poetry and Senſe,
By *Jack Berkeley*'s early Correſpondence.
But who can our great Chancellor deſcribe?
The noiſie Oracle of the Scarlet Tribe.
Of *James*'s Inſtruments the keeneſt Tool,
The hotteſt, perteſt, and the boldeſt, Fool;
Choſe early, by himſelf deſign'd for Glory,
Since Whig-Law yielded firſt to conqu'ring Tory.

A mortal Enemy to ſawcy Charters,
Now leſs in Faſhion than the Book of Martyrs,
Than ſharp *L'Eſtrange* a more admir'd Prater,
Wittier on Bench than he in *Obſervator.*
O for ſome Skilful Painter now to draw
The *Weſtern* Triumph of avenging Law!
When angry Juſtice with reſiſtleſs Force,
Not like a Stream, but Torrent ſtopt its Courſe;
Nor poorly bore a ſingle Rebel down,
In Shoals the Wretches fell beneath his Frown.
Kirk, the poor Beaſt, did but for Hunger prey,
And only hang'd a Rogue that could not pay:
For Luxury the Wolf and Lion kill,
And ſcarce take time to taſte the Blood they ſpill.
Now, Fame, thy Trumpet ſound, thy Man of War,
Great *Feverſham* appears with his triumphant Star,
To the Clouds bear him in thy Airy Chair.
Let *Oglethorp* be pinion'd to his Wing,
And as he tells the Tale, ſo do thou ſing
His Courage, ſuch as needs not Conduct's Aid,
Conduct makes Generals but ſeem afraid.
Therefore he ſcorns much to be found prepar'd,
And ſent his Men to reſt without a Guard.
O but for that unlucky Knock he gat
By Block, too ſympathetick to his Pate,
When he his Brother *Craven* did aſpire
To equalize in vain in quenching Fire,
Where might not *James* his Conqu'ring Army lead?
But Brains are ſome want in a General's Head.
Now, Muſe, let thy juſt Indignation ceaſe,
Touch not the Louſie Vermin after theſe.
When ſuch a Quarry does thy Vigour claim,
Scorn to deſcend to an ignoble Game.
Thus while the Huntſman eagerly in View
A foaming Boar or Lion does purſue,
Safe to their Holes the Fox and Badger creep,
And dare not look abroad, but ſtink and ſleep.
Let Honeſt Laureat now, whoſe pliant Rhimes
With his Religion wait upon the Times,

Rail

Rail at the Man who theſe bold Truths has told,
And call him dull Phanatick, Whig, and Scold.
Franklyn, *Lloyd*, *Sackville*, and the meaner rout
Of little Underlings that ſit about,
Pretend they know the Author by his Stile,
I've eas'd my Mind, and will ſecurely ſmile.

To Mr. Julian.

Julian, in Verſe, to eaſe thy Wants, I write,
Not mov'd by Envy, Malice, or by Spite,
Or pleas'd with th' empty Name of Wit or Senſe,
But meerly to ſupply thy want of Pence,
This did inſpire my Muſe when out at Heel;
She ſaw her needy Secretary reel;
Griev'd that a Man ſo uſeful to the Age
ſhould foot it in ſo mean an Equipage.
A crying Scandal! that the Fees of Senſe
Should not be able to ſupport th' Expence
Of a poor Scribe, who never thought of Wants,
When able to procure a Cup of Nants.
But Dulneſs ſits at Helm, and in this Age
Governs our Pulpits, Councils, and the Stage.
Here a dull Counſellor ador'd we ſee,
And there a Poet duller yet than he,
With beardleſs Biſhop, dulleſt of the Three.
'Tis dangerous to think. ———
For who by thinking tempts his jealous Fate,
Is ſtrait arraign'd as Traytor to the State.
And none that come within the Verge of Senſe,
Have to Preferment now the leaſt pretence.
Nay, Poets, guilty of that Treaſon prov'd,
Are by a general Hiſs from Court remov'd.
Shakeſpear himſelf reviv'd finds no Succeſs,
And living Authors ſure muſt hope for leſs.
Since Dulneſs then finds more ſucceſs than Wit,
This Poem, *Julian*, cannot chuſe but hit.

But for thy Profit, *Julian*, have a care
Of prying *Poulteny*, and of Bully *Carr*:
In them there's Danger, for the one does write
With the ſame Proweſs the other us'd to fight.
Next florid *Huntingdon* and civil *Grey*,
Who knew his Grace was gone, but not which way.
'Twere needleſs here, and tedious too to name
All that are envious of poor Poets Fame:
Conſult thy ſacred Volume, and thou'lt find
Some who to Reverend Dulneſs have been kind:
To thoſe obſequious cringe with humble Bow,
With Court-like Scrapes, and with Submiſſive Brow;
Since from their num'rous Party thou may'ſt hope,
More than *Prance*, *Oats* or *Bedlow*, from the Pope.
Thirſis has gain'd Preferment by a Song,
While *Hudibras* does ſtarve among the Throng;
Nay, minion *Shadwell* cannot hold out long.
There lives a Lord, a Noble Peer is he,
Whoſe Conſcience is as pliant as his Knee;
Whoſe eaſie Temper, by good Nature mov'd,
Does make him univerſally belov'd.
He once pretended to a ſhare of Senſe,
But for that Inſolence and bold Offence,
The Council wiſely baniſh'd him from thence.
He finding thoſe Pretences ominous,
Is grown at length as dull as one of us;
Him make thy Friend, and if that Method fail,
Prepare thee in theſe following Terms to rail.
May *Hewet*'s Billets-deux ſucceſsful prove
In tempting of her little Grace to Love:
May *Angleſey* think Bribery a Sin,
His Counteſs pull it out when 'tis once put in:
May *Arlington* his little Brat deſpiſe,
And ſhe no more the Name of Dutcheſs prize:
May puzzling *Howard* live by Poetry,
And *Cleaveland* die for want of Leachery:
May *Monmouth* quit his Int'reſt in the Crown,
Mall Howard never grin, and *Nelly* never frown:
May *Betty Mackrel* ceaſe to be a Whore,
And Villain *Frank* kiſs *Mazarin* no more.

A

A Letter from the Duke of M——th *to the King.*

DIſgrac'd, undone, forlorn, made Fortune's Sport,
Baniſh'd your Kingdom firſt, and then your Court;
Out of my Places turn'd, and out of Doors,
And made the meaneſt of your Sons of Whores;
The Scene of Laughter, and the common Chats
Of your ſalt Bitches, and your other Brats;
Forc'd to a private Life, to Whore and Drink,
On my paſt Grandeur and my Follies think:
Would I had been the Brat of ſome mean Drab,
Whom Fear or Chance had caus'd to choak or ſtab,
Rather than be the Iſſue of a King,
And by him made ſo wretched ſcorn'd a Thing.
How little cauſe has Mankind to be proud
Of Noble Birth, the Idol of the Crowd?
Have I abroad in Battels Honour won,
To be at home diſhonourably undone?
Mark'd with a Star and Garter, and made fine
With all thoſe gawdy Trifles, once call'd mine;
Your Hobby-Horſes, and your Joys of State,
And now become the Object of your Hate;
But, d——ee, Sir, I'll be Legitimate.
I was your Darling, but againſt your Will,
And know that I will be the Peoples ſtill:
And when you're dead, I and my Friends, the Rout,
Will with my Popiſh Uncle try a Bout,
And to my Troubles this one Comfort bring,
Next after you, by ——, I will be King.

The King's Answer.

UNgrateful Boy! I will not call thee Son,
Thou haſt thy ſelf unhappily undone;
And thy Complaints ſerve but to ſhow thee more,
How much thou haſt enrag'd thy Father's Whore.
Reſent it not, ſhake not thy addle Head,
And be no more by Clubs and Raſcals led.
Have I made thee the Darling of my Joys,
The prettieſt and the luſtieſt of my Boys?
Have I ſo often ſent thee with Coſt to *France*,
To take new Dreſſes up, and learn to dance?
Have I giv'n thee a Ribbon and a Star,
And ſent thee like a Meteor to the War?
Have I done all that Royal Dad could do,
And do you threaten now to be untrue?
But ſay I did with thy fond Mother ſport,
To the ſame Kindneſs others had Reſort.
'Twas my good Nature, and I meant her Fame,
To ſhelter thee under my Royal Name.
Alas! I never got one Brat alone,
My Miſtreſſes all are by each Fop well known,
And I ſtill willing all their Brats to own.
I made thee once, 'tis true, the Poſt of Grace,
And ſtuck upon thee every mighty Place,
Each glitt'ring Office, till thy heavy Brow
Grew dull with Honour, and my Pow'r low.
I ſpangled thee with Favours, hung thy Noſe
With Rings of Gold and Pearl, till all grew Foes
By ſecret Envy at thy growing State:
I loſt my Safety when I made thee Great.
There's not the leaſt Injuſtice to you ſhewn,
You muſt be ruin'd to ſecure my Throne.
Office is but a fickle Grace, the Badge
Beſtow'd by fits, and ſnatch'd away in Rage.
And ſure that Livery which I give my Slaves,
I may take from 'em when my *Portſmouth* raves.

Thou art a Creature of my own Creation,
Then ſwallow this without Capitulation.
If you with feigned Wrongs ſtill keep a Clutter,
And make the People for your Sake to mutter,
For my own Comfort, but your Trouble, know,
G———ſh, I'll ſend you to the Shades below.

The Ghoſt of Honeſt Tom Roſs *to his Pupil the Duke of* M---mouth. *By the Lord* Roſcommon.

SHame of my Life, Diſturber of my Tomb,
Baſe from thy Mother's proſtituted Womb,
Huffing to Cowards, fawning to the Brave,
To Knaves a Fool, to credulous Fools a Knave,
The King's Betrayer, and the Peoples Slave.
Like *Samuel*, at thy Negromantick Call,
I riſe to tell thee God has left thee, *Saul*.
I ſtrove in vain thy infected Blood to cure;
Streams will run muddy when the Spring's impure.
In all your Proſp'rous Life we plainly ſee
Old *Taff*'s invincible Sobriety.
The Place of Maſter of the Horſe, and Spy,
You, like *Tom Howard*, did at once ſupply.
From *Sydney*'s Blood your Loyalty did ſpring,
You ſhew us all your Fathers but the King;
From whoſe too tender, and too bounteous, Arms
(Unhappy he whom ſuch a Viper warms)
As dutiful a Subject as a Son,
To your true Parents, the whole Town, you run.
Read, if you can, how th'Old Apoſtate fell,
Outdo his Pride, and merit more than Hell.
Both he and you were Glorioufly Bright,
The Firſt and Faireſt of the Sons of Light:
But when, like you, he offer'd at the Crown,
Like him your angry Father kick'd you down.

A Poem on the Biſhops throwing out the Bill of Excluſion.

THE Grave Houſe of Commons, by Hook or by (Crook,
Reſolv'd to root out both the Pope and the Duke:
Let them Vote, let them Move, let them Do what (they will.
The Biſhops, the Biſhops, have thrown out the Bill.

There was *Hereford*, *Winnington*, *Hamden*, and *Birch*,
Did verily think to eſtabliſh the Church;
But now they do find it's paſt all their Skill,
For the Biſhops, the Biſhops, have thrown out the Bill.

Sir *William* endeavour'd, as much as he could,
To ſhew that the Bill was for the Duke's Good,
For that diſinherits the Man we would kill,
The Biſhops, *&c.*

Paul Wharton that ſtood behind Sir *Richard Cary*,
To confront, as he thought, the Plenipotentiary,
Little thought when he rudely had bawl'd out his fill,
That the Biſhops, *&c.*

There is little Reaſon the dull Six and Twenty
Should oppoſe the whole *Nemine Contradicente*,
And what they bring forth in its Infancy kill,
For the Biſhops, *&c.*

The wiſe Earl *Shaftsbury*, *Monmouth*, and *Grey*,
Lord *Eſſex*, Lord *Howard*, Lord *& cætera*,
Tho' they have drawn in the Lord Privy-Seal,
Yet the Biſhops, *&c.*

Old *Rowley* was there to ſollicit the Cauſe
Againſt his own Life, the Church, and the Laws;

Yet

Yet he might have liv'd ſafely againſt his own Will,
Had the Biſhops, the Biſhops, not thrown out the Bill.

His Highneſs for fear to *Scotland* is gone,
The Cov'nant to take, and be Crowned at *Scoon*;
But now he may e'en come home if he will,
For the Biſhops, *&c.*

Had he known this before, or ſome of the Gang,
He had ſav'd his Guineas to Sir *John Whitwang*,
And might at St. *James*'s have plotted his fill,
For the Biſhops, *&c.*

Had not Biſhops been ſuffer'd in the H. for to ſit,
He had been, like his Grandfather *Jemmy*, beſhit,
But now he's as ſafe as a Thief in a Mill,
For the Biſhops, *&c.*

The beſt of Expedients the Law can propoſe,
Our Church to preſerve, and quiet our Foes,
Is not to let Lawn-ſleeves our Parliament fill,
But throw out the Biſhops that threw out the Bill.

The Stateſman's Almanack.

Being an Excellent New Ballad, in which the Qualities of each Month are conſider'd; whereby it appears that a Parliament cannot meet in any of the Old Months: With a Propoſal for mending the Calendar. Humbly offer'd to the Packers of the next Parliament.

To the Tune of, Cold and Raw the Wind did blow.

1.

THE Talk up and down
In Country and Town
Has been long of a Parliament's Sitting;
But we'll make it clear
Ne'er a Month in the Year
Is proper for ſuch a Meeting.

2.

The Judges declare it,
The Miniſters ſwear it,
But the Town as a Tale receives it;
Let them ſay what they can,
There is ne'er a Man,
Except God's Vicegerent, believes it.

3.

If the Criticks in Spite
Our Arguments ſlight,
And think them too light for the Matter,
It has been often known
That Men on a Throne
Have arraign'd the whole Realm with no better.

4.

4.

For in Times of Old,
When Kings were leſs bold,
And made for their Faults ſome Excuſes,
Such Topicks as theſe
The Commons to pleaſe
Did ſerve for moſt Excellent Uſes.

5.

Either *Chriſtmaſs* comes on,
Or Harveſt's begun,
And all muſt repair to their Station.
'Twas too dry or too wet
For the Houſes to ſet,
And Hey for a Prorogation.

6.

Then, Sir, if you pleaſe,
With ſuch Reaſons as theſe
Let's ſee how each Moon's appointed:
For ſure it moſt ſtrange is
That in all her Changes
She favours not God's Anointed.

January.

The firſt is too cold
For Popery to hold,
Since *Southern* Climes do improve it;
And therefore in Froſt
'Tis odds but it's loſt
If they offer for to remove it.

February.

The next do's betide,
Tho' then the King died,
Ill Luck, and they muſt not be tamp'ring:
For hadn't Providence quick
Cool'd his Head in the Nick,
'Fore Gad they were all a ſcamp'ring.

March.

The Month of Old *Rome*
Has an Omen with ſome;

But

But the ſleeping Wind then knows,
And truſts not the Croud
When Storms are ſo loud,
Leſt th'Air infects the Houſe.

April.

In this by Miſhap
Southesk had a Clap,
Which pepper'd our Gracious Maſter;
And therefore in Spring
He muſt phyſick his Thing,
And venture no new Diſaſter.

May.

This Month is too good,
And too luſty his Blood
To be for Buſineſs at Leiſure.
With his Confeſſor's Leave
Honeſt *Bridget* may give
The Fumbler Royal his Pleaſure.

June.

The Brains of the State
Have been hot of late,
They have manag'd all Buſineſs in Rapture:
And to call us in *June*,
Is to the ſame Tune,
To be mad to the End of the Chapter.

July.

This Seaſon was made
For the Camp and Parade,
When with the Expence of his Treaſure,
With much Sweat and Pains
Diſcreetly he trains
Such Men as will break all his Meaſures.

Auguſt.

This Month did advance
Their Projects in *France*,
As *Bartholomew* remembers;
But alas they want Force
To take the ſame Courſe
With our Heretical Members.

September.

September.

They cannot now meet,
For the Progreſs was ſet,
And they find it a ſcurvy Faſhion,
To ride, and to ride,
To be ſnubb'd and deny'd,
By ev'ry good Man in the Nation.

October.

Now Hunting comes in,
That Licenſe to Sin,
That do's with a Cloak befriend him:
But if the Queen knows
How at *Grayham*'s he blows,
His Divine Right cannot defend him.

November.

November might do
For ought that we know,
But that the K. promis'd by Chancellor:
And his Word before
Was pawn'd for much more
Than e'er twill be able to anſwer.

December.

The laſt of the Year,
Reſemblance do's bear
To their Hopes and their Fortune declining:
Ne'er hope for Succeſs,
Day grows leſs and leſs,
And the Sun once ſo high has done ſhining.

EPILOGUE.

YE Gypſies of *Rome*
That run up and down,
And with Miracles the People cozen,
By the help of ſome Saint
Get the Month which you want,
And make up a Baker's Dozen.

You ſee the Old Year
Won't Help you 'tis clear,
And therefore to ſave your Honour,
Get a new Sun and Moon,
And the Work may be done,
And 'fore *George* it will never be ſooner.

Truth brought to Light:

OR,

Murder will out. *By* S. College.

WOuld the World know how *Godfrey* loſt his (Breath?
This tells the Tragick Story of his Death:
Not borrow'd from the feigned Ghoſt appearing
Unto us Mortals, ſo the Story clearing;
Or taken from the Narrative of *Prance*,
Where he too modeſt does on Perſons glance;
Tho' there's enough for all with half an Eye
To ſcan ſome Villains in this Tragedy.
An *Oedipus* there needs not to explain
The wretched *Norfolk*'s Houſe in *Clements-Dane*:
Or how the Owner *Godfrey* did perſuade
To eat his laſt, and baſely him betray'd.
Hear but the Villain how he did enſnare
This gen'rous Soul into his bloody Fare.
Pray, good Sir *Edmund*, ſtay, I beg the Boon
Of ſome Diſcourſe with you this Afternoon,
In a Rehearſal of this Helliſh Plot,
Which you by *Oates*'s Depoſitions got;
You ſhall oblige me ever, and you will
Preſerve our King and Kingdom from their Ill.
Tho' of the Church of *Rome* you know I am,
I would be thought a Loyal *Engliſh* Man:

For

For if their damned Plot be as I hear,
I'll curſe the Pope, and leave their Church, I ſwear;
And as to what you plead as your Excuſe,
You have ſome Friends at Home you ſhall abuſe
By your long ſtay; I will a Footman ſend
That ſhall acquaint your Servants and your Friend
You have ſome Bus'neſs that detains you here,
And therefore they muſt not expect you there.
Thus by a *Siren*'s Tongue and Popiſh Guile
He did perſuade his ſtay, and ſent mean while
Unto his Ban-dogs, that they might way-lay him
As home he went, and barb'rouſly ſlay him.
Lo! here's the Project of a Popiſh Peer,
To murder Men in Love by Lordly Cheer:
From which, till known, the Wiſe have no defence,
Nor can eſcape *Rome*'s treacherous Pretence.
The beſt of Men by wretched Means they kill,
To ſerve the Church, and gain their curſed Will.
Say but *Rome*'s Vicar, Such a Man muſt die,
That's Crime enough, no matter how or why.
His Hounds of Blood and cruel Beaſts of Prey,
Who call it Merit to deceive, betray,
Murder whole Nations ſtanding in their way.
So fell the Noble *Godfrey* by the Hand
Of D's, E's, Ld's, and Q's of Royal Band,
Whoſe direful Dirge they ſung in Northern Tone,
Where *York* and *Norfolk* kept the time as one:
And Treach'rous *Tom* made *England*'s Treaſure pay
Rewards to thoſe that did his Life betray.
That *Osb*——*n* Villain, raiſed by his Skill
Of Pimping and Procuring to our Will:
The worſt of Slaves, that ſo he might be Great,
Expos'd his Wife and Daughters to our Heat.
Ah Bleſſed Tool, at our moſt Gracious Need,
That never fail'd us ſo to do the Deed!
Next ſail'd the *Portſmouth* Frigat with the Elves,
And as is ſaid, is ſteered by our ſelves;
Blown by the blaſt of *Bellaſ*——curs'd Spleen;
And yet it ſeems was Muſick for a Queen;

And ſo delighted *England*'s harmleſs Chip,
That made her dance, and 'bout the Dead to skip
In Maſquerade, by *Faux* his Lanthorn dreſt,
Where her dear Prieſts the holy Murder bleſt.
Prejudg'd by them they this Concluſion draw,
A Ducal Dinner's Death by Martial Law.
By theſe *Rome*'s Vaſſals did in order get,
That *Godfrey*'s Life might have a Somerſet,
And die for daring to inſpect the things
Of Mother Church, of holy Pope and Kings;
And the Retinue, Banditti of Hell,
Welch *Powis*, *Peters*, *Stafford*, *Arundel*,
And Thouſands more of that accurſed Brood,
Who would convert us by a Sea of Blood,
And turn the Laws of *England* out of Doors,
By Standing-Army, Penſioners and Whores,
Baſtards *Sans* number, at the Nation's Charge,
For whom we have been taxed oft at large,
And made to buy our Ruin with our Coin,
Which went for Votes, and Plots, and Countermine.
Alas! poor Nation, how art thou undone
By a bad Father, and now a worſe, his Son!
What have theſe Cubs of *Scotland* brought upon us?
There's nothing left but *Lord have Mercy on us!*

Juſtice in Maſquerade: Or, Scroggs *upon* Scroggs.

A Butcher's Son's Judge Capital
Poor Proteſtants for to enthral,
And *England* to enſlave Sirs.
Loſe both our Laws and Lives we muſt,
When to do Juſtice we entruſt
So known an errant Knave Sirs.

Some hungry Prieſts he did once fell
With mighty Strokes, ſent them to Hell,
Sent preſently away Sirs.
Would you know why? The Reaſon's plain,
They had no *Engliſh* nor *French* Coin
To make a longer ſtay Sirs.

The Pope to Purgatory ſends,
Who neither Money have nor Friends;
In this he's not alone Sirs.
For our Judge to Mercy's not inclin'd,
'Leſs Gold change Conſcience and his Mind,
You are infallibly gone Sirs.

His Father once exempted was
Out of all Juries: Why? becauſe
He was a Man of Blood Sirs.
And why the Butcherly Son (forſooth)
Shou'd now be Jury and Judge both,
Cannot be underſtood Sirs.

The good Old Man with Knife and Knocks
Made harmleſs Sheep and ſtubborn Ox
Stoop to him in his Fury.
But the brib'd Son, like greaſie Oaph,
Kneels down and worſhips Golden Calf,
And ſo do's all the Jury.

Better thou'dſt been at Father's Trade
An honeſt Livelihood to have made,
In lamp'ring Bulls with Collars,
Than to thy Country prove unjuſt,
Firſt ſell, and then betray, thy Truſt,
For ſo many hard Rix-Dollars.

Prieſt and Phyſician thou didſt ſave
From Gallows, Fire, and from the Grave,
For which we can't endure thee.

The one can ne'er abſolve thy Sins,
And th'other (tho' he now begins)
Of Knav'ry ne'er can cure thee.

But leſt we all ſhou'd end his Life,
And with a keen-whet Chopping-Knife
In a Thouſand pieces cleave him,
Let the Parliament firſt him undertake,
They'll make the Raſcal ſtink at ſtake,
And ſo like a Knave let's leave him.

Elegy on Coleman.

IF Heav'n be pleas'd when Sinners ceaſe to ſin,
If Hell be pleas'd when Souls are damn'd therein,
If Earth be pleas'd when it's rid of a Knave,
Then all are pleas'd, for *Coleman*'s in his Grave.

A Litany:

FRom the lawleſs Dominion of Mitre and Crown,
Whoſe Tyrannies are ſo abſolute grown,
That Men becomes Slaves to the Altar and Throne,
And can call neither Bodies nor Souls their own,
Libera nos, &c.
From a Reverend pye-bald Theologick Profeſſor,
From a Proteſtant zealous for a Popiſh Succeſſor,
Who for a great Biſhoprick ſtill leaves a leſſer,
And ne'er will die Martyr, nor make good Confeſſor,
Libera nos, &c.
From Deans and from Chapters who live at their (Eaſes,
Whoſe Letchery lyes in renewing Church-Leaſes,

Who live in Cathedrals like Maggots in Cheeſes,
And lye like Abbey-Lubbers ſtew'd in their own (Greaſes,
Libera nos, &c.

From *Oxford* and *Cambridge* Scholaſtical Fry,
Whoſe Leachery's with their Landreſs to lye,
Of Church and State their Wants to ſupply,
That Religion and Learning may never die,
Libera nos, &c.

From a comfortable———Divine,
From a Criſſingle Parſon in Silk Caſſock fine,
Who loves no Tobacco, no Women, nor Wine,
But any Religion, ſo of the Right Line,
Libera nos, &c.

From a Spruce Court-Chaplain, whoſe Pulpit rings
With *Jure Divino* of Biſhops and Kings,
And from true Scripture falſe Evidence brings,
That Kingſhip and Prieſthood are Two Sacred (Things,
Libera nos, &c.

From a Miniſter of the *Engliſh* Church Breed,
Mother-Church's own Son by Epiſcopal Seed,
Who turns to burleſque the Lord's Pray'r and Creed,
And can the whole Bible ridicule for a Need,
Libera nos, &c.

From a ſcandalous, limping, litigious, * Vicar,
Of whom his Pariſh grows ſicker and ſicker,
Who taught his dull Maid to grow quicker and (quicker,
And who ſtole the Tankard when he drunk out the (Liquor,
Libera nos, &c.

From a Ceremony-monger who rails at Diſſenters,
And damns Non-Conformiſts in the Pulpit he enters,
Yet all the Week long his own Soul he ventures,
By being ſo drunk that he cutteth Indentures,
Libera nos, &c.

* *The Parſon of* Croydon.

From a young Boy ordain'd, tho' a ——— he has none,
From a Journeyman-Preacher to ſome dignified Drone,
Who, whatever Text he Preaches upon,
Still talks of Rebellion and Forty One,
Libera nos, &c.

From the * Biſhop's Chaplain who ſcribbles everlaſting,
On whom once *Cook* beſtow'd a dry baſting,
Who in his Old Age Young Fleſh would be taſting,
And now writes for Bread to keep him from faſting,
Libera nos, &c.

From a Proteſtant Church where a Papiſt muſt reign,
From an *Oxford* Parliament call'd in vain,
Who becauſe *Fitz-Harris* the Plot would make plain,
Was diſſolv'd in a Fit, and ſent home again,
Libera nos, &c.

From Fools and Knaves, Prerogative Tories,
From a Church that for the *Babylon* Whore is,
From a Prince a like Pear, who Rotten at Core is,
From a Court that has Millions, yet, as *Job*, poor is,
Libera nos, &c.

From a *French* Whore at *Whitehall*, and another at (*Paris*,
From *Dangerfield*'s Plot outdone by *Fitz-Harris*,
Deliver us, Lord, from the ſelf-ſame Thing,
From the King of *France*, and the *French* King.

Hiſtoria Tuta.

HEnry the Prince fell by his trembling Sire,
Who by his Recreant Son did next expire.
Proud of his ill-got State enthron'd he ſtands,
And on the People lays oppreſſive Hands:
They unaccuſtom'd to the heavy Yoak,
Puniſh his Rapines by a fatal Stroke.
A Brother to the next creates much Strife,
Aims at his Crown, and daily ſeeks his Life;
Him eaſie, vain, and weak, Court-Pimps deceive,
And Brother's Crimes Prieſts bid him not believe;

* *Sir* Roger L'Eſtrange.

Hence

Hence ſtupid grown, Sloth, Luſt, and want of Care,
Draw diſmal Ruin on him unaware.
This Truth the *Roman* Poets ſang of Old,
And in Majeſtick Satyr did unfold,
Kings without Wounds rarely reſign their Breath,
And Tyrants never die a Civil Death.

On Mun Doyly *and* Fleet Shepherd, *Eſquires.*

FAT, ruddy, and dull,
With an Inch thick of Skull,
But falſe as the Bags of his Brother,
Is that Caterer for News,
In Taverns and Stews,
Mun Doyly the Son of his Mother.

The great *Leg* hearing this,
Thought all was amiſs,
And to run his Intelligence higher,
Reſolv'd at a Jump
To leaven that Lump,
With *Shepherd* that Voluble Liar.

What notable Tools
Are a Brace of ſuch Fools
In the Hands of a young Politician?
When the Colonel did chuſe
Falſe Wit and falſe News,
Sure he needed much more a Phyſician.

Yet poor *Shepherd* may prove
In time, by *Leg*'s Love,
As Famous as *Markham* or *Needham*,
Or *Berkinhead* the Great,
Who employs all his Sweat
In witty ſmart Ballads, (God ſpeed him.)

Return to the Pot,
Thou damn'd drolling Sot,
In time, leſt the Gallows attend thee;
For thou'lt ne'er make ſo good
A Spy as old *Blood*,
Tho' *Billing* and *Mead* do befriend thee.

In Alehouſes dipt,
From *Oxford* thou wert whipt
For thy witty Deceits to the Tapſter:
'Thas e'er ſince been thy Way
Thy beſt Friends to betray;
Clancy proceeded not faſter.

SONG. To the Old Tune of, Taking of Snuff is the Mode of the Court.

1.

THE Widows and Maids
May now hold up their Heads;
There are Men to be had for all Uſes:
But who could preſage
That ever one Age
Should be furniſh'd with Two *Tom Lucys*?

2.

Since his Grace could prefer
The Poulterer's Heir
To the great Match his Uncle had made him;
'Twere juſt if the King
Took away his Blue String,
And ſew'd him on Two to lead him.

3.

That the Lady was ſent
To a Convent at *Ghent*

Was

Was the Counſel of Kidnapping *Grafton*;
And we may now foretel
That all will go well,
Since the rough Blockhead governs the ſoft one.

4.

Moll Hinton beſt knows
Why *Newburgh* kept cloſe;
But it need never trouble her Conſcience:
'Twas Duty to clap
That impertinent Fop,
For it ſav'd us abundance of Nonſence.

5.

For one that loves Peace,
And would live at his Eaſe,
Northampton the beſt Way has choſen;
Leaves courting the Fair
To his Uncle's Care,
And the combating Part to his Couſin.

6.

In *Shrewsbury* we find
A gen'rous Mind,
So kindly to live with his Mother,
And never try yet
To revenge the ſad Fate
Of his Father and only Brother.

7.

Thus fighting we ſee
With ſome Folks won't agree;
A Witneſs a much ſafer Poſt is:
And tho' my Lord *Grey*
In the Field ran away,
He could charge in a Court of Juſtice.

8.

'Tis pleaſant to hear
An Eminent * Peer
Make Whoring a Caſe of Conſcience;
When 'tis ſo well known
His Favour begun
By pimping to *Portſmouth* not long ſince.

* *Sun—land.*

9.

9.

'Tis a very plain Caſe
That the † Counteſs's Diſgrace
The Catholick Cauſe advances:
'Tis alſo as plain
That *Tyrconnel*'s chief Aim
Was to bring in his Daughter *Frances*.

† Dorcheſter.

10.

That Church will diſpence
With no Heretick Wench:
And yet we have this for our Comfort,
Tho' the Prieſt at the Court
Forbid us that Sport,
The *Chancery* allows us a *Montfort*.

11.

Thrice Fortunate Boy,
Who canſt give double Joy,
And at every Turn be ready
With Pleaſures in Store,
Behind and before,
To delight both my Lord and my Lady.

Enter Oliver's *Porter, Fidler, and Poet, in* Bedlam.

The Scene Adorn'd with ſeveral of the Poet's own Flowers.

Porter.

O Glory! Glory! Who are theſe appear?
My Fellow-Servants, Poet, Fidler, here?
Old *Hodge* the Conſtant! *Johnny* the Sincere!
Who ſent you hither? And pray tell me why
A Horrid Silence does invade my Eye?
Why not one Sound of Voice from you I ſpy?

Johnny.

Johnny.

I come to let thee know the time is now
To turn, and fawn, and flatter, as we do,
And follow that which does too faſt purſue.
Be wiſe, neglect your Int'reſt now no more:
Int'reſt, the Prince we ſerve, God we adore.
I for the Royal Martyr firſt declar'd,
But e'er his Head was off I was prepar'd
To own the Rump, and for that Cauſe did rhime;
But thoſe kick'd out, next Moment turn'd to him
That routed 'em, call'd him my Sovereign,
And prais'd his op'ning of the Kingly Vein.

Hodge.

I by my low'ring Planets was accurſt
To be for barren Loyalty at firſt;
But when to *Noll*'s our *Charles* his Fate gave Place,
I could abjure th'unhappy Royal Race.
To *Noll* I all my Fingers Skill did ſhow,
And charm'd his Highneſs with my nimble Bow;
Beſides, I ſerv'd him as a Faithful Spy,
And did decoy the Cavalieriſh Fry.
Gold from his Bounteous Highneſs charm'd my Eyes,
My Old Whore *Baltinglaſs* did not ſuffice
For the Expence and Equipage of Spies.

Johnny.

Come join with us to make our Party ſtrong,
And you can never be in *Bedlam* long.

Hodge.

Were you yet madder you might ſerve the State,
And be employ'd in Things of greateſt Weight.

Johnny.

For, as the *Turks* their *Fantons*, we adore
The Fools and Madmen, and their Aid implore.
Such are the Men I ſing in Panegyrick Verſe.

Hodge.

To ſuch I write, not to Philoſophers.

Porter.

Such frequent Turns ſhould you to *Bedlam* bring,
From *Rump* to *Cromwel*, *Cromwel* to the King;
Then to your Idol Church, next to the Pope,
Which may one Day prefer you to the Rope.

I among Madmen am confin'd 'tis true,
But I have more Solidity than you.

Johnny.

A Wind-mill is not fickle, for we find
That it is always conſtant to the Wind;
I never change, I am ſtill to Int'reſt true,
The Conqu'ror ever does my Muſe ſubdue;
And with whatever Toſſing ſhe ſhall meet,
She, like a Cat, ſhall light upon her Feet.

Hodge.

How long did I write for the *Engliſh* Church?
Yet now think fit to leave her in the Lurch.
Like *Will-o-th'Wiſp*, th' Inferior Clergy I
Led into Quagmires, where I let them lye:
Some into Bogs and Ditches I have caſt,
Where let them flounder what they will they're faſt,
So far Crape Gown is plung'd into the Mire,
It is not poſſible it ſhould retire.

Porter.

My Spirit boils within my troubled Breaſt;
Theſe Rogues are come to interrupt my Reſt.

Johnny.

When the Exalted *Whigs* were in their Pride,
I ſpent my Oil and Labour on their Side,
Wrote a *Whig* Play, and *Shaftsbury* out-ran,
For all my Maxims were Republican.
For the Excluding Bill I did declare,
Libell'd and rail'd, and did not Monarch ſpare.
When they began to droop, I fac'd about,
And with my Pen I damn'd the *Whiggiſh* Rout,
Nay, ev'ry Turn beforehand I can find,
As your ſagacious Hog foreſees the Wind.

Hodge.

You nimbly turn to that which does prevail,
No Seaman e'er could ſooner ſhift his Sail.

Johnny.

Like a true Renegado ſtill I maul
The Party I forſook with utmoſt Gaul.

Hodge.

So I e'er long ſhall damn the Heretick Souls
Of my Old Comrade Coffee Prieſts near *Paul's*.
Spies upon all their Pulpits I maintain,
And if of *Rome* or Slav'ry they complain,
Or for their own againſt our Church Preach,
I war, as if they did Sedition Teach:
I brand the Parſon with moſt venomous Lies;
If I want Truth, Invention ſtill ſupplies.

Porter. [*Aſide.*]

O Seed of Locuſts! O th'infernal Lake!
You'll raiſe my Anger, and I'll make you quake.

Hodge.

Long my ſly Pen ſerv'd *Rome*, and I atchiev'd
Ample Rewards, whole ſhoals of Prieſts deceiv'd;
I wrought with ſuch imperceptible Tools,
That I of heaps of Guineas gull'd thoſe Fools:
The only Bubbles in the World are they,
Who to their Coſt muſt feel before they ſee.
In publick yet the *Engliſh* Church I own,
Tho' I am ſubt'lly writing of it down:
For yet it is not time I ſhould declare,
Leſt Fools, to whom I write, ſhould be aware.

Johnny.

Men beſt themſelves 'gainſt open Foes defend,
But periſh ſurely by a ſeeming Friend.
One Son turn'd me, I turn'd the other Two,
But had not an Indulgence, Sir, like you.
I felt my Purſe inſenſibly conſume,
Till I had openly declar'd for *Rome*.

Hodge.

Now, Fellow-Servant, pray at length be wiſe,
And follow our Example and Advice.

Porter.

What, turn to *Rome*, who did our City burn!
And would our ancient Government o'erturn?

Hodge.

Hold! Is not th' Inſcription blotted out?

Porter.

Therefore who burnt the City none need doubt.

Johnny.

Johnny.

It was Almighty Fire from Heav'n came down
To puniſh the rebellious ſtiff-neck'd Town:
All which had periſh'd in devouring Flames,
Tho' on the Fire you'd empty'd all the *Thames*:
Had all its Waves been on the Houſes toſt,
It had but baſted them as they did roaſt.
But Heav'n a Chryſtal Pyramid did take,
Of that a broad Extinguiſher did make,
In Firmamental Waters dipt above,
To hood the Flames which to their Quarry ſtrove.

Porter.

A Pyramid Extinguiſher to hood!
'Tis Nonſence, ne'er to be underſtood.

Hodge.

What! You believe the Plot of Varlet *Oats?*

Porter,

Ten Proclamations, and Four Senates Votes.

Johnny.

That *Godfrey*'s Life was by the Papiſts ſped.

Porter.

O no! He kill'd himſelf when he was Dead.

Hodge.

To dying Jeſuits will you Credit give?

Porter.

Yes, full as much as all the while they Live.
But dying Proteſtants I'll not believe, [*Scoffingly.*]
For they allow of neat Equivocation,
And of flat Lies, with mental Reſervation.

Johnny.

Hark *Hodge!* To gain him we in vain contend;
Our Fellow-Servant is a Wag, dear Friend.

Hodge.

I'll try him farther, for his Parts are ſuch,
To bring him o'er muſt needs avail us much,
Who are for *Rome* and *France* 'gainſt *Engliſh* and (the *Dutch.*)
Come Fellow-Servant, you'll believe our Plot,
Of *Ruſſel*, *Hambden*, *Sidney*, and what not?

Of

Of *Bedford*, *Walcot*, *Bow-ſteeple*, and the *Rye*?

Porter.

For *Ruſſel* would, but *Hambden* would not, lie;
Rumbald and *Walcot* too did both deny:
Ayloffe to boot: But Cowards are not brave,
For Fear's a Paſſion which all Cowards have.
Yet to the Plot I firm belief afford,
Of th' Evidence I credit not one word.

Johnny.

Can you diſtruſt what *Gray* and *Eſerick* ſay?

Porter.

What Two ſuch excellent Moral Men as they?

Hodge.

Others there are ſwore home as Men could do.

Porter.

Who for their Lives muſt ſwear, ſwear home, 'tis true.
Againſt the Popiſh Crew none ever ſwore,
But a full Pardon he obtain'd before.
Theſe Swearers are like Cormorants, for they
On *Whigs* with Ropes about their Gullets prey.

Johnny.

What then! Will you not be to Int'reſt true?
We both are of the ſame belief with you:
But we know better what we have to do.

Porter. [*Aſide.*]

Did ever Hell ſend ſuch a Brace of Knaves?
Such abject Cowards, Mercenary Slaves!

Exit frowning.

Johnny.

His Looks are wild, his fiery Eye-balls roul,
A raging Tempeſt's lab'ring in his Soul:
Let's prudently retire. ———

[Porter *re-enters with a great Bible given him by* Nell Guyn.]

Porter.

You pitiful ſneaking Rogues! Would you be gone?
Here's that ſhall knock both you and Popery down.

[*He knocks 'em down with the Bible, and ſtamps upon them; they get up.*]

Hodge.

Hodge.

Raſh Man! For this I full Revenge will take,
And ſet our Evidence upon your Back.

Johnny.

Audacious Fool! How dare you tempt your Fate,
Provoking me, a Pillar of the State,
Who with my Pen alone have turn'd the Scale,
And made the *Tories* o'er the *Whigs* prevail?

Hodge.

Your Pen alone?———
Can I this Arrogance endure to hear?
Would you uſurp the Garland I ſhould wear?

Johnny.

You with your Forty Eight and Forty One,
With Screws and Antipendiums plagu'd the Town,
While e'en the *Whigs* admir'd my lofty Verſes,
Your Witleſs Proſe did fodder Forty A——

Hodge.

I'll thro' your A—— touch Honour to the quick,
And find if you have any by this Kick.

[*Kicks the Poet.*]

Johnny.

Kick on, Old Fool, till you your Toes do gall,
I have had ſeveral Kickings and have borne 'em all,
So that I'm us'd to't.———

Porter.

———Hence, you wretched Slaves,
There is Contagion in ſuch Fools and Knaves.
I'll wring your Necks off if you evermore
Preſume to ſet your Feet within this Door.
I'm Chief, and have Dominion in this place,

Johnny.

I'll ſpend my guſhing Blood upon thy Face;
And if thou dar'ſt effect thy dire Deſign,
With my Two Hands I'll fling my Head at thine.

Porter,

Halloo! St. *Dennis*, have at you.

[*He kicks and beats them, they run roaring out.*]

Johnny.

Johnny.

Murder! Murder!

Hodge.

Help! Murder! Help!

Porter.

I of theſe Knaves ſhall never more complain,
They have call'd back my wand'ring Senſe again.

[*He pauſes, and ſeems to come to himſelf.*]

Of all Mankind Happy alone are we,
From all Ambition, from all Tumults, free.
No Plots, no vile Informers, need we fear,
No Plagues, no Tortures, for Religion here.
Our Thoughts, nay, e'en our very Words, are free,
Not damn'd by Fines, or Loſs of Liberty.
None here's Impeach'd by a vile Table-Spy,
Who with an *Innuendo* backs his Lie:
Words and Lampoons we laugh at, and ne'er care
What's ſaid by Men, if Actions they forbear.
Anger at Words is Weakneſs underſtood,
Since none can ridicule ought that is good:
'Tis Womaniſh, and ſprings from Impotence,
For no Great Man at Words e'er took Offence.
When *Rome* was in her Glory Words were free;
Juſt Governments can never jealous be:
But when to Tyranny great *Rome* declin'd,
Weak Emperors with *Delatores* join'd
To plague the People, and themſelves undo;
For when they're fear'd they muſt be hated too;
And whom Men hate with Ruin they'll purſue.
One Witneſs and a Circumſtance for Facts
Is not enough, we muſt prove *Overt-acts*.
Our happy Government makes no Offence,
But open and rebellious Violence;
Which we to quell no ſtanding Army need,
Nor can Dragoon upon Free-Quarter feed.
Booted Apoſtles we have none that come
To knock and beat Men to the Church of *Rome*.
When its But-end prevails not, Torments will,
For *Lewis* is not yet ſo merciful to kill.

Here we, divided from the troubled World,
Reſt, and are into no Confuſions hurl'd.
For all our Wants does our wiſe State provide,
Here ev'ry vacant Place is ſtill ſupply'd
With Perſons that are duly qualify'd.
No Favour raiſes a deſertleſs Knave,
Nor Infamy, nor yet the Gold he gave.
How would all Subjects envy us ſhould we
Publiſh the Secrets of our Hierarchy ?

A Farewel to the Church of England.

GO little Babe, reſpected by the Juſt,
Hated by Villains, and by Papiſts Curs'd:
Thy Foes are ſuch as Time it ſelf ſhall hate,
Whoſe horrid Actions ſhall compleat their Fate.
Fools, Villains, Traytors, by true Names deſcry'd;
Were ever Cards with ſuch a Pack ſupply'd?
But here's the Comfort, go and tell about,
That Fools that put them in will kick them out;
Give thy ſelf up, be gone, thou'rt call'd away,
For Time and Tide make the whole World obey.
Go tell thy Friends, and let them think upon't,
A Commonwealth's the thing that ſome Men want.
No Plots grow there poor Mankind to abuſe,
Thoſe little Tricks of State which Monarchs uſe.
No Cut-throats that do Murder with Applauſe.
No burning Cities to promote the Cauſe.
No Charter ſeiz'd for *Rome* by new-found Writ.
No City Knights queſtion'd as they think fit,
By Rogues, made Judges to determine it.
No Monſter of a Mouth we e'er yet ſaw
Made Judge of Equity, who ne'er knew Law.
No fawning Stateſmen, who for treach'rous Gold
His Country's Rights and ancient Freedom ſold.
No Judges are permitted there to live,
That break the Center which the Senate give;

That

That puniſh Treaſon under which they groan,
Villains unparallell'd, excell'd by none!
No trimming Poet trims with every Stream,
And changes Sides as often as his Theme.
No filching Juſtice there perks up his Head,
Preferr'd to cheat the Church that gave him Bread.
A ſnarling Cur, kept under Chain and Clog,
Perform'd the Office of a wakeful Dog.
Cambridge, that cry'd him up, now calls him Rogue.
No Prieſts ſit there in Council, nor debate
Their Juggling Politicks to plague the State;
The only Curſe poor *England* felt of late.
No *Burtons*, *Grahams*, Rogues ſet up in ſpite,
To ſqueeze and plague the People in their Right.
Such Villains in a State are only fit
To grace a Gallows, and hang under it.

To the Haters of Popery, by what Names or Titles ſoever dignify'd or diſtinguiſh'd.

THus 'twas of Old: Then *Iſrael* felt the Rod,
When they obey'd their Kings, and not their God:
When they went whoring after other Loves,
To worſhip Idols in new-planted Groves,
They made their Gods of Silver, Wood and Stone,
And Bow'd and Worſhipp'd them when they had done.
And to compleat their Sins in every way,
They made the things call'd Prieſts; Prieſts, I ſay,
A Crew of Villains more prophane than they.
Hence ſprung the *Romiſh* Crew, that Spawn of Hell!
Who now in Vice their Pedagogue excel.
Their Church is rul'd by vicious Popes, the reſt
Are whoring Nuns, and bawdy bug—ring Prieſts.
A Noble Church, daub'd with religious Paint,
Each Prieſt's a Stallion, ev'ry Rogue a Saint.

Come you that loath this Brood, this Murd'ring Crew,
Your Predeceſſors well their Mercy knew.
Take Courage now, and be both bold and wiſe,
Stand for your Laws, Religion, Liberties.
You have the Odds, the Law is ſtill your own;
They are but Traitors, therefore pull 'em down.
They ſtruck with Fear ſeek to deſtroy the Laws:
On them, you ſee, they raving fix their Paws,
Becauſe from them they fear their Faral Fall,
Knowing that they to Death ſubject them all.
Then keep your Laws, the Penal, and the reſt,
And yield your Lives rather than yield the Teſt.
And thou, great Church of *England*, hold thy own,
Force you they may; otherwiſe give up none:
Robbers and Thieves muſt count for what they've (done.
Let all thy mighty Pillars now appear
Zealous and Brave, void both of Hate and Fear.
The Popiſh Fops may grin, lie, cheat, and whine,
And curſe their Faith while all ſubmit to thine.
And you, Brave *Oxford*, *Cambridge*, and the reſt,
Great *Hough* and *Fairfax*, who dare beard the Beaſt,
Let all the Juſt with Thanks record your Name
On ſtanding Pillars of Immortal Fame.

The Deponents about the Birth of the Prince of Wales.

THE Mighty Monarch of this *Britiſh* Iſle,
Diſturb'd to hear his Subjects prate and ſmile,
That he is ſo content to own a Son
For to inherit th' Imperial Throne,
To pleaſe his Queen, and put by both his own.
But finding *England* not ſo credulous,
And clear-ey'd *Orange* more ſuſpect than us,

By

By Inſtigation of the Q. and P.
He ſummons all together as you ſee,
And there declares his own Sufficiency.
He ſays his Subjects Minds ſo poiſon'd are,
They'll not believe God bleſs'd him with an Heir:
But to convince them they are in the wrong,
In comes the Swearers, and depoſe as long
A Narrative as perjur'd *O——es* could do;
What theſe depoſe unqueſtionably's true,
Our King ſays ſo, who dare ſay other now?
There's Lords, Knights, Ladies, Squires, Quacks, and
The Papal Locuſts that infect *Whitehall*, (all
They ſwear what King would have to gain their
(Ends,
Since he's a Prince that ne'er forgets his Friends.
But Witneſs Biſhops, for your Loyalty
He makes you great, he did beſtow on ye,
To keep you ſafe, his ſtrongeſt, greateſt, Fort;
While ye were there the Tower was the Court.
All fled from *James*, to you for Bleſſing came;
Impriſonment Immortaliz'd your Name:
Biſhops of *England*'s Church were Men of Fame.
And ſince his Dire Deſigns in Law have fail'd,
He ſeems to ſmile, You are to Council call'd,
To hear the Worthy, Loyal, Swearers ſwear,
That at the Birth of *Wales*'s Prince they were.
And firſt begins Old *England*'s barren Q. Q. *D--ger.*
That at her Siſter's Labour was not ſeen
Till all was paſt; yet for the Holy Cauſe
She'll do whate'er ſhe can to blind the Laws
Of *England*, and doth there declare and ſay,
She haſten'd to the Queen that very Day,
And never ſtirr'd till this great Prince was Born,
For th' Nation's Glory, but he proves their Scorn;
Except of theſe that on him daily wait,
Whoſe Loyal Love is only to be great.
Next comes Old *P——is*, who a Story feigns
Of Riff-raff Stuff to fill the Peoples Brains,
Of what ſhe ſaw and knew about the thing;
And in a modeſt Circumſtance doth bring

Of ſomething, which into the World he brought,
And by the Doctors gave him, as ſhe thought.
Now as a Governeſs ſhe tends his Grace,
And would not for all Heaven quit her Place;
So ſweet a Babe, ſo fine a hopeful Lad,
The forward'ſt Son the Father ever had.
Then *A——ns* Counteſs with her Oath comes in,
That at the Prince's Birth herſelf had been,
And how ſhe heard Complainings from the Queen
Of little Pains, and then the Child was ſeen.
But, Oh! He did not cry; the Q. baul'd out
For fear 'twas dead, but Granny clear'd the Doubt.
And farther Honour this Great Lady had,
She ſaw Smock ſpoil'd with Milk, (the Sign was bad.)
And *P——gh* could not be beguil'd, (ſmil'd)
Knowing the Father's Strength, (at thought ſhe
She ſaw Queen's Smock, and ſwears ſhe was with
(Child.

While Pious *Sun——nd* to Chappel went
On Purpoſe to receive the Sacrament,
Devotion was ſo great, ſhe diſobey'd
Her Majeſty, and ſaid, When ſhe had Pray'd
She'd wait on her: But hearing that the Prince
Was haſt'ning to the World, this, this Pretence
Soon brought our Saint-like Lady quick from
(thence;
And from her bended Knees flew to the Queen,
And there ſaw all the Sight was to be ſeen.
The Bed was warm'd, and into it ſhe went,
And ask'd the King if for the Gueſts he'd ſent;
And lingring Pain ſhe had, and ſeem'd to fear
'Tould not be Born till all the Fools were there;
But by her Midwife was aſſur'd one Pain
Would bring the Prince into the World amain.
But faithleſs Queen! The Child did lye ſo high,
She'd not believe but *Judith* told a Lie;
And ſuch an Honour to this Deponent granted,
'Tis hardly more by th' Pope for to be Sainted.
R——mon ſwears ſhe ſtood by *Sun——land*,
Near the Queen's Bed, juſt by the Midwife's Hand,

And

And ſaw his Highneſs taken out of Bed,
Fit for a Crown t' adorn his Princely Head.
F—gal depos'd, that in the Queen's Diſtreſs
She ſtood at the Bed's Feet juſt by *M———ſs*,
And ſaw the Prince into the World did come,
And by *D——dy* carried from the Room.
Then painted *B——ley* early in the Morn
Came to St. *James*'s to ſee his Highneſs Born:
With all the Haſte ſhe could ſhe up did riſe,
Soon dreſs'd, ſhe came by Nine a Clock preciſe,
And found her Majeſty was in the Bed,
And groaning diſmally, ſhe further ſaid,
Cry'd to the Midwife, *Do not the Child part.*
Old Granny crav'd her Leave: With all her Heart
She granted what the Beldam did deſire,
And certain 'tis there was no Danger nigh her:
Crying, O King, where are you fled?
He ſaid, I'm kneeling, Madam, on your Bed.
This plain Deponent bellows bawdy forth,
To be expos'd both *Eaſt*, *Weſt*, *South* and *North*,
Without e'er Fear or Shame, barrs Modeſty
For to outface the World with ſuch a Lie.
Then Pocky *B———ſis* the next comes in,
And ſays ſhe ſaw the Caſt of *Charles*'s Queen;
And hearing that the Q———n in Labour was,
She hurried in without a Call or Paſs.
With this Excuſe (ſhe knew ſhe was forgot)
Where ſhe talks Bawdy, ſhews Impudence, what not?
Expoſe herſelf in Print to ſhew her Love,
Exalted by the King and One above,
She'll lie and ſwear, forſwear, to prop the Cauſe,
That baffles *England*'s ſound and wholeſome Laws.
Then Lady *W—grave*, who was there before
This Royal Babe was launched from the Shoar,
And heard her Majeſty cry out full ſore.
Then *C—ne* and ſottiſh *Went—th* ſay the ſame,
With *S—yer*, *Wal—ve*, *D—ſon*, that they came
And ſaw this Wonder which the World won't own,
And blames their little Faith, to think this Son

Is *Spurious*, and not in Truth proceeding
From Majeſty, when they all ſaw him Bleeding;
Nay, gave him of his Blood (ſqueez'd from the (String.)
That did the Royal Babe into the World bring.
Then *Br——ley*, *T——ni*, and *Nan C—ry* too,
Swear they ſaw all the Work that was to do,
And more by half is ſworn than they'll prove true.
Then comes *Delabady* the Great Nurſe,
Who with the Queen is all in all in Truſt,
And ſwears that *Dan-rs*, Maid to Princeſs *Ann*,
Was joy'd to ſee this little Royal Man,
With former Mark on Eye, which us'd to be
On all Q. *Mary*'s Royal Progeny.
James ſeem'd to doubt that which before he knew,
And fear'd this Treacherous Nurſe not told him true;
But he muſt peep and ſee the Royal *Elf*,
And joy'd as if he got him his own ſelf.
For Mrs. *W——ks*, who doubts but ſhe would ſay
She brought the Prince to Town that very Day;
And told the King the trembling Queen did fear
'Twould be hard Labour (tho' no Child was there;)
Explains moſt impudently thoſe Concerns,
That follow Women when they caſt their Barns.
And what cares ſhe, the Hereticks ſhe'll blind,
And then we fear the King will prove moſt kind
To all thoſe Wretches which ſwear to his Mind.
Then comes the Waſher-woman, Mrs. *P—ce*,
Who ſays that to the Queen ſhe is Laundreſs;
And there declares a Story of Hot Linen,
That us'd to come juſt from Child-bearing Women.
Rich—nd and *Li—d*, and Brave *Ma—all*,
Tho' not at Labour, they believe it all;
And fain would be believed, if theſe Tools
By ſwearing falſly could make us ſuch Fools:
They give ſuch Demonſtrations, that do lye
As much aſide as they do Modeſty.
Then comes Great *George* of *England*, *Chancel-lour*,
Who was with Expedition call'd to th' Labour:

The

The Queen cry'd out, as Women us'd to do,
And he believes the Prince is real too,
But not ſo certain, nor 'tis fear'd ſo true
As he wears Horns, that were by *M*——*fort* made;
Them and his Noiſe makes all the Fools afraid;
Tongue runs at random, and Horns puſhes thoſe
That are ſo Learn'd his Lordſhip to oppoſe.
He fears to act no wretched Villanies,
He dreads no Torments for inventing Lies,
For he of Heav'n is ſure whene'er he dies:
Thanks to the Care of fond indulgent Wife,
To make Atonement for his wicked Life,
Damns her own Soul, and whores with all ſhe cou'd,
To allay th' impetuous Salleys of her Blood.
Lord *P*——*dent* comes next, that's now caſhier'd
For only ſpeaking of the Truth 'tis fear'd;
Yet he for to be great again at Court
Would be forſworn, tho' he be damned for't.
Then *A*——*del* of *W*——*dour*, Privy-Seal,
Was ſo concern'd that he Her Pains did feel;
And 'tis believ'd this tender-hearted Man
Did feel as much as Majeſty did then;
He ſhew'd indeed Concern to Mighty *W*——*m*,
Who knew too much to have Concern for him;
But ſatisfy'd the Fool it would be paſt,
And wonder'd much her Pain ſo long did laſt.
Then comes my Lord *All-Pride* with Modeſty,
And ſeems unwilling to affirm a Lie;
With Stately Geſture he did himſelf excuſe,
But ſetting Hand to Paper can't refuſe.
Then Fooliſh *C*——*n* comes and doth depoſe,
A Mark he hath that he the Prince well knows;
If 't be his Lordſhip's Mark he ne'er muſt rule,
For *Europe* knows that he's mark'd for a Fool.
Then in comes *F*——*ſham*, that Haughty Beau,
And tells a Tale of den, and dat, and how;
Tho' he's no more believ'd than all the reſt,
Only poor Man he fain would do his beſt
And be rewarded as when come from *Weſt*.

Earl

Earl of *M——ray*, that *Alexander* Great,
Believes it was the King that did the Feat,
And that this Son is true, and not a Cheat.
Than *M——ton* and *M——ford* both explain'd
The Buſineſs which they from the King had gain'd;
As knowing Men, his Majeſty did truſt
His Conſort's Secrets, hoping they'd be juſt
To his Endeared Son, our Mighty Prince,
That, as he thought, would hide his Impotence.
G———n too with Confidence pretends
It is true Born, but 'tis for his own Ends.
And *F——x* a Story tells of God knows what;
To fool the Nation's all he would be at.
He keeps in Favour with his Princely Grace,
He fawn and flatters for to keep his Place.
Then Famous *Sca——ugh* and *Wi——ly*,
With *W———ve*, *B——dy*, and *A——nd*, do lie,
And bring their Circumſtances to convince
The World that 'tis a real High-born Prince:
Thus they ſtick out at nothing that will do
The Nation Wrong, and bring to *England* Woe.
Baſe mercenary Slaves, for a King's Smile
Would *Spurious* Iſſue rear, and us beguile;
That fawn on him, and more obſerve a Nod,
Than fear the Vengeance of an angry God;
And on the Turn o'th'Times would all fly back,
And let his Highneſs Intereſt go to wrack.
Two Depoſitions more to Council ſent,
Aſham'd t'appear to farther the Intent
Of *Popiſh* Principles and Perjuries;
None but the Devil could invent ſuch Lies.
Then after this the King himſelf declares
He don't deſign with *England* to make Wars;
But he ſuch Aggravations hath of late,
That he muſt needs be angry with the State.
A ſpecious Prologue he concludes withal;
But Ah, the Proteſtants he vows ſhall fall
A Sacrifice to *Rome*, and his Revenge;
Then, Soldiers, fear not Fools, but ſcorn to cringe;

Be

Be Reſolute and Stout, and ſcorn to ſell
Your Souls to *Rome*, but ſend the *Pope* to *Hell.*

A New Song on the Calling of a Free Parliament, Jan. 15. 168⅘.

1.

A Parliament with one Conſent
Is all the Cry o'th'Nation,
Which now may be ſince Popery
Is growing out of Faſhion.
The *Belgick* Troops approach to Town,
The *Oranges* come pouring,
And all the Lords agree as one
To ſend the Papiſts ſcouring.

2.

The Holy Man ſhall lead the Van,
Our Father and Confeſſor;
In Robes of Red the Jeſuit's fled,
Who was the chief Tranſgreſſor.
In this Diſguiſe he thought t'eſcape,
And hop'd to ſave his Bacon,
But *Herbert* he has laid a Trap,
The Rat may be retaken.

3.

The Nuncio too the Day may rue
That he came o'er the Ocean,
In the *Engliſh* Court to keep's Reſort,
And teach his blind Devotion.
The Prelates *Ellis*, *Smith*, and *Hall*,
Have ſold their Coach and Horſes,
And will no longer in *Whitehall*
Be making Learn'd Diſcourſes.

4.

The Groom o'th'Stool that play'd the Fool
Full ſorely will repent it;
And *Sunderland* did barefoot ſtand
For Penance ſhall lament it.

Melford

Melford and the *Scotch* are fled,
Whom Hopes of Int'reſt tempted,
Thoſe Lords did turn for want of Bread,
And ought to be exempted.

5.

But *Salisbury* what Cauſe had he
To fear his Highneſs landing?
Who by his A—— and Legs might paſs
For one of Underſtanding.
To take up Arms at ſuch a time
Againſt the Rules were gave him,
His Head muſt anſwer for the Crime,
His Pardon will not ſave him.

6.

The Friars and Monks with all their Punks
Are now upon the Scamper:
Tyrconnel ſwears, and rants, and tears,
And Teague does make a Clamper.
The Foreign Prieſts that poſted o'er
Into the *Engliſh* Nation,
Do now repent that on that Shoar
They laid their weak Foundation.

7.

'Twould be a Sight would move Delight
In each obdurate Varlet,
To ſee the Braves that made us Slaves
Hang in diſpenſing Scarlet;
And every Popiſh Confeſſor
That for the ſame Cauſe pleaded,
Shall all turn off, on the ſame Score
Be hang'd, or elſe beheaded.

SONG.

S O N G.

WOuld you be a Man of Favour?
Would you have your Fortune kind?
Wear the Croſs, and eat the Wafer,
You'll have all things to your Mind.
If the Prieſt cannot convert you,
Int'reſt then muſt do the thing;
There are Stateſmen can inform you
How to pleaſe a Popiſh King.

Would you ſee the Papiſts lowring,
Loſt in Horror and a Fright;
And their Father *Peter* ſcouring,
Glad of time for happy Flight?
Stay but till the *Dutch* are landed,
And the Show will ſoon appear;
When th'Infernal Court's disbanded,
Few will ſtay for *Tyburn* here.

The Farewel.

1.

FArewel *Petre*, farewel *Croſs*;
Farewel *Cheſter*, farewel Aſs;
Farewel *Peterborough*, farewel Tool;
Farewel *Sun—land*, farewel Fool.

2.

Farewel *Milford*, farewel *Scot*;
Farewel *Butler*, farewel Sot;
Farewel *Roger*, farewel Trimmer;
Farewel *Dryden*, farewel Rhimer.

3.

Farewel *Brent*, farewel Villain;
Farewel *Wright*, worſe than *Treſilian*;
Farewel Chancellor, farewel Mace;
Farewel Prince, farewel Race.

4.

Farewel Queen, and farewel Paſſion;
Farewel King, farewel Nation;
Farewel Prieſts, and farewel Pope;
Farewel, all deſerve a Rope.

Private Occurrences: Or, The Tranſactions of the Four Laſt Years: Written in Imitation of the Old Ballad, Hey Brave *Oliver*, Ho Brave *Oliver*, &c. *By Mr.* Durfey.

1.

A Proteſtant Muſe, yet a Lover of Kings,
On the Age grown a little Satyrical, ſings
Of Papiſts, their Counſels, and other fine Things.
Sing hey brave Popery! O rare Popery! Ho fine Popery! O dainty Popery! O!

2.

She hopes ſhe offends no *Engliſhman*'s Patience,
Tho' Satyr's forbid on all ſuch Occaſions,
She's too good a Subject to read Declarations.
Sing hey brave Popery! &c.

3.

If the Saying be good, *Let him laugh that wins*,
Sure a Loſer may ſmile without any Offence;
My Muſe then is gameſom, and thus ſhe begins
With hey brave Popery! &c.

4.

4.

When *Charles* deceas'd, to his Kingdoms Diſmay,
By an Apoplex, or ſome other Way,
His Brother with Shouts was proclaim'd the ſame Day.
Sing hey brave Popery! &c.

5.

His firſt Royal Promiſe was never to touch
Our Rights, nor Religion, or Privilege grutch;
But *Peter* ſwore, Damn him, he granted too much.
Sing hey brave Popery! &c.

6.

Then *Monmouth* came in with an Army of Fools,
Betray'd by his Cuckold, and other dull Tools,
That painted the Turf of Green *Sedgemore* with Gules.
Sing hey brave Popery! &c.

7.

That Victory gotten, ſome think to our wrong,
The Prieſts bray'd our Joy in a Thankſgiving Song,
And Teague with the bald Pates were at it ding-dong.
Sing hey brave Popery! &c.

8.

Then ſtrait a ſtrong Army way levy'd in haſte
To kindle Rebellion, a very good Jeſt!
For ſome Rogues will ſwear 'twas to murder the Teſt.
Sing hey brave Popery! &c.

9.

A Politick Law which Recuſants did doom,
That into our Senate they never might come,
But Equivalent ſince was propos'd in it's Room.
Sing hey brave Popery! &c.

10.

As if a true Friend ſhould in Kindneſs demand
A Tooth in my Head which firmly does ſtand,
To give for't another he had in his Hand.
Sing hey brave Popery! &c.

11.

Then *Term* after *Term* this great Matter was weigh'd,
Old Judges turn'd out, and new Blockheads made,
That *Coke* or Wiſe *Littleton* never had read.
Sing hey brave Popery! &c.

12.

12.

The good Church of *England* with Speed was run (down,
Whoſe Loyalty ever ſtood faſt to the Crown,
And *Presbyter John* was made Mayor of the Town.
Sing hey brave Popery! &c.

13.

The Biſhops Diſgrace made the Clergy to ſob,
A Prey to Old *Peter* and Preſident *Bob*,
And hurry'd to Priſon as if they did Rob.
Sing hey brave Popery! &c.

14.

Then into the World a Dear Prince of *Wales* ſlipt,
'Tis plain, for we hear a great Miniſter peep'd:
The Bricklayer for Prating had like t'a been whipp'd.
Sing hey brave Popery! &c.

15.

Thus *England*'s Diſtreſſes more fierce than the Plague,
That during Three Years of no Quiet could brag,
The Prince *Van Auraignia* has brought from the (*Hague.*
Sing hey brave Popery! &c.

16.

A ſtrong Fleet and Army t'invade us are bent,
We know not the Cauſe, tho' there is ſomething in't;
But we doubt not e'er long we ſhall ſee it in Print.
Sing hey brave Popery! &c.

17.

Ah! *England*, thou never could'ſt value thy Peace;
Had Matters been now as in *Elſabeth*'s Days,
The *Dutch* had not ventur'd to Fiſh in our Seas.
Then Curſe o' Popery, Pox o' Popery, Plague o' Popery, Oh Senſleſs Popery, Oh!

The Hieroglyphick.

COME, Painter, take a Proſpect from this Hill,
And on a well-ſpread Canvas ſhew thy Skill:
Draw all in Colours as they ſhall appear,
And as they ſtand in Merit place 'em there:
Draw, as the Heralds do, a ſpacious Field,
And, as directed, ſo let it be fill'd. Firſt

First draw a Popiſh Army, brisk and gay,
Fighting, and beat, deſtroy'd, and run away:
Then draw a Herſe, and let it ſtand in View,
The Mourners more, far more, than they're in Shew,
Curſing their Fate, their Stars; and in that Fear
Shew, if thou canſt, how thoſe damn'd Sots prepare
To run, to ſtay, and skulk in Holes alone,
By 'em this Motto, *Gallows, take thy own.*
Now to the Life let thy brisk Pencil ſhew
Diſtinctly what they are, and what's their due.
Now draw a Croud of Prieſts prepar'd to run,
Like broken Merchants when their Stock is gone.
Some howling do their Pray'rs forget, and ſay,
Save us, St. *Ketch*; are all our Saints away?
Draw 'em in Hurry, running to and fro,
Poſting to *Dover*, *Portſmouth*, *Tyburn* too.
Next draw a Croud of Lords, this Libel by;
The great Deſign is loſt. Alas! They cry,
Who'd ſerve a Cauſe of ſuch curs'd Deſtiny?
Then draw Four Prieſts; ſhew how they *Rome* adore.
And each Man's Scarf hang to be ſeen before.
Two Brace of Biſhops fallen to Deſpair,
Arm'd *Cap-a-pe*, but running God knows where.
Next draw the Judges, and employ thy Skill,
That all may praiſe thy Work, and ſay, 'Tis well;
In Caps and Gowns as they in Order ſate,
'Twixt Heaven and Earth do thou them elevate,
For their Grave Noddles can diſpenſe with that.
Laſt draw the little Rogues, the Scoundrel Crew,
Knights, Knaves, and Beggars, they muſt have their due,
Gadbury, *Butler*, and wiſe *Roger* too.
Amid this Crowd, on a fit Spot of Land,
To Crown the Work, let a large Gallows ſtand:
Let them all trembling with their Guilt and Fears,
Kneel to that Image, and pour out their Pray'rs,
And then die by Suffocation.

Sir Thomas Jenner's *Speech to his Wife and Children.*

DEar Wife, let me have a Fire made,
I'll tell you ſuch News will make you all glad,
The like for another is ſcarce to be had.
This it is to be Learned and Witty.
Firſt, Butler, Do you a Glaſs of Wine bring,
I'll tell you all the great Love of my King,
Which is a dainty curious fine thing.
This it is, *&c.*
A wiſe Learned Serjeant at Law I was made,
And a dainty fine Coif was put on my Head,
Which is heavier by far than a Hundred of Lead.
This it is, *&c.*
But ſoon after this I was made the Recorder,
To keep the worſhipful Rabble in Order,
And wore a Red Gown with long Sleeves and Border.
This it is, *&c.*
What Juſtice I did, my dear Wife, you can tell;
Right or Wrong I ſpar'd none, like the Devil in Hell,
But guilty or not I ſent all to *Bridewel.*
This it is, *&c.*
Unleſs it were thoſe that greaſed my Fiſt,
To them I gave Licence to cheat whom they liſt,
For 'twas only thoſe my *Mittimus* miſs'd.
This it is, *&c.*
But then the King dy'd, which caus'd a Pother,
So I went to condole with the new King his Brother,
With Sorrow in one Hand, and Grief in the other.
This it is, *&c.*
For an ignorant Judge I was call'd by the King
To the Chequer Court, 'tis a wonderful thing,
Of which in ſhort time the whole Nation did ring.
This it is, *&c.*

By

(Bench,
By Great *James* I was rais'd to the Common-Pleas
Cauſe he ſaw I had exquiſite Politick Senſe,
Which his Wiſdom perceiv'd in the Future Tenſe.
This it is, *&c.*
At *Sarum* Five Hundred Pounds I have gotten
To ſave Malefactors from ſwinging in Cotton,
For which they were hang'd and are now almoſt rotten.
This it is, *&c.*
But now my dear Love comes the Cream of the Jeſt,
For the King would take off the Oaths and the Teſt,
Which I told all his People would be for the beſt.
This it is, *&c.*
He had my Opinion that 'twas in his Power
To deſtroy all the Laws in leſs time than an Hour,
For which I may chance to be ſent to the Tower.
This it is, *&c.*
And now to *Magdalen* Colledge I come,
Where we have turn'd out moſt, but kept in ſome,
That ſo a new Colledge of Prieſts might have room.
This it is, *&c.*
And ſo by that Means we left the Door ope
To turn out the Biſhops, and let in the Pope,
For which we have juſtly deſerved a Rope.
This it is to be Learned and Witty.

Tarquin *and* Tullia.

IN Time when Princes cancell'd Nature's Law,
And Declarations, which themſelves did draw;
When *Children* us'd their *Parents* to *dethrone*,
And *gnaw'd* their way like Vipers to a Crown,
Tarquin, a ſavage, proud, ambitious *Prince*,
Prompt to Expel, yet thoughtleſs of Defence,
The envy'd Scepter did from *Tullius* ſnatch,
The *Roman King*, and *Father by the Match*.

To form his Party, Hiſtories report,
A Sanctuary was open'd in his Court,
Where glad Offenders ſafely might reſort.
Great was the Crowd, and Wond'rous the Succeſs;
(For thoſe were fruitful Times of Wickedneſs)
And all that liv'd obnoxious to the Laws
Flock'd to Prince *Tarquin*, and embrac'd his Cauſe.
'Mong theſe a *Pagan* Prieſt for Refuge fled,
A Prophet deep in Godly Faction read;
A Sycophant that knew the Modiſh Way
To Cant and Plot, to Flatter and Betray;
To Whine and Sin, to Scribble and Recant;
A Shameleſs Author, and a Luſtful Saint:
To ſerve all Times he could Diſtinctions coin,
And with great Eaſe flat Contradictions join;
A Traitor now, once Loyal in extreme,
And then Obedience was his only Theme;
He ſang in Temples the moſt Paſſive Lays,
And weary'd Monarchs with repeated Praiſe:
But manag'd auk'ardly that Lawful Part;
For to vent Lies and Treaſon was his Art,
And pointed Libels at Crown'd Heads to dart.
This Prieſt, and others learned to defame,
Firſt Murder'd injur'd *Tullius* in his Name;
With blackeſt Calumnies their Sov'reign load,
A poiſon'd Brother, and dark League abroad;
A Son unjuſtly topt upon the Throne,
Which yet was prov'd undoubtedly his own:
Tho', as the Law was there, 'twas his Behoof,
Who diſpoſſeſt the *Heir*, to bring the Proof.
This Helliſh Charge they back'd with diſmal Frights,
The Loſs of Property and Sacred Rights,
And Freedom: Words which all falſe Patriots uſe,
The ſureſt Names the *Romans* to abuſe:
Jealous of Kings, and always Malecontent,
Forward to change, yet certain to repent.
Whilſt thus the *Plotters* needful Fears create,
Tarquin with open Force invades the State;
Lewd Nobles join him with their feeble Might,
And *Atheiſt Fools* for Dear Religion fight:

The

The Prieſts their boaſted Principles diſown,
And level their Harangues againſt the Throne:
Vain Promiſes the Peoples Minds allure;
Slight were their Ills, but deſperate their Cure.
'Tis hard for Kings to ſteer an equal Courſe,
And they who baniſh one, oft get a worſe.
Thoſe Heav'nly Bodies we admire above
Do every Day irregularly move.
Yet *Tullius*, 'tis decreed, muſt loſe his Crown
For *Faults* that were his *Council's*, not his own;
He now in vain commands e'en thoſe he paid;
By *Darling Troops* deſerted and betray'd;
By *Creatures* which his genial Warmth had made.
Of theſe a *Captain of the Guards* was worſt,
Whoſe Memory to this Day ſtands accurſt:
This Rogue advanc'd to Military Truſt,
By his own Whoredom, and his Siſter's Luſt;
Forſook his Maſter after dreadful Vows,
And plotted to betray him to his Foes:
The kindeſt Maſter to the vileſt Slave,
As free to give as he was ſure to crave.
His *Haughty Female*, who, as Books declare,
Did always toſs wide Noſtrils in the Air;
Was to the *Younger Tullia* Governeſs,
And did attend her, when in borrow'd Dreſs
She fled by Night from *Tullius* in Diſtreſs.
This Wretch by Letters did invite his Foes,
And us'd all Arts her Father to depoſe:
A Father always generouſly bent,
So kind that he her Wiſhes did prevent.
'Twas now high time for *Tullius* to retreat,
When ev'n his Daughter haſt'ned his Defeat;
When Faith and Duty vaniſh'd, and no more
The Name of Father, nor of King, he bore:
A King! whoſe Right his Foes could ne'er diſpute,
So mild! that Mercy was his Attribute;
Affable, kind, and eaſie of Acceſs,
Swift to relieve, unwilling to oppreſs;
Rich without Taxes, yet in Payment juſt;
So honeſt, that he hardly could diſtruſt.

His active Soul did ne'er from Labours ceaſe;
Valiant in War, and ſedulous in Peace;
Studious with Traffick to *enrich* the Land;
Strong to Protect, and skilful to Command;
Liberal and Splendid, not without Exceſs;
Loth to Revenge, and willing to Careſs.
In ſum, How Godlike muſt his Nature be,
Whoſe only Fault was too much Piety!
This King remov'd, th' aſſembled *States* thought fit
That *Tarquin* in the *Vacant Throne* ſhould ſit;
Voted him Regent in their Senate-Houſe,
And with an empty Name endow'd his Spouſe
The *elder Tullia*, who ſome Author's feign,
Drove o'er her Father's Corps a trembling Wain.
But ſhe! More guilty! Numerous Wains did drive,
To cruſh her Father, and her King alive;
In glad remembrance of his haſt'ned Fall,
Reſolv'd to inſtitute a weekly Ball.
She! jolly Glutton! grew in Bulk and Chin,
Feaſted in Rapine, and enjoy'd her Sin;
With Luxury ſhe did weak Reaſon force,
Debauch'd good Nature, and cramm'd down Remorſe:
Yet when ſhe drunk cool *Tea* in lib'ral Sups,
The ſobbing Dame was Maudlin in her Cups.
But brutal *Tarquin* never did relent,
Too hard to melt, too wicked to repent;
Cruel in Deeds, more mercileſs in Will,
And bleſt with *natural delight in Ill*;
From a wiſe Guardian he receiv'd his Doom,
To walk the Change, and not to govern Rome;
He ſwore his Native Honours to diſown,
And did by *Perjury* aſcend the Throne:
Oh! Had that Oath his ſwelling Pride repreſt!
Rome then had been with Peace and Plenty bleſt.
But *Tarquin*, guided by deſtructive Fate,
Waſted the Country, and embroil'd the State:
Tranſported to their Foes the *Roman* Pelf,
And by their Ruin hop'd to ſave himſelf.
Innumerable Woes oppreſt the Land,
When it ſubmitted to his curſt Command.

So

So juſt was Heaven that 'twas hard to tell
Whether its Guilt or Loſſes did excel.
Men who renounc'd their God for dearer Trade,
Were then the *Gardians* of *Religion* made:
Rebels were ſainted, Foreigners did reign,
Outlaws return'd Preferments to obtain,
With Frogs and Toads, and all their croaking Train.
No Native knew their Features, nor their Birth,
They ſeem the greaſie offſpring of the Earth;
The Trade was ſunk, the Fleet and Army ſpent,
Devouring Taxes ſwallow'd leſſer Rent;
Taxes impos'd by no Authority,
Each lewd Collection was a Robbery.
Bold ſelf-creating Men did Statutes draw,
Skill'd to eſtabliſh Villany by Law;
Fanatick Drivers, whoſe unjuſt Careers
Produce new Ills, exceeding former Fears.
Yet Authors here except that *Faithful Band*,
Which the prevailing Faction did withſtand;
And ſome who bravely ſtood in the defence
Of baffled Juſtice, and their *Injur'd Prince*;
Theſe ſhine to after-Times, each Sacred Name
Stands ſtill recorded in the Books of Fame.

SONG.

THE Goſpel and Law allow Monarchs their due,
If rightfully Crown'd and Anointed;
The Lawyers are Rebels, and Clergy-men too,
On the Bench to defie,
And in Pulpit deny,
Whom the Lord and the Laws have appointed.

The Courts are corrupted, and ſo are the Schools,
And Truth lyes condemn'd as a *Culprit*;
The Bench is inveſted by Traitors and Fools,
And the Devil's crept into the Pulpit.

Then who'd in this Age go to Law or to Church,
Since Juſtice in both is ſo common an Evil?
Truth is made Treaſon,
By Law without Reaſon;
And the Clergy that left their poor Prince in the Lurch,
Will ſend their poor Souls to the Devil.

A Congratulatory Poem to K. William, *on his Return from* Ireland, 1690. *after the Battel of the* Boyne.

1.

WElcome, Great Monarch, to the Throne we (gave!
A mean Reward for thoſe you came to ſave;
And yet in that we gave you all we have.

2.

The Gods our Offerings ne'er the more do Prize,
When Clouds of Smoke obſcure their brighter Skies;
A greatful Heart commends the Sacrifice.

3.

We'll ſpare no Labour to inlarge your State,
And do not yet our forward Pains regret,
Tho' diſappointed Kindneſs turns to Hate.

4.

You have enough your Skill in Battel ſhown,
Your Courage and your Conduct all muſt own;
Pray let your Foreſight once at home be known.

5.

In open Field with open Foes you've met,
Take either Side, it is an equal Bet;
But here your Enemies dance in a Net.

6.

Your Valour ſhone when you your Army led,
And dar'd the numerous Foe with Colours ſpread;
But where's your Guard againſt an Ambuſcade?

7.

Your Handiwork does all Mankind ſurprize,
Each freſh Remembrance ſtill new Praiſe ſupplies;
But pray, Sir, let us once adore your Eyes.

8.

You've Enemies in private, who beſet
Your Path to Glory, undiſcover'd yet;
And till you've conquer'd them you'll ne'er be great.

9.

No End you'll find to your laborious Work,
(Tho' with the *Iriſh* you could rout the *Turk*)
While *Gallick* Locuſts in your Councils lurk.

10.

Wherefore to Foreign Diets ſhou'd you go,
To undertake a Task you can't go thro',
While thoſe at home unravel all you do?

11.

Unkennel thoſe State-Foxes firſt, who ſpoil
And counterwork the Virtue of your Toil,
And Heaven it ſelf ſhall on your Labour ſmile.

12.

Let proud *C*———*n* your juſt Vengeance find,
And *N*———*m* to his Behaviour bind;
'Tis unſafe marching with Two Foes behind.

13.

Teach *L*—— how to mind his Dioceſs,
To make his Pariſh-Prieſts and Curates wiſe,
And not preſume to give the Queen Advice.

14.

Let not the Men who would your Wants ſupply
With Blood and Money unregarded lye,
Becauſe a ſelf-advancing Fop cries, Fie. *E. of P——d.*

15.

15.

Nor let your ſelf be ſo impos'd upon,
To fancy thoſe were Common-wealths-men grown,
Who tugg'd ſo hard to place you on the Throne.

16.

On whoſe Support the Monarchy relies,
Who have no other Aim before your Eyes,
But that your Greatneſs with their Wealth may riſe.

17.

When theſe and ſome few other things are done,
Your Growing Glory, like the Riſing Sun,
Shall (bright as that) an endleſs Circuit run.

18.

To certain Conqueſts your ſwift Arms ſhall ſpeed,
From thoſe debarring *Remora*'s once freed;
You ſhall want nothing that you truly need,
Our Purſes and our Veins ſhall freely bleed.

An Epitaph on Dundee. *Engliſh'd by Mr.* Dryden.

O Laſt and Beſt of *Scots!* Who didſt maintain
Thy Country's Freedom from a Foreign Reign,
New People fill the Land now thou art gone,
New Gods the Temples, and new Kings the Throne.
Scotland and thou did each in other live,
Thou wouldſt not her, nor could ſhe thee, ſurvive;
Farewel! who living didſt ſupport the State,
And couldſt not fall but with thy Country's Fate.

Anſwer

Answer to a Poem, intituled, A Panegyrick, *written in the Year* 169⅓.

HAil Happy *William!* Thou art truly Great:
The Cauſe? 'Tis Virtue juſtify'd by Fate.
For thee the Parents and their Children ſing;
Without Deſert thou art no Favourite King.
For thee the Patriot will maintain the Laws,
For thee juſt Judges will decide the Cauſe.
Prelates thou'ſt made cannot the Church betray;
Thy Soldiers fight for Principle, not Pay.
By thee the Freeman's fixt in his Freehold,
Miſers may ſpend or elſe increaſe their Gold.
By thee the Merchant multiplies his Store,
By thee the Tradeſman is content, not poor.
For thee the Senate uſeleſs Laws ſuſpends,
And Good Ones makes for thine and *England*'s Ends.
The chief Deſign of all their well-weigh'd Votes
Is to invent new Ways, new Means, to damn new (Plots.
Thine and thy Peoples Credit join'd muſt paſs;
But that, and Money, not without thy Face.
Slav'ry and Oppreſſion thou maintain'ſt no more
Than Wealth and Liberty the Kings before.
For thee 'gainſt Tyranny they all declare,
And only for Old *England* like the War.
Why ſhould this Wonder then ſo wondrous ſeem,
When all that's good and kind thou'lt do for them?
Rebels and Witches ne'er ſign'd *William*'s Rolls:
Thoſe that oppoſe his Reign muſt damn their Souls.

Upon

Upon a Medal whereon two Names were interwoven.

THIS Myſtick Knot unites Two Royal Names,
Victorious *Lewis*, and long-ſuffering *James*,
Pious and Stout Aſſertors of the Croſs,
Whether it be by Conqueſt, or by Loſs:
Their Glory's equal, different is their Fate;
Laurels on one, Palms for the other wait.

P. of O*'s Atchievements in* Flanders, *in the Years* 91 *and* 92.

THE Author ſure muſt take great Pains,
Who pretends to write his Story;
In which of theſe Two laſt Campaigns
He'as acquir'd greateſt Glory:
For while that he march'd on to fight,
Like Hero, nothing fearing,
Namur was taken in his Sight,
And *Mons* within his Hearing.

A Letter from J. P. *to Colonel* H. *occaſion'd by the Colonel's Two late Letters.*

O *Harry*, canſt thou find no Subject fit,
But thy beſt Friend, to exerciſe thy Wit;
No Order but the Toaſt to ridicule?
Why with Things Sacred doſt thou play the Fool?
Sadly condem'd (the Poets common Curſe)
Still to be writing, and ſtill writing worſe.
Thy firſt Eſſay was with ſome Fancy fir'd,
Thy laſt was by ſome *Grubſtreet* Muſe inſpir'd;
So harſh the Numbers, Raillery ſo groſs,
Sure 'twas tranſlated out of *Scotch* by *Roſs*.
Is this thy Gratitude for all the Wine
The Knights beſtow'd, who never taſted thine?
And doſt thou thus our Miſteries diſcloſe,
And in rude Rhíme our Preſident expoſe?
How oft haſt thou with awful Silence heard
The Midnight Lectures of that Reverend Bard,
When with his Glaſs in Hand he doth unfold
What Faith the Prieſts of all Religions hold;
What Old *Socinius* and *Molinos* teach,
And what the Modern *Philadelphians* preach;
What Nice Remarks each Different Tongue affords,
And Curious Etymologies of Words?
Then he goes on to ſearch Decrees of Fate,
And gives ſtrong Proof about a future State:
Not Old *Silenus* ſo Divinely ſpoke
Of hidden Truths in *Virgil*'s Sacred Book,
When with a Load of Wine, and Knowledge fraught,
The drunken God the liſt'ning Satyrs taught;
And doſt thou thus his Care and Pains requite,
To make thee learned in thy own Deſpite?

Hard

Hard Fate of Greatneſs! Tho' a Man ſhould be
As wiſe as *Aſhly*, or refin'd like thee;
Like *Fletcher* ſhould for *England*'s Glory toil,
And plot as deep as *Monmouth*, or as *Moyle*,
Yet *Baber*, *B*———*y*, and ſuch Wits as thoſe,
Would find out ſomething in him to expoſe.
Thrice Happy *B*——, who alike does prove
Succeſsful in Affairs of State and Love;
Grave as Sir *Harry* in a Council-Chair,
Yet ſmart as *Archer* to engage the Fair.
Such are his Mien, his Perſon, and his Parts,
He ſeems by Nature form'd to gain'd their Hearts;
And ſuch his Prudence to protect their Fame,
Safe are his Darts, and innocent his Flame:
None e'er for him provok'd her Husband's Rage,
Nor ſtood recorded yet in *Walker*'s Page.
The Jealous truſt him with their Wives alone;
Who guards them from all Arrows but his own.
Bold to attack, yet skilful to defend,
He plays at once the Lover and the Friend;
But he's a Theme too lofty for thy Pitch,
Aim not at things that are above they Reach,
Mildmay ſeems fitting for a Stile like thine,
And *William Pawlet* in thy Works would ſhine;
Lord *Ratcliſt*'s Poems might thy Satyr fit,
But what haſt thou to do with Men of Wit?
Reſign the Task to ſome Sublimer Muſe,
To tell what Beauties *Burl*———*n* purſues,
What powerful Charms did *Angleſea* recal,
And who now warms the Hearts of gentle *Maule*;
What lovely Youth *Boyle* fondly doth careſs,
Or ſtrowling *Punk* does brawny *Granvile* bleſs;
What new Swivante *Manwaring* will clap,
And who by *Walſh* is deſtin'd to a Rape;
How *Therold* ſtill for *Mazareen* doth burn,
And Lady *Mary* does loſt *Kingſton* mourn.
Well it becomes Wiſe *William*'s Rightful Heir
To fix his ſerious Inclinations there,
Where ſolid Prudence the fit Choice commends,
And from the Mother Chaſtity deſcends.

But

But groundleſs Fears oblig'd him to deſiſt,
And no bold Man will venture to be bleſt,
Till Heaven provides, the Family to grace,
Some daring Hero of the Regal Race.
But theſe are Subjects that ſurpaſs thy Rhimes.
Draw thou the Fops or Husbands of the Times;
Or if to charge the Fair thy Fancy moves,
Write *Popham*'s Life, or Madam *Griffin*'s Loves.
One Labour too to *Ranelagh* is due,
Who with falſe Beauty does deface the true,
And may arrive with Diligence and Care
In time to rival *Darenwater*'s Heir.
On ſuch as theſe thy Doggrel Numbers try,
And freſh Memoirs Lord *Edward* will ſupply.
But all whoſe Beauty and whoſe Virtue ſhine,
Should be protected from ſuch Pens as thine:
From them, Dear *Harry*, modeſtly abſtain,
Nor evermore Immortal Charms profane.
More I could ſay, but Buſineſs muſt not wait;
And I to Day muſt open a Debate.
If after all the Criticks tell us right,
Who ſay ſome other did thoſe Rhimes indite,
And ſet thy Name to what thou didſt not write;
Then pardon this Impertinence in me,
Who am thy moſt aſſured Friend *J. P.*

A Satyr upon the French *King. Writ after the Peace was concluded at* Reſwick, *Anno* 1697. *by a Non-ſwearing Parſon, and ſaid to be dropp'd out of his Pocket at* Sam's *Coffee-Houſe. By* Tho. Brown.

AND haſt thou left Old *Jemmy* in the Lurch!
A Plague confound the Doctors of thy Church;
Then to abandon poor *Italian Molly*;
That I'ad the Firking of thy Bum with Holly.

Next

Next to diſcard the virtuous Prince of *Wales*;
How ſuits this with the Honour of *Verſailles*?
Fourthly and Laſtly, to renounce the *Turks*;
Why this is the Devil, the Devil and all his Works.
Were I thy Confeſſor, who am thy Martyr,
Doſt think that I'd allow thee any Quarter?
No——thou ſhould'ſt find what 'tis to be a Starter.
Lord! With what monſtrous Lies and ſenſleſs Shams
Have we been Cullied all along at *Sam*'s?
Who could have e'er believ'd, unleſs in ſpite,
Lewis le Grand would turn rank *Williamite*?
Thou that haſt look'd ſo Fierce, and talk ſo Big;
In thy Old Age to dwindle to a *Whig*;
By Heaven, I ſee thou'rt in thy Heart a Prig.
I'd not be for a Million in thy Jerkin,
'Fore *George* thy Soul's no bigger than a Gerkin,
Haſt thou for this ſpent ſo much ready *Rhino*?
Now what the Plague will become of *Jure Divino*?
A Change ſo monſtrous, I cou'd ne'er have thought,
Tho' *Patridge* all his Stars to vouch it brought;
'S life I'll not take thy Honour for a Groat.
Even Oaths with thee are only Things of Courſe,
Tho' Z——, thou art a Monarch for a Horſe.
Of Kings diſtreſs'd thou art a fine Securer,
Thou mak'ſt me ſwear that am a known *Non-Juror*.
But tho' I ſwear thus, as I ſaid before,
Know, King, I'll place it all upon thy Score.
Were *Job* alive, and banter'd by ſuch Shufflers,
He'd out-rail *Oats*, and curſe both thee and *Bouflers*.
For thee I've loſt, if I can rightly ſcan 'em,
Two Livings worth full Eightſcore Pounds *per Annum*,
Bonæ & legalis Angliæ Monetæ
But now I'm clearly routed by the Treaty.
Then Geeſe and Pigs my Table ne'er did fail,
And Tithe-eggs merrily flew in like Hail,
My Barns with Corn, my Sellers cram'd with Ale.
The Dice are chang'd; for now, as I'm a Sinner,
The Devil, for me, knows where to buy a Dinner:
I might as ſoon, tho' I were ne'er ſo willing,
Raiſe a whole Troop of Horſe, as One Shilling.

My

My *Spouſe* alas muſt ſtant in Silks no more;
Pray Heaven for Suſtenance ſhe turn not Whore:
And Daughter *Peggy* too in time I fear
Will learn to take a Stone up in her Ear.
My Friends have baſely left me with my Place;
What's worſe, my very Pimples bilk my Face,
And frankly my Condition to diſcloſe,
I moſt reſent th' Ungratitude of my Noſe,
On which, tho' I have ſpent on Wine ſuch Store,
It now looks paler than my Tavern Score.
My double Chin's diſmantled, and my Coat is
Paſt its beſt Days *in Verbo Sacerdotis.*
My Breeches too this Morning, to my Wonder,
I found grown Schiſmaticks, and fall'n aſunder.
When firſt I came to Town with Houſhold Clog,
Rings, Watch, and ſo forth, fairly went for Prog;
The Antient Fathers next, in whom I boaſted,
Were ſoon exchang'd for Primitive Boil'd and Roaſted;
Since 'tis no Sin of Books to be a Glutton,
I truck'd St. *Auſtin* for a Leg of *Mutton*;
Old *Jerom*'s Volumes next I made a Rape on,
And melted down that Father for a Capon.
When theſe were gone, my Bowels not to balk,
I treſpaſt moſt enormouſly in Chalk;
But long I had not quarter'd upon tick,
E'er Chriſtian Faith I found grew monſtrous ſick;
And now alas, when my ſtarv'd Entrails croke,
At *Partner How*'s I dine and ſup on Smoak:
In fine, the Government may do its Will,
But I'm afraid my Guts will *grumble* ſtill.
Dennis of *Sicily*, as Books relate, Sir,
When he was tumbled from the Regal Srate, Sir,
(Which by the by I hope will be your Fate, Sir,)
And his good Subjects left him in the Lurch,
Turn'd Pedagogue, and *Tyranniz'd* in Birch.
Tho' thus the Spark was taken a Peg lower,
Some feeble Signs of his Old State he bore,
And reign'd o'er Boys, that govern'd Men before.

For thee I wiſh ſome Puniſhment that worſe is;
Since then thou'ſt ſpoil'd my Prayers, now hear my (Curſes.

May thy Affairs (for ſo I wiſh by Heavens)
All the World o'er at Sixes lye and Sevens;
May *Conti* be impos'd on by the *Primate*,
And forc'd in haſte to leave the *Northern* Climate;
May he rely upon their Faith, and try it,
And have his Belly full of *Poliſh Diet*;
May *Maintenon*, tho' thou ſo long haſt kept her,
With Brand Venereal ſinge thy Royal Scepter;
May all the Poets that thy Fame have ſcatter'd
Ungod thee now, and damn what once they flatter'd:
The Pope and thou be never Cater-Couſins,
And *Fiſtula's* thy Arſe-hole ſeize by Dozens.

Thus far in Jeſt; but now to pin the Basket,
May'ſt thou to *England* come, of *Jove* I ask it,
Thy wretched Fortune, *Lewis*, there to prop,
I hope thou'lt in the *Fryars* take a Shop,
Turn Puny Barber there, Bleed Louſie Carmen,
Cut Corns for Chimney-ſweepers, and ſuch Vermin;
Be forc'd to Trim (for ſuch I'm ſure thy Fate is)
Thy own poor *Hugonots* and us *Non-Jurors Gratis*;
May *Savoy* likewiſe with thee hither pack,
And carry a *Raree-ſhow* upon his Back;
May all this happen as I've put my Pen to't,
And may all Chriſtian People ſay Amen to't.

Found on the Church-Door at Whitehall, *January* 30. 1696.

WHAT, Faſt and Pray
For the Horrid Murder of the Day,
And at the ſame time drive the Son away?

The Royal Father and the Royal Son,
While by your Praying you their Rights do own?
Go ask your Learned Biſhop, and your Dean,
What theſe ſtrange Contradictions mean?
And ceaſe to faſt, and pray, and trouble Heaven,
Sins, whilſt unrepented, cannot be forgiven.

On the Divorces by Parliament, 1701.

WOMAN, thou worſt of all Church-Plagues, Farewel,
Bad at the beſt, but at the worſt a Hell;
Thou Truſs of Wormwood, bitter Teaſe of Life,
Thou Nurſery of Human Cares, a Wife;
Thou Apple-eating Traitor, who began
The Wrath of Heaven, and Miſeries of Man,
And haſt with never-failing Diligence
Improv'd the Curſe to Human Race e'er ſince.
Farewel Church-Juggle that enſlav'd my Life,
But bleſs that Power that rid me of my Wife:
And now the Laws once more have ſet me free,
If Woman can again prevail with me,
My Fleſh and Bones ſhall make my Wedding-Feaſt,
And none ſhall be invited as my Gueſt
But my good Bride, the Devil, and a Prieſt.

The Mourners: Found in the Streets. 1702.

IN Sable Weeds your Beaux and Belle's appear,
And cloud the coming Beauties of the Year.
Mourn on you fooliſh faſhionable Things,
Mourn for your own Misfortunes, not the King's;
Mourn for the mighty Maſs of Coin miſ-ſpent,
That prodigally given, and idly ſpent;

Mourn your Tapeſtry and Statutes too,
And *Windſor* gutted to adorn your *Loo*;
Mourn for the Mitre long from *Scotland* gone,
And much more mourn your Union coming on;
Mourn for a Ten Years War, and diſmal Weather,
And Taxes ſtrung like Necklaces together,
On Salt, Malt, Paper, Syder, Lights, and Leather.
Much for the Civil Liſt need not be ſaid,
They truly mourn who're Fifteen Months unpaid.
Well then, my Friends, ſince things you ſee are ſo,
Let's e'en mourn on, 'twould leſſen much our Wo
Had *Sorrel* ſtumbled Thirteen Years ago.

On Sir John Fenwick.

1.

HEre lye the Relicks of a Martyr'd Knight,
Whoſe Loyalty unſpotted as the Light,
Seal'd with his Blood his injur'd So—gn's Right.

2.

The State his Head did from his Body ſever,
Becauſe when living 'twas his chief Endeavour
To ſet the Nation and its Head together.

3.

He boldly fell, girt round with weeping Soldiers,
Imploring Heaven for the Good o' the Beholders,
So to cut *H——d*'s Head from *England*'s Shoulders.

An Alluſion to the 7th Epode of Horace, 1690.

Quo, quo Sceleſti ruitis, &c.

1.

WHither, ye Impious *Britons*, do ye run,
As if already not enough undone?
Your Sea has oft run Purple to the Shore,
And *Flanders* is manur'd with *Engliſh* Gore;

Yet

Yet ſtill you arm, and ſtill prepare to fight,
Againſt your K——, his Country, and his Right.

2.

If you muſt arm, unite the *Britiſh* Powers,
Deſtroy your Rival, *Holland*'s lofty Towers,
And be her Ruin as ſhe has been your's.
Holland deſerv'd to be this Nation's Curſe,
Bad as a Foe, but as a Friend much worſe:
See the *Batavians* with a grinning Pride
Your preſent Ills and future Hopes deride.

3.

And well they may, for they can only boaſt,
Becauſe your Credit, Wealth, and Traffick's loſt;
Theirs is the Gain, and they may triumph moſt.
Pleas'd with a ſelfiſh, dull, malicious, Joy,
To ſee your ſelves none but your ſelves deſtroy;
'Tis obvious, but infatuated you
Still court your Ruin, and contrive it too.

4.

Tell me, is't Madneſs this, or Hopes of Gain?
Or do the Sons the Fathers Crimes ſuſtain?
Why are you pale and ſpeechleſs? Why appears
This Trembling? And why flow theſe guilty Tears?
Since there's a Cauſe, a monſtrous Cauſe indeed,
You fain wou'd hide, too horrid to be hid.

5.

Yes, *Britons*, yes, you groan beneath the Weight
Of *Charles* the Martyr's undeſerved Fate;
Too well you know his unrepented Fall
Entails this Curſe, and will Confound you all.

On S------l.

ILluſtrious Steed, who ſhould the Zodiack grace,
To thee the Lion and the Bull give place;
Bleſt be the Dam that fed thee, bleſt the Earth
Which firſt receiv'd thee, and firſt gave thee Birth.

Did wrong'd *Hibernia* to revenge her Slain
Produce thee, or murder'd *Fenwick* ſtrain,
Or barbarouſly maſſacred *Glencoe*'s Claim.
Whence e'er thou art be thou for ever bleſt,
And ſpend the Remnant of thy Days in Reſt;
No ſervile Uſe thy Noble Limbs profane,
No Weight thy Back, no Curb thy Mouth, reſtrain;
No more be thou, no more Mankind, a Slave,
But both enjoy that Liberty you gave.

The Play-Houſe: A Satyr. By Mr. A. D---n.

NEar to the *Roſe*, where *Punks* in Numbers flock
To pick up Cullies to increaſe the Stock,
A lofty Fabrick does the Sight invade,
And ſtretches round the Place a Pompous Shade,
Where ſudden *Shouts* the Neighbourhood ſurprize,
And *Thund'ring Claps* and dreadful *Hiſſings* riſe.
Here Thrifty *R*——— hires Monarchs by the Day,
And keeps his *Mercenary Kings* in *Pay*,
With deep-mouth'd Actors fills the *Vacant Scenes*,
And drains the Town for *Goddeſſes* and *Queens*:
Here the lewd *Punks*, with *Crowns* and *Scepters* grac'd,
Teaches her Eyes a more *Majeſtick Caſt*,
And hungry Monarchs, with a numerous Train
Of ſuppliant Slaves, like *Sancho*, Starve and Reign.
But enter in, my *Muſe*, the Stage ſurvey,
And all its Pomp and Pageantry diſplay;
Trap-doors and Pit-falls from th'unfaithful Ground,
And Magick Walls encompaſs it around:
On either Side Maim'd Temples fill our Eyes,
And intermixt with Brothel-Houſes riſe;
Diſjointed Palaces in Order ſtand,
And Groves obedient to the Mover's Hand
O'erſhade the Stage, and flouriſh at Command.

A Stamp makes broken Towns and Trees entire:
So when *Amphion* ſtruck the Vocal Lire,
He ſaw the ſpacious Circuit all around [crown'd.
With crowding Woods, and neighbouring Cities
But next the Tiring-Room ſurvey and ſee
Falſe Titles, and promiſcuous Quality,
Confus'dly ſwarm from Heroes, and from Queens,
To thoſe that ſwing in Clouds, and fill Machines;
Their various Characters they choſe with Art,
The frowning Bully fits the Tyrant's Part:
Swoln Cheeks, and Swaggering Belly, makes a Hoſt,
Pale, Meager, Looks, and Hollow Voice, a Ghoſt;
From careful Brows, and heavy down-caſt Eyes,
Dull Cits, and thick-ſcull'd Aldermen, ariſe:
The Comick Tone, inſpir'd by F——r, draws
At every Word loud Laughter and Applauſe:
The Mincing Dame continues as before,
Her Character's unchang'd, and acts a Whore.
Above the reſt the Prince with mighty Stalks,
Magnificent in Purple Buskins walks:
The Royal Robe his Haughty Shoulders grace,
Profuſe of *Spangles* and of *Copper-Lace:*
Officious Raſcals to his mighty Thigh,
Guiltleſs of Blood, th' unpointed Weapon tye;
Then the Gay Glittering Diadem put on,
Pondrous with Braſs, and ſtarr'd with Briſtol-Stone.
His Royal Conſort next conſults her Glaſs,
And out of Twenty Boxes culls a Face.
The Whit'ning firſt her Ghaſtly Looks beſmears,
All Pale and Wan th' unfiniſh'd Form appears;
Till on her Cheeks the bluſhing Purple glows,
And a falſe *Virgin Modeſty* beſtows;
Her ruddy Lips the Deep Vermilion dyes;
Length to her Brows the Pencil's Touch ſupplies,
And with black bending Arches ſhades her Eyes.
Well pleas'd, at length the Picture ſhe beholds,
And ſpots it o'er with Artificial *Molds*;
Her Countenance compleat, the Beaux ſhe warms,
With Looks not hers, and ſpight of Nature charms.

Thus artfully their Perſons they diſguiſe,
Till the laſt Flouriſh bids the Curtain riſe.
The Prince then enters on the Stage in State,
Behind a Guard of Candle-Snuffers wait:
There ſwoln with Empire, terrible and fierce,
He ſhakes the Doom, and tears his Lungs with Verſe:
His Subjects tremble, the ſubmiſſive Pit
Wrapt up in Silence and Attention ſit;
Till freed at length, he lays aſide the Weight
Of Publick Buſineſs and Affairs of State,
Forgets his Pomp, dead to Ambitious Fires,
And to ſome peaceful *Brandy-Shop* retires,
Where in full Gills his anxious Thoughts he drowns,
And quaffs away the Care that waits on Crowns.
The Princeſs next her pointed Charms diſplays,
Where every Look the Pencil's Art betrays.
The Callow Squire at diſtance feeds his Eyes,
And ſilently for *Paint* and *Patches* dies:
But if the Youth behind the Scenes retreat,
He ſees the blended Colours melt with Heat,
And all the trickling Beauty run in Sweat.
The borrow'd Viſage he admires no more,
And nauſeates every Charm he lov'd before:
So the ſame Spear, for double Force renown'd,
Apply'd the Remedy that gave the Wound.
In tedious Liſts 'twere endleſs to engage,
And draw at length the Rabble of the Stage,
Where one for Twenty Years has given Alarms,
And call'd contending Monarchs to their Arms.
Another fills a more important Poſt,
And riſes every other Night a Ghoſt.
Thro' the cleft Stage his meager Face he rears,
Then ſtalks along, groans thrice, and diſappears;
Others with *Swords* and *Shields*, the *Soldiers* Pride,
More than a Thouſand times have chang'd their Side,
And in a Thouſand Fatal *Battels* dy'd.
Thus ſeveral Perſons ſeveral Parts perform;
Pale Lovers whine, and Bluſtring Heroes ſtorm.
The Stern exaſperated *Tyrants* Rage,
Till the kind *Bowl* of *Poiſon* clears the *Stage*;

Then

Then Honours vaniſh, and Diſtinctions ceaſe;
Then with Reluctance haughty Queens undreſs.
Heroes no more their fading Laurels boaſt,
And mighty Kings in private Men are loſt.
He whom ſuch Titles ſwell'd, ſuch Power made proud,
To whom whole Realms and vanquiſh'd Nations (bow'd,
Throws off the gaudy Plume, the Purple Train,
And is in *Statu quo* himſelf again.

A Ballad on the Confederates, in Imitation of Ratcliff Ramble.

A Number of Pr———s, tho' poor ones 'tis true,
In Confederacy join'd the *French* to undo;
But if they ſhould fail then Woe to the Crew
of Banditti.
All ſnotty and ſnorting like Horſe that had Glanders,
All tatter'd they form the Mob of Commanders,
All poorer than *Job* were got into *Flanders*,
'tis pity.
To Conquer the *French* King is not their Deſign,
Tho' that's their Pretence, but to drink up his Wine;
'Tis a Liquor, they ſay, will make them Divine,
to their Glory.
If a Peaſant that's drunk is as great as a King,
Then what is a Prince? A very fine thing;
And a Number of Princes will make the World ring
with their Story.
In a Council of War theſe Tatterdemallions,
Having drunk off their VVine, not by Quarts, but by (Gallons,
VVho, tho' not fit for Soldiers, are very good Stallions;
what d'ye think, Sir?
Conſidering their Number, to make all things ſure,
A deſperate Diſeaſe wants a deſperate Cure,

VVe

We will inſtantly raiſe the Siege of *Namure*;
firſt let's drink, Sir.
They boaſt and they brag that we have a thing,
Some call him a P——, ſome call him a K——,
However he's ſomething, Hey Ding a Ding Ding;
to the matter.
We'll beat them by Sea, and we'll beat them by Land;
It is a Royal Deſcent you muſt underſtand,
To ruin the *French*, and unpeople the Land;
not to flatter.
At the *French* as yet you have no reaſon to Jeer us,
For if you conſider the Battel of *Flerus*,
You have little Mind any more to come near us,
ſo Good-Morrow.
Beſides, you will know too when *Mons* was a taking,
Each Prince that looks big now did then fall a ſhaking,
And found its Relief was a mad Undertaking,
to their Sorrow.
Nay further, your Courage did plainly appear,
When Politick *Æſop* fell foul on the Rear,
And cut off Ten Thouſand, then Princes ſtand clear
was the Word, Sir.
Your Cities are taken, your Armies are beat,
Namure is our own, now ſound a Retreat,
And brag of what Miſchief you've done to our Fleet,
not a T——, Sir.

CURSE, 1690.

by Mr. Munfort.

CUrs'd be the Stars which did Ordain
Queen *Beſs* a Maiden-Life ſhould Reign;
Married ſhe might have brought an Heir,
Nor had we known a *S*——*t* here.
Curs'd be the Tribe who at *White-Hall*
Slew one o'th' Name, and ſlew not all.

Curs'd

Curs'd be the Second, who took Gold
From *France*, and *Britain*'s Honour Sold;
But Curs'd of all be *J*—— the laſt,
The worſt of Kings, of Fools the beſt;
And doubly Curſed be thoſe Knaves,
Who out of Loyalty would make us Slaves;
Curs'd be the Clergy who deſire
The *French* to bring in *James* the Squire,
And ſave your Church ſo as by Fire.
Curs'd be the Earl of *T*———*ton*,
Who almoſt had Three Lands undone;
Who out of Fear, of Pride, or Gain,
Betray'd our Land, and loſt her Main.
Curs'd be the Miniſters of State
Who keep our Fleet till 'tis too late;
Who have Six VVeeks the Cauſe diſputed,
VVhen the whole in Two might have Recruited.
Curs'd be the Name of *Engliſh-man*,
To Curſe it more live *T*———*ton*.
Let Reſolution only be
King *William*'s Noble Property:
He hath done what we ne'er could do,
Ill to himſelf, to us been true,
Prove that among us and curſe me too.

Anſwer to the Prophecy, As when the Knight, *&c.*

WHen *J*—— and his Army ſhall run from the *Boyne*,
And *England* ſtand bleſt to the altering their Coin;
VVhen Plots laid in Hell can never ſucceed,
But the Traytors found out and lopp'd like a VVeed;
VVhen thy Armies deſert thee for want of their Pay,
And thoſe that don't run thou forceſt away;
VVhen the Fleet plays Bopeep, and Sculks up and down,
And dares not make Head like a Fleet of Renown;

VVhen

VVhen Old Age ſhall ſeize thee, and thy Senſes decay,
And thy Counſels of Prieſtcraft ſhall lead the wrong (VVay,
Then, *Lewis*, I tell thee thou'rt a curſed damn'd Tool,
Thus to be expos'd for the ſake of a Fool;
VVhen the VVeight is too heavy in oppreſſing the Land,
That every Man's mark'd with VVant in his Hand.

A Panegyrick, 169⅚.

HAIL Happy *W*———, thou art ſtrangely Great;
VVhat is the Cauſe, thy *Virtue* or thy *Fate?*
For thee the Child the Parents Hearts will ſting.
For thee the Favourite will deſert his King.
For thee the Patriot will ſubvert the Laws.
For thee the Judge will ſtill decide the Cauſe.
For thee the Prelate will the Church betray.
For thee the Soldier fights without his Pay.
For thee the Freeman mortgages his Hold.
For thee the Miſer laviſhes his Gold.
For thee the Merchant loſes all his Store.
For thee the Tradeſman is content and poor.
For thee the Senate our beſt Laws ſuſpend,
And will make any new to ſerve thy End.
The chief Deſign of all their Loyal Votes
Is to invent new Ways, new Means, and Plots.
No Credit in the Land but thine will paſs,
Nor ready Money if it want thy Face.
Thy Loyal Slaves love thy Oppreſſion more
Than all their Wealth and Liberty before.
For thee and Tyranny they all declare,
And beg the Bleſſing of Eternal War.
And that this Wonder may more wondrous ſeem,
Thou never yet didſt one kind thing for them.
Rebels, like Witches, having ſign'd the Rolls,
Muſt ſerve their Maſters, tho' they damn their Souls.

An Answer to a Jacobite Panegyrick upon Sorrel.

INsulting Ass! VVho basely couldst Revile
The Guardian Angel of our wretched Isle;
VVho now retiring from the Scenes of VVars,
Is known and number'd midst the shining Stars!
Perform'd a VVork, which when he was below,
None but a Soul like his could undergo.
Britons enslav'd he did with *Freedom* bless,
And broke the Chains their shackl'd Legs did press.
Belgia he did Protect and Sav'd its Land,
And made in awe the *Gallic* Tyrant stand;
He mark'd the VVay to make all *Europe* Free,
And gave the Mortal VVound to Slavery.
Too soon, alas! Too soon this this Monarch fell!
Yet After-ages shall his Honour tell;
When *Britain* feels his Loss its Natives shall
In vain to Heav'n for such a Monarch call.
For ever be that stumbling Beast Accurst,
Got by a *Tory*, by a *Devil* Nurst;
And may for ever that unlucky Steed
Only on *Briars* and on *Thistles* Feed.

On the Duke of Ormond's *Success at* Vigo, 1702.

THro' Storms of Wind, and swelling Seas which roar,
Our mighty *Ormond* has possest our Shore.
Fame ran before him like the Morning Star,
And told his Deeds and wondrous Feats in War;

How

How he with *Engliſh* Forces has ſubdu'd
The *Gallick* Ships, and *Spaniſh* Multitude:
Thoſe on the Sea in Flames outvy'd
The Riſing Sun, and Scorch'd the flowing Tide.
Th' affrighted Fiſhes to the Ocean Swim,
And ſay, Great *Ormond*, we're afraid of him.
See on the Shore the yielding *Spaniards* fly,
And ſee on Board their Ships the *French-men* die.
In vain they Bombs and Fortreſſes prepare
'Gainſt *Engliſh* Valour, and the Fate of War.
What weak Dependance has the Watry Fry?
On what Sea-God or Power can we rely?
See *Neptune* yonder the vaſt Ocean's God,
At ſight of *Ormond* hides his Head in Mud.
The *Tritons*, flouncing thro' the Oaſe, repair
To Rocky Caverns from the Fate of War,
And all Sea-Monſters bellow from afar.
From *Vigo*'s Port to th' Ocean all make way,
For here, alas! they dare no longer ſtay:
By burning Ships the Water's made ſo hot,
Its Surface bubbles like a boiling Pot.
Half-roaſted *French-men*, ſome o'er Gratings Broil'd,
Do mix with *Spaniards* in the Sea parboil'd;
For *Anjou*'s Dinner here's a pretty Diſh;
I vow h'as made a Kettle fine of Fiſh.
Welcome Great *Ormond* to the *Engliſh* Land,
With Laurels loaden from a foreign Strand:
Welcome to *England*, as to Sailors Day,
When Storms and Darkneſs had obſcur'd their Way:
Welcome to us, as mighty *William* was,
When he reſtor'd us to our Rights and Laws.
With like Reſpect as th' Senate thought your due,
An honeſt *Engliſh* Heart returns his Thanks to you.

On the French *Proteſtants Extolling their Prince.*

HAppy the People where no Prieſt gives Rules,
Whoſe ſlaviſh Doctrines fetter Free-born Souls:

Where

Where unconſtrain'd Obedience is paid
Only to Laws that we our ſelves have made:
Such *England* is, and ſuch ſhe ſhall remain,
Beneath the Bleſſings of great *William*'s Reign,
Where Prince and People gratefully do ſtrive,
He guards our Rights, we his Prerogative.
Then Curs'd be thoſe who would our Rights betray
To the vain Luſts of Arbitrary Sway;
Who proud of *Miſery*, and fond of Chains,
Extol the Beauty of Deſpotick Reigns.
But let that Prieſt be Curs'd for Evermore
Who has ſo ſoon forgot the Chains he wore,
Condemn'd again to *Gallick* Wooden Shooes,
Who durſt his New-born Freedom thus abuſe.
Let him go home and Preach that Doctrine where
The Subjects Birth-right is Eternal Fear,
Thoſe little *French* Devices won't take here.
Muſt ſuch a Paltry Vagabond as he
Preſume to cenſure *Engliſh* Liberty?
Why prithee Fool what are our Rights to thee,
Thou that wert Born and Bred in Slavery?
In vain 'tis then that we our Gifts beſtow
On thoſe that would our Happineſs o'erthrow;
VVho nurs'd with Charity, and bleſt with Peace,
Grow wanton under unaccuſtom'd Eaſe,
Shall impudently dare to recommend
Thoſe Slaveries from which we them defend;
In vain Abroad for Freedom do we Fight,
If theſe warm'd Snakes at home abuſe our Native Right.

The

The Golden Age Reſtor'd.

A Poem in Imitation of the Fourth Paſtoral of Virgil; ſuppos'd to have been taken from a Sibylline Prophecy.

——— Paulo majora canamus.

SIcillian Muſe, begin a loftier Flight,
Not all in Trees and lowly Shrubs delight:
Or if your Rural Shades you ſtill purſue,
Make your Shades fit for able Stateſmens View.

The time is come, by Ancient Bards foretold,
Reſtoring the *Saturnian* Age of Gold:
The Vile, Degenerate, VVhiggiſh, Offspring ends,
A High-Church Progeny from Heaven deſcends.
O Learned *Oxford*, ſpare no Sacred Pains
To Nurſe the Glorious Breed, now thy own *B——ley* (Reigns.
And thou great *S——l*, Darling of this Land,
Doſt foremoſt in that fam'd Commiſſion ſtand;
VVhoſe deep Remarks the Liſtning VVorld admires,
By whoſe Auſpicious Care Old *R——gh* Expires;
Your mighty Genius no ſtrict Rules can bind,
You puniſh Men for Crimes which you want time to find.
Senates ſhall now like Holy Synods be,
And Holy Synods Senate-like agree.
M——th and *M——n* here inſtruct the Youth,
There *B—ks* and *Kim—ly* maintain the Sacred Truth.
P——is and *H——lin* here with equal Claim,
Thro' wide *Weſt-Saxon* Realms extend their Fame;
There *B——ch* and *Hooper* Right Divine convey,
Nor treat their Biſhops in a Humane Way.
Now all our Factions, all our Fears, ſhall ceaſe,
And *Tories* Rule the Promis'd Land in Peace.

Malice

Malice ſhall die, and noxious Poiſons fail,
H——*y* ſhall ceaſe trick, and *S*—— ceaſe to rail.
The Lambs ſhall with Lions walk unhurt,
And *H*———*x* with *H*——— meet civilly at Court.
Viceroys, like Providence with diſtant Care,
Shall govern Kingdoms where they ne'er appear.
Pacifick Admirals to ſave the Fleet
Shall fly from Conqueſt, and ſhall Conqueſt meet.
Commanders ſhall be prais'd at *William*'s Coſt,
And Honour be retriev'd before 'tis loſt.
Br——*ton* and *Bu*———*by* by the Court ſhall grace,
And *H*——— ſhall not diſdain to ſhare a Place.
Forgotten *Molineux* and *Maſon* now
Revive and ſhine again in F——— and *H*———.
But as they ſtronger grow, and mend their Strain,
By choice Examples of King *Charles*'s Reign;
Bold *Bel*—*ſis* and Patriot *Da*—*nant* then,
One ſhall employ the Sword, and One the Pen.
Troops ſhall be led to plunder, not to fight,
The Tool of Faction ſhall to Peace invite, (unite.
And Foes to Union be imploy'd the Kingdoms to
Yet ſtill ſome *Whigs* among the Peers are found,
Like Brambles flouriſhing in barren Ground.
Som—*rs* maliciouſly employs his Care
To make the Lords the Legiſlature ſhare.
B———*t* declares how *French* Dragooning roſe,
And Biſhops Perſecuting Bills oppoſe;
Till *Ro*——*r*'s cool Temper ſhall be fir'd, (mir'd.
And *N*——*th*'s and *Not*—*m*'s ſtrong Reaſonings be ad-
But when due time their Counſels ſhall mature,
And freſh Removes have made the Game ſecure;
When *Som*——*et* and *Dev*——*ire* give place
To *Winham*'s *B*——*d*, and *R*——*d*'s Grace,
Both Converts great; when Juſtice is refin'd,
And Corporations garbled to their Mind,
Then Paſſive Doctrines ſhall with Glory riſe,
Before them Hated Moderation flies,
And Antichriſtian Toleration dies.
Gr——*ile* ſhall ſeize the long expected Chair,
Go——*in* to ſome Country Seat repair;

P——*ke* from all Employments be debarr'd,
And *Mar*———*gh* for ancient Crimes receive his juſt (Reward.

France, that this happy Change ſo wiſely has begun,
Shall bleſs the great Deſign, and bid it ſmoothly run.
Come on, Yong *J*——'s Friends, this is the time, (come on,
Receive juſt Honours, and ſurround the Throne.
Boldly your Royal Principles maintain,
H——*s* now rules the State, and *R*——— the Main.
Gr——*es* is at Hand the Members to reward,
And Troops are to your own *Gr*———*rd*.
The Faithful Clubs aſſemble at the *Vine*,
And *French* Intriegues are broach'd o'er *Engliſh* Wine.
Freely the S——te the Deſign Proclaims,
Affronting *W*———*m*, and Applauding *J*———*es*.
Good Ancient Members, with a ſolemn Face,
Propoſe that Safety give to Order Place;
And what they dare not openly diſſuade,
Is by Expedients ineffectual made.
E'en F——*ch* and *Mu*——*ve*, whom the Court careſs,
Exalt its Praiſes, but its Power depreſs;
And that impartial Juſtice may be ſeen,
Confirm to Friends what they refus'd the Queen.
Biſhops who moſt advanc'd good *J*——'s Cauſe
In Church and State, now reap deſerv'd Applauſe,
While thoſe who rather made the Tow'r their Choice,
Are ſtil'd Unchriſtian by the Nation's Voice.
Avow'dly now St. *David*'s Cauſe they own,
And *J*——*es*'s Votes for Simony atone.
Archbiſhop *K*—*n* ſhall from *Longleat* be drawn,
While firm *Non-jurors* from behind ſtand crowding (for the Lawn.
And thou, Great *W*——*th*, to reward thy Charge,
Shalt ſail to *Lambeth* in his Grace's Barge.

See by baſe Rebels *J*———*es* the Juſt betray'd,
See his Three Realms by vile U——rs ſway'd;
Then ſee with Joy his Lawful H——— reſtor'd,
And erring Nations own their Injur'd L———.

O would kind Heaven ſo long my Life maintain,
Inſpiring Raptures worthy ſuch a Reign!
Not *Thracian* St. *J*——*ns* ſhould with me contend,
Nor my ſweet Lays harmonious *Ha*——*nd* mend:
Not tho' Young *Davenant* St. *J*——*ns* ſhould protect,
Or the ſhrewd Doctor *H*——*nd*'s Lines correct.
Nay, ſhould *Tr*—*am* in St. *Maws* compare his Songs to mine, (reſign.
Tr—*am*, tho' St. *Maws* were Judge, his Lawrel ſhould
Prepare, *Auſpicious Youth*, thy Friends to meet,
Sir *G*—— already has prepar'd the Fleet.
Should Rival *Neptune* (who with envious Mind
In Times of Danger ſtill this Chief confin'd)
Now ſend the Gout the Hero to diſgrace,
Honeſt *G*— *Ch*— may ſupply his Place.

The Fourth Paſtoral of Virgil, *Engliſhed by Mr.* Dryden.

Sicilian Muſe, begin a loftier Strain,
Tho' lowly Shrubs and Trees that ſhade the Plain
Delight not all; *Sicilian* Muſe, prepare
To make the Vocal Woods deſerve a Conſul's Care.
The laſt great Age, foretold by Sacred Rhimes,
Renews its finiſh'd Courſe, *Saturnian* Times
Roul round again, and mighty Years begun
From their firſt Orb in Radiant Circles run.
The baſe degenerate Iron Off-ſpring ends,
A Golden Progeny from Heaven deſcends.
O, Chaſte *Lucina*, ſpeed the Mother's Pains,
And haſte the Glorious Birth, thy own *Apollo* reigns.
The Lovely Boy, with his Auſpicious Face,
Shall *Pollio*'s Conſulſhip and Triumph grace, (Race.
Majeſtick Months ſet out with him to their appointed
The Father baniſh'd Virtue ſhall reſtore,
And Crimes ſhall threat the guilty World no more:
The Son ſhall lead the Life of Gods, and be
By Gods and Heroes ſeen, and Gods and Heroes ſee.

The jarring Nations he in Peace ſhall bind,
And with Paternal Virtues rule Mankind.
Unbidden Earth ſhall wreathing Ivy bring,
And Fragrant Herbs (the Promiſes of Spring)
As her firſt Off'rings to her Infant King.
The Goats with ſtrutting Dugs ſhall homeward ſpeed,
And lowing Herds ſecure from Lions feed.
His Cradle ſhall with riſing Flowers be Crown'd,
The Serpent's Brood ſhall die, the Sacred Ground
Shall Weeds and Poiſonous Plants refuſe to bear,
Each Common Buſh ſhall *Syrian* Roſes wear.
But when Heroick Verſe his Youth ſhall raiſe,
And form it to Hereditary Praiſe,
Unlabour'd Harveſts ſhall the Fields adorn,
And cluſter'd Grapes ſhall bluſh on every Thorn;
The knotted Oaks ſhall Showers of Honey weep,
And thro' the matted Graſs the liquid Gold ſhall creep.
Yet of Old Fraud ſome Footſteps ſhall remain,
The Merchant ſtill ſhall plough the Deep for Gain.
Great Cities ſhall with Walls be compaſs'd round,
And ſharpned Shares ſhall vex the fruitful Ground.
Another *Eyphis* ſhall new Seas explore,
Another *Argos* land the Chiefs upon th' *Iberian* Shore;
Another *Helen* other Wars create,
And Great *Achilles* urge the *Trojan* Fate.
But when to ripen'd Manhood he ſhall grow,
The greedy Sailor ſhall the Seas forego;
No Keel ſhall cut the Waves for Foreign Ware,
For every Soil ſhall every Product bear.
The labouring Hind his Oxen ſhall diſjoin,
No Plough ſhall hurt the Glebe, no Pruning-hook the Vine;
Nor Wooll ſhall in diſſembled Colours ſhine.
But the Luxurious Father of the Fold,
With Native Purple, or unborrow'd Gold,
Beneath his Pompous Fleece ſhall proudly ſweat,
And under *Tyrian* Robes the Lamb ſhall bleat;
The Fates, when they this happy Web have ſpun,
Shall bleſs the Sacred Clue, and bid it ſmoothly run:
Mature in Years, to ready Honours move,
O of Celeſtial Seed! O Foſter Son of *Jove!*

See labouring Nature calls thee to ſuſtain
The Nodding Frame of Heaven, and Earth, and Main.
See to their baſe reſtor'd Earth, Seas, and Air,
And joyful Ages from behind in crowding Ranks (appear.
To ſing thy Praiſe would Heaven my Breath prolong,
Infuſing Spirits worthy ſuch a Song,
Not *Thracian Orpheus* ſhould tranſcend my Lays,
Nor *Linus* crown'd with never-fading Bays;
Tho' each his Heavenly Parent ſhould inſpire,
The Muſe inſtruct the Voice, and *Phœbus* tune the (Lyre.
Should *Pan* contend in Verſe, and thou my Theme,
Arcadian Judges ſhould their God condemn.
Begin, Auſpicious Boy, to caſt about (out:
Thy Infant Eyes, and with a Smile thy Mother ſingle
Thy Mother well deſerves that ſhort Delight,
The nauſeous Qualms of Ten long Months and Travail (to requite.
Then ſmile, the frowning Infant's Doom is read,
No God ſhall crown the Board, nor Goddeſs bleſs (the Bed.

Advice to a Painter, 1697.

WHat Hand, what Skill, can frame the Artful Piece,
To Paint our Ruins in a proper Dreſs?
Inſpire us, *Denham*'s Genius, whilſt we write,
Urg'd by true Zeal to do our Country right;
As when the daring Artiſts taught by you
With Maſter-ſtrokes the firſt Bold Landskip drew.
Here, Painter, here employ thy utmoſt Skill;
With War and Slav'ry the large Canvas fill:
And that the Lines be eaſier underſtood,
Paint not with fading Colours, Paint with Blood;
Blood of our Braveſt Youth in Battel ſlain,
At *Steenkirk* ſpilt, or *Landen*'s Fatal Plain;

Or that which flow'd, and does juſt Heaven invoke,
When F———*k* yielded to the Fatal Stroke.
Firſt draw the (*R*) Hero ſeated on the Throne,
Spite of all Law, himſelf obſerving none;
Let *Engliſh* Rights all gaſping round him lye,
And Native Freedom thrown neglected by:
On either Hand the Prieſt and Lawyer ſet,
Two fit Supporters of the Monarch's Seat.
There in a greaſie Rotchet cloath'd deſcribe
The bulky Oracle of the Preaching Tribe;
That ſolid neceſſary Tool of State,
Profoundly dull, Divinely obſtinate.
Here with polluted Robes juſt reeking draw
The adulterous Moderator of the Law,
Whoſe wrinkled Cheeks and fallow Looks proclaim
The ill Effect of his diſtemper'd Flame.
Next cringing *B—n——g* place, whoſe Earth-born (Race
The Coronet and Garter does diſgrace;
Of undeſcended Parentage made great
By Chance, his Virtues not diſcover'd yet:
Patron of the Nobleſt Order, O be juſt
To thy Heroick Founder's Injur'd Duſt!
From his ignoble Neck thy Collar tear,
Let not his Breaſt thy Rays of Honour wear;
To black Deſigns and Luſts let him remain
A ſervile Favourite, and Grants obtain,
While Ancient Honours, Sacred to the Crown,
Are laviſh'd to ſupport the Minion.
Pale Envy rages in his canker'd Breaſt,
And to the *Britiſh* Man a Foe profeſt.
Artiſt retire, 'twere Inſolence too great
T'expoſe the Secrets of the Cabinet;
Or tell how they their looſer Minutes ſpend,
That guilty Scene would all Chaſte Eyes offend.
For ſhould you pry into the cloſe Alcove,
And draw the Exerciſe of Royal Love,
K-pp-ll and he are *Ganimede* and *Jove*.
Avert the Omen, Heavens, O may I ne'er
Purchaſe a Title at a Rate ſo dear:

In ſome mean Cottage let me die unknown,
Rather than thus be Darling of a Throne.
Now, Painter, now thy Art is at a ſtand,
For who can draw that *Proteus S—d——d?*
The deep Reſerves of whoſe Apoſtate Mind
No Skill can reach, no Principles can bind;
Whoſe working Brain does more Diſguiſes bear
Than ever yet in viſion did appear.
A ſupple, whiſp'ring, Miniſter, ne'er juſt,
Confided ſtill, ſtill failing in his Truſt,
And only conſtant to unnat'ral Luſt.
For Witchery and Proſtituted Faith made great,
Yet this is he that muſt ſupport the Weight,
And prop the Ruins of a falling State.
Artiſt proceed, next the brib'd Senate draw
That Arbitrary Body above Law;
Place Noiſe, and Faction, and Diſorder, there,
And formal *Paul* ſet mumping in the Chair;
Once the chief Bulwark of the Church and State,
Their Darling once, but now their Fear and Hate:
So Rich a Cordial when its Virtues ſpent,
Contributes to the Death it ſhould prevent.
Of publick Treaſure laviſhly profuſe
Large Sums diverted to their private Uſe;
By Places and by Bounties largely paid,
For Rights given up, and Liberties betray'd.
Expoſe the Mercenary Herd to View,
And in the Front Imperious *M———gue*,
With venal Wit and proſtituted Senſe,
With matchleſs Pride and matchleſs Impudence;
To whoſe ſucceſsful Villany we owe
All his own Ills, and all that others do.
Slaviſh Exciſes are his Darling Sin,
And Chequer-Bills the Project of his Brain;
No publick Project, but conducing moſt
To raiſe his Fortune at the Publick Coſt.
Order and Precedents are Terms of Courſe
Too weak to interrupt his rapid Force;

Till Wiſer Commons ſhall in time to come
Their Ancient Engliſh *Principles reſume,*
And give their baſe Corrupter his juſt Doom.
Thus have I ſeen a Whelp of Lion's Brood
Couch, fawn, and lick his Keeper's Hand for Food,
Till in ſome Fatal Hour the Generous Beaſt
By an inſulting Laſh, or ſome groſs Fraud, oppreſs'd,
His juſt Reſentment terribly declares,
Diſdains the Marks of Slavery he wears,
And his weak Feeder into Pieces tears.
Here, Painter, draw our Politician *B——le*,
That fawning Arſe-worm with his cringing Smile;
Relations, Country, Court, do all deſpiſe him,
He's grown ſo low e'en B--g--ry cannot riſe him.
Let *Gaffney*'s noble Hangman next advance,
And tell his Fears of Popery and *France*,
And for the bluſt'ring Pedant leave a Space,
Who wears *Corinthian* Metal in his Face.
See were the Florid Warlike *C——tts* appears
As Brave and Senſleſs as the Sword he wears.
Here *Sloan* baits *S——ur*, *L——ton Jack H——*,
And all the while Old *Bowman* cries Bow Wow.
To *P——ms* and *Sc——land*, and the *Yorkſhire* Crew
By *Sm--th* directed, the next Station's due.
Sm--th whilſt he ſeems good-natur'd, frank, and kind,
Brays th' inveterate Temper of his Mind.
To the Chit *Sp——r* Painter next be juſt,
That weak, ſoure, Off ſpring of a forced Luſt,
Which his unnatural Father grudg'd to ſpare
From his *Italian* Joy, and ſpoil his Heir.
From hence that awkward Politician came
To Common-wealth, which he admires, a Shame,
A Slave to Kings, tho' he abhorrs the Name.
He votes for Armies, talks for Liberty,
In th'Houſe for Millions, out for Property.
Thus Father-like with Flattery Betrays
That Government which he propos'd to raiſe.
Near him Lord *William* bawls, whoſe well-ſtock'd Brain
Outweighs Chit's Index-Learning half a Grain.

With

With theſe as Fellow Emp'ricks in deſign,
Let *W--ton*, *Rich*, *Y--ng*, *Cl--k*, and *Hubbard*, join;
And let not *H--les* paſs unregarded by.
'Twere endleſs to recount the meaner Fry
Of yelping Yeas and Noes, who bawl by rote,
To multiply the Units of a Vote:
Oppreſt with Clamour Truth and Juſtice flies,
And thus purſu'd down-hunted Reaſon lyes.
Some few untainted Patriots yet remain,
Who native Zeal and Probity retain;
Theſe ſullen draw, diſgrac'd and diſcontent,
Mourning the Ruin which they can't prevent.
But Painter hold —— Reſerve the vacant Room
For Knaves in Embrio, and Rogues to come;
Who undiſcover'd yet with Eaſe betray,
And ſell their Country in a cloſer way.

The Golden Age Revers'd.

Sicilian Goddeſs, whoſe Prophetick Tongue
Reveals Fate's dark Decrees in Sacred Song,
The preſent vile degenerate Age diſdain,
And ſound the Glories of a future Reign,
When Whigs again ſhall Rouze the drooping Land,
Unnerv'd and Weaken'd by a Female Hand.
St——d for his great Wealth and Wiſdom known,
Has in the Faction's Name ador'd the Riſing Sun,
Secur'd the Point, and made the Game their own.
Then *So———t*, in whoſe capacious Mind
Learning and ſolid Senſe with Wit are join'd,
Judiciouſly in Council ſhall preſide,
And every deep Deſign and ev'ry Project guide.
Then *H———x*, by Nature form'd to pleaſe,
Humble in Greatneſs, eaſie of Acceſs,
With unaffected Air the Court ſhall grace,
And ſafe from angry Votes enjoy his Place.

Tonſon

Tonſon and he in frequent cloſe Debate
Shall pond'ring weigh the Buſineſs of the *State*;
Then *D*———*re*, whoſe elevated Chin
Proclaims the happy Vacancy within,
Shall ſhuffle with his Creditors no more,
But pay his Debts, forſake his Dice and Whore.
Wh———*n*, for Valour and for Truth renown'd,
Whoſe very Action is with Juſtice Crown'd,
Whoſe innocent and undeſigning Life
Was always free from Faction, free from Strife,
Shall be inveſted with his Old Command,
And wreſt the Staff from haughty *Seymour*'s Hand.
S———*rs*, tho' weak in Body, ſtrong in Mind,
No Pox can taint a Subſtance ſo Refin'd!
With juſt Applauſes ſhall reſume the Mace;
For now neglecting Health, and private Eaſe,
He heals Diviſions, and promotes the publick Peace.
Or——*d* ſhall Lord it o'er the Subject Main,
Eager of Battle, Negligent of Gain.
M——*n* ſhall put on a Politician's Face,
For Senſe with Riches always does encreaſe;
By railing now he'll then deſerve a Place.
What if ſometimes when Strumpet lewd appears,
The Rake confeſſing he the Sage caſhires?
So Puſs transform'd the Mouſe could not refrain,
But reaſſum'd her Shape, and mew'd again,
For Nature will in ſpite of Art remain.
Ha———*ngs*, tho' now he ſtruts with Comick Mien,
And Sneers and Jokes with Countenance ſerene,
Shall gravely quit his Jeſts, and Liſping praiſe
The glorious Proſpect of theſe happy Days.
Young *S*——*nd*, of Honeſt Parents Born,
Mature in Council, ſhall the Board adorn,
Shall emulate his Father's ſpotleſs Fame,
And with a Faith like his ſecure a laſting Name.
B———*t*, the Glory of the Lawn he wears,
Firm to the Churches Intereſt appears,
Aſſerts and Vindicates her injur'd Cauſe,
Whene'er invaded by Conforming Foes:

This Holy Man ſhall *T——n* ſucceed,
Tall *T———n*, the Churches awful Head,
Whoſe venerable Fabrick fills the Eye
With ſolemn Apoſtolick Majeſty.
Lambeth rejoice, when one great Prelate dies,
Another, great as he, ſhall ſoon ariſe,
Of equal Gravity, of equal Size.
Then *H——ton*, the Commons mighty Chief,
Who with undaunted Zeal oppos'd the Word *Retrieve*,
Shall baffle *Harcourt*'s Reaſoning, *Harley*'s Reach,
Muſgrave's Experience, *Seymour*'s Lofty Speech.
Jekyl, who was by his own Merits rais'd,
Shall juſtly be by all Admir'd and Prais'd.
Jeſſop and he with *Finch*'s Tongue ſhall vie,
And ev'ry Period ev'ry Trope ſupply;
Bromley's clear Notions, *Granvile*'s Vehemence,
Shall yield to *Jervois* Wit and *Pawlet*'s Senſe.
Then *B——le*, like *Sampſon*, for his Hair renown'd,
One was with *Strength* and one with *Beauty* crown'd,
Shall make no ſcruple to wheel round again,
For he, ſweet Soul! complies with ev'ry Reign.
Now *Li——ton* diſdains to buy a Place,
But then the long forbidden Chair ſhall Grace;
All his Debates ſhall be from Trifles free,
Nor Tale be heard, nor idle Repartee.
K——g in a mixt Capacity ſhall Shine,
The Lawyers here, and there the Tub Divine.
C——per ſhall leave his VVhoring, and grow Chaſte;
For ſuch exceſſive Lewdneſs ne'er can laſt.
Str——nd ſhall wiſely Talk, and ceaſe to Rant,
And *F——g* forget his formal tedious Cant.
Str——ger no longer ſhall a Bully ſeem;
The Tories Terror, and the Whigs Eſteem.
St——pe, that Offspring of unlawful Luſt,
Begot with more than Matrimonial Guſt,
Who thinks no Pleaſure like *Italian* Joy,
And to a *Venus* Arms prefers a Pathick Boy,
Shall Thunder in a *Senate* and the *Field*,
And reap what Fame, or Arms, or Arts, can yield.
Go———n, who this mighty Change foreſees,
Advances to their Cauſe by juſt Degrees; And

And happy they who can ſecure his Heart,
Unvarniſh'd with the falſe diſguiſe of Art,
His Thoughts are free, ſincere and unconfin'd,
His Words the Dictates of an open Mind.
But *S——h* ſure, who now ſurrounds the Throne
With her Innumerable Pigmy-ſpawn,
Can never hope a more Auſpicious Reign,
A Kinder Miſtreſs, or a Greater Queen.
L——ds, *Mey——th*, *Ab——don* and *No——by*,
R——ke, *No——m* and *Ro——er* ſhall fly
To ſome Receſs, and there obſcurely die.
For their unequal Senſe can ne'er ſupport,
The vaſt Ambitious Aims of ſuch a Court.
Ma——ter, *B——ton*, *Ha——am*, *C——ſle*,
The Pride and Glory of our *Britiſh* Iſle,
Shall undertake and execute the Noble Toil.
O that my languid Numbers I could raiſe
High as their Merits, Sounding as their Praiſe;
Not *Man——ring*, tho' all his Club ſhould join,
And *So——ſet* himſelf correct each Line,
Could e'er produce Diviner Lays than mine.
Nay, tow'ring *Ha——x*, that Giant Wit,
Tho' he tranſcrib'd and own'd what *Prior* Writ,
Could not pretend to reach the matchleſs Strain,
The Poet's Envy, and the Critick's Pain.

The Golden Age, from the Fourth Eclog *of* Virgil, *&c.*

Sicilian Muſe, thy Voice and Subject raiſe,
All are not pleas'd with Shrubs and *Sylvan* Lays;
Or if we Shrubs and *Sylvan* Lays prepare,
Let 'em be ſuch as ſuit a Conſul's Year.

Now *Merlin*'s Prophecies are made compleat,
And *Lilly*'s beſt Events with Credit meet;

Now

Now Baniſh'd Juſtice takes it rightful place,
And *Saturn*'s Days return with *St*———*art*'s Race.
With its own Luſtre now the Church appears,
As one Year makes amends for Fourteen Years,
And Joys ſucceed our Sighs, and Hopes ſucceed our Fears.

O Goddeſs, *Genius* of this Favourite Iſle,
On thy own Work, this Revolution, ſmile;
Salute the Pleaſures that come rouling on,
And greet the Wonders Heav'n and thou haſt done;
Worthy the Glorious Change inſpire our Strains,
Now thy own *Anna* Rules, in her own Kingdom Reigns.

And thou, O *Daſhwood*, by peculiar Care,
Reſerv'd till now to fill *Auguſta*'s Chair,
Behold the Mighty Months Progreſſive ſhine!
See 'em begin their Golden Race in thine!
Under thy Conſulſhip, Lo! Vice gives way,
And *Whigs* for ever ceaſe to come again in Play.
The Life of Gods the Monarchs ſhall partake,
Belov'd by Gods and Men for Virtues ſake;
As She from Heroes ſprung, brave Acts preferrs,
And Heroes copy out their Fame from Hers;
As Kingdoms Rights She with her own maintains,
And where her injur'd F———r Govern'd, reigns.
Hail Sacred Queen! Thy very Enemies own
Thy Lawful Claim, and recognize thy Throne;
Diſſembling Stateſmen ſhall before thee ſtand,
And *H*——— be firſt that kiſs thy Hand;
S——— ſhall change his Temper with his Fate,
And promiſe Duty where he vow'd his Hate,
Seeming for paſt Offences to atone,
By complement Claims he would poſtpone;
Had one but liv'd that rais'd him, to his Shame,
To let him Pack the Cards, and win the Game.
W——— ſhall to St. *James*'s Houſe reſort,
And leave his Maſter's Corps to make his Court;
S——— ſhall quit the Practice of his Place,
Leave cutting Timber down in *E*———*d* Ch----ſe,
To ſeek for Favour, and prevail for Grace.

Old

Old *R*——— ſhall thy Acceſſion ſing,
Hoping to ſerve Thee as he ſerv'd the King;
To keep his Gridiron while he keeps his Life,
And build freſh Manſion-Houſes for his Wife.
Lions with Lambs united ſhall agree,
And Lambs like Lions, Lions Lambs ſhall be,
And *S*—— with *S*—— hail and bow the Knee.
K——— ſhall drop his Convocation Spleen,
And *Att*———*y* quarrels with the Dean,
To join in our Allegiance with the Dean.
The Church-men and Diſſenters ſhall Combine
To pay the Tribute due to *Stuart*'s Line,
As Presbyters with B——ps ſhall comply,
And B——ps ſhall fling out what Presbyters deny;
Like *L*——'s Watermen, whoſe Tempers ſhew,
That look one way while they another Row.
Yet ſhall ſome Footſteps of Old Fraud remain,
And Ills be Practis'd in thy Golden Reign,
M——*en* at Sea ſhall in his Duty fail,
And *Wade* and Daſtard *Kirkby* turn their Tail,
H——— at Land his Country ſhall abuſe,
And *B*——— by Plund'ring Conqueſt loſe;
While *Britiſh* Troops with *Or*——*nd* at their Head,
Shall meet with Conqueſt who from Conqueſt fled;
And *M*———*gh*, of *William*'s Poſt poſſeſs'd,
Reducing *Liege*, ſhall *France* it ſelf inveſt.
S———'s huge P———te ſhall before thee preach,
And his Dead Lord to flatter thee, Impeach;
Old Dreaming *W*———*r*, once the Church's Pride,
Shall quit her Intereſt for another ſide,
Brow-beat his Clergy, and a Chief defame,
Spotleſs as is the Blood from whence he came;
And tho' a Priſoner made in dubious Times,
Shall now deſerve the *T*——*r* for real Crimes.
'Midſt *Lords* and *Commons* ſhall Diſputes ariſe,
And one diſſuade what t'other ſhall adviſe.
Proud *Adriatick O*——— ſhall be known
To ſink the Nation's Money for his own,
And fix the Courtier's *Theſts* upon the *Throne*.

Funds

Funds ſhall, as if no Funds there were, appear,
Millions be giv'n the Kingdoms Debts to clear,
Yet ſhall we owe the Millions that we gave,
And pay for what we had not Wit to ſave;
Unleſs ſome Moths that fret the Threadbare State,
Prevent our Ruin by their timely Fate;
Unleſs a *P*——— more often *A*———*ts* keeps,
And gives the Queen the Crop which now he reaps.
But when confirm'd in Arts of Empire grown,
Thou ſeeſt thy Reign mature, and fix'd thy *Throne*,
Both Land and Sea thy Sovereign Power ſhall own;
Fearleſs of Loſs, and confident of Gain,
The Merchant ſhall in Safety plough the Main,
The lab'ring Hind ſhall cleave the Country Soil,
And Plenty riſe and court the Farmer's Toil.
As every Subject ſees his Wrongs redreſs'd,
Views Faction quell'd, and Anarchy ſuppreſs'd,
And Prince and People mutually bleſs'd.

Such be thy Reign, the Fatal Siſters cry,
And ſuch Britannia's *Future Deſtiny.*

Ariſe, Auſpicious Queen! the *Times* are come
When *France* ſhall from thy Mouth expect her Doom;
When Providence ſhall labour in thy Cauſe,
And trembling *Spain* acknowledge *Engliſh Laws:*
Ariſe thou bright Inſpirer of my Song,
And vindicate the Blood from whence thou'rt ſprung.
See the conſenting World adore thy Fame!
Heav'n, Earth, and Sea, confeſs the Juſtice of thy Claim;
See us for *Thee* our Vows and Prayers employ,
And coming Ages Smile in hopes of coming Joy.
Oh! That this Life of mine ſo long would laſt,
As I might Sing thy Future Deeds and paſt,
As on thy riſing Glories I might dwell,
And I in Verſe, as thou in Fame, excel!
Not thy own *Tate*, tho' with thy Laurels crown'd,
Should touch a ſweeter Pipe, or give a ſweeter Sound.
Not Favourite *R*—— tho' *I*——*y* took his Part,
Should boaſt more Judgment, or reveal more Art;

Not

Not *C*——*ve* ſtock'd with all his Patron's Praiſe,
Produce a Zeal like mine, or equal Lays;
Tho' *C*—— *H*—— his Friend ſhould be,
C——*ve*, if *H*—— were Judge, ſhould yield to me.
Begin, great Queen, the *Stuart*'s Steps to tread,
And let thy Living Worth exceed the Dead;
Happieſt of Princes in this Climate Born,
Entirely *Engliſh* above thy Enemies Scorn.
Thou ne'er wert dandled on an *A*——'s Knee,
Nor *H*——*r* ſtood Godfather for thee,
But ſprung directly from the *Britiſh* Strain,
Where thou firſt drew'ſt thy Breath, doſt there commence thy Reign.

Quintus Arbelius *to* Charles *Lord* H------.

TAke Courage, Noble *Charles*, and ceaſe to muſe,
I came from t'other World to bring thee News:
I'm *Quint. Arbelius* in black *Scylla*'s time,
Proſcribed then, and for no other Crime,
Than that my Lands in Fair *Albania*'s Field
Were pleaſant there, and did much Profit yield.
Take Courage, Man, for that thou haſt a Charm,
Thy pleaſant Lands can never do thee Harm:
And yet thy Faults are worſe, far worſe than Mine;
My Lands my Faults were, and thy Place is thine.
Thy Faults are worſe, for I, poor ſilly Fool,
Had no Ambition, nor a Soul to Rule:
But thou, Great *Charles*, the Glory of that Court,
Thy Maſter's Crown and Honour didſt ſupport;
Thou kept'ſt thoſe Vipers from that Sacred Head;
But the great Patron of Mankind is Dead,
And now they ſpit their Venom, ſet their Sting,
On thee, and all that lov'd that Glorious King.
But 'tis a Crime enough in any Caſe
To keep, when Men in Power want, a Place.

Take

Take Courage, *Charles*, for I this Comfort bring,
The Heav'ns that did Protect and Love that King,
After ſome Trial thou ſhalt ſurely find
To all his Friends Propitious and Kind.
More wou'd I tell thee, but th' approach of Day
Forces us Shadows to make haſte away.

EUCHARISTICON:

Or an Heroick Poem upon the late Thankſgiving-day, *which was the* Vigil *or* Faſt *of St.* Simon *and St.* Jude.

'TWas on the Evening of that Day,
That very Memorable Day,
The Twenty Seventh of *October*,
When none but *Jacobites* were Sober,
That we beheld the Bleſſed Sight
Of Glorious Euchariſtick Light.
But that the Morn we may not wrong,
Which uſher'd in the Evening Song,
Nor th' Infant Day which grew ſo great,
After it was Regenerate
And Re-baptiz'd by Proclamation,
And call'd *Thankſgiving-day* o'th' Nation,
We ſhall relate all that was done
In open Face of Moon and Sun.
But, Firſt, 'tis fit that we Rehearſe
In Bold, but Grave, Heroick Verſe,
Why a *Thankſgiving-day* was Choſe,
What were the Reaſons, what the Cauſe;
And why it was Reſolv'd at laſt
They'd not Proclaim this Day a *Faſt*.
Firſt, To the Firſt we ſhould begin,
And the *Supports* bring after in:
But ſince *Supporting*'s out of Faſhion
By the Wiſe, Warlike, *Belgick*, Nation,

The Rear ſhall take the Advance Poſt,
And ſhew you how the *Faſt* was loſt.

In Council Grave our Senators were met
About the Important Buſineſs of the State;
Bus'neſs ſo weighty, that all *Europe* ſtood,
Hoping from hence the Stream of all their Good;
Great Things were mov'd, and Mighty Kingdoms (ſlew,
Like Sporting Bubbles round the God-like Crew:
They puff'd thoſe Cares away; but fell, at laſt,
Upon the Bus'neſs of the *Monthly Faſt:*
The Great Debate was this, Whether 'twas fit
they ſhould for longer Time continue it?
Or elſe Adjourn, or elſe Prorogue, the Day,
Or throw their *Pray'rs* and *Faſtings* quite away?
To this hard knotty Queſtion it was ſaid,
By a moſt Grave and Venerable Head,
That the *Deſcent* was balk'd, and *Namur* won,
And the Campaign in all appearance done;
That Heaven could not be now beſieg'd in Form,
And 'twas too late o'th' Year to tak't by Storm;
It would be Fruitleſs too, and ſerve their Turns
No more than *Dixmuid* does, or little *Furnes:*
But (in his Jugment) if they'd caſt their Pray'r
To Winter-Quarters till the Spring o'th' Year,
They might have need with all their Strength to pray,
And then proclaim a *Weekly Faſting Day.*
There was no anſwering to ſo plain a Caſe,
But (with low Bows) the Motion all embrace;
Straight they gave Orders that a Proclamation
Should ſtrictly Charge this *Praying, Faſting,* Nation
That it no more ſhould trouble Heaven's Quiet,
With Pray'rs, or Guts croaking for want of Diet.
So much Devotion in this Age we find,
That were it not by Publick Laws confin'd,
Our Publick Pray'rs *and* Faſts *would ſtrike us blind.*
But ſee how vain all Mortal Councils are,
We dream of Peace, but feel th' Effects of War;

For

For ſcarce were theſe Great Orders fully given,
Scarce the *black Sheet* dy'd with the *Stygian Leaven*,
When *Charleroy* cry'd out, O help, ſhe cry'd!
The *French* are *plying* hard my *leaky* ſide;
Is this a time to give your Praying o'er,
When we are weltering in Confed'rate Gore?
When whizzing Bullets, and the roaring Bomb,
Gaul us from *Stem* to *Stern*, can you be dumb?
What have your Arms, what hath your Money, done?
Your *Pray'rs* are all that we depend upon.
(Tale,
She ſpake; and the Amazed Council heard her
They hung their Heads, and look'd with Envy
(pale:
Ah curſed *French*, they cry'd, cannot one Town
Eſcape your laſting Fury? What Renown
Can you obtain, what Honour get you by't?
'Tis well our Mighty Monarch's out of ſight;
Had he been nigh! But 'tis no time to talk,
Poſt to the Printer, tell him we revoke
Our late delib'rate Orders, we will *Faſt*
While *Gallick* Bullets fly, and pray as *Faſt*.
But 'twas too late, for haſty Time had ſet
His *Iron Teeth* upon the *fatal Sheet*.
But Fame (as Goddeſſes have done before)
Came in the Nick, and brought a Story o'er,
That our moſt Vigilant King was gone to fight,
And vow'd 'tſhould not be loſt out of his ſight:
The News reſtor'd us, and with ſwifter ſpeed
Freſh Poſt were ſent to tell there was no need
To ſtop the Preſs. *But, O ye Gods! How ſhort*
Are Mortal Joys, how are we made your Sport!
Like Tennis-Balls you toſs us to and fro,
Or Shittlecocks, driven from Foe to Foe.
Scarce was this Poſt diſpatch'd, when an Alarm
Put all the Council in a new *Vacarme*;
For it was ſaid our Conqu'ror was retir'd,
And the unlucky Town again was fir'd.
Faſt, Faſt, the Council cry'd, let's *Pray* amain,
Fly to the Preſs and bid it ſtop again.

So on the top of Horeb Moſes *ſtood,*
Out of whoſe flinty ſide he laſh'd a Flood;
Aaron *and* Hur *with him beheld the ſight,*
Between brave Joſhua *and th'* Amalekite:
When he held up his Finger they prevail,
But when he let it down the Jews *turn tail.*
During this time Poſts hurry'd through the Town,
And in their Courſe fell'd one another down;
Flux, and reflux, of differing Councils daſh'd,
And, in rebounding Air, their Orders claſh'd.
So roſe the Atoms from their Bed of Night,
And in Confuſion choak'd the New-born Light.
What Heart could hold to ſee the ſad Diſtractions
Which had well-nigh o'er-whelm'd Three Potent (Nations?
The *French* themſelves took pity of our Fear,
And vow'd they'd ſpare the Town till the next (Year.
But now Proclaim a Calm; for once more Fame
Poſt on a Gale of Bluſt'ring Weather came,
And 'midſt this *Hurly-burly* loudly ſings
A Reſt to us, and to the beſt of Kings.
In ſhort, the King (with all his Victories)
Had ſafely paſt the dangerous *Northern* Seas.
What wou'd y' have more? We've got our King at (laſt,
And all muſt grant 'tis now no time to Faſt.

Sing then my Muſe an *Halleluja* Song,
Raiſe up thy Lute, which was to *Faſting* ſtrung:
Thankſgiving is thy Theme, and lofty *Ode*,
And *Euchariſticon* thy *Charming Mode.*
Great in the Field, and Subtil in Debate,
The King Conven'd his Miniſters of State;
Flanders was not nam'd there, nor the Deſcent,
Whether it was, or was not, truly meant:
Nor did they ſpeak of the great Siege of *Dunkirk*,
Nor of their Victory obtain'd at *Steinkirk.*
But not to ſpend our Oil and Time in dwelling
On Negatives, as I was now a telling,

We

We do affirm, in ſhort, that the ſole Cauſe
Of this Auguſt and Grave Aſſembly was
How to reſolve on this *Thankſgiving-day*;
For ſome ſtill Thought we had more cauſe to Pray.
Theſe urg'd beſides, the Saints might think it rude
To make a Feaſt upon the Faſt of *Jude*.
But the Arch-*Haman*, whoſe Advice they took
In all ſuch Matters, firſt his Noddle ſhook,
Then cry'd,——— Great Sir, Saints neither eat nor (drink,
Nor do they care or know what Mortals think;
To faſt before, or elſe behind, a Saint,
Or not at all, we for Convenience grant:
But at the worſt, when Three Faſts come together,
We may *Poſtpone*, or elſe *Commute*, at pleaſure.
Our Gracious Queen (God Bleſs Her) when She (ſpy'd
How well this Man of God could thus divide,
Diſtinguiſh, prove, lay open, and decide.
Well ſpoke, ſhe ſaid, my Vote concurrs with yours;
Let Sick Men Faſt for Four and Twenty Hours
Becauſe they cannot eat, what's that to thoſe
Whoſe Health and Strength require a treble Doſe?
Beſides, the King's return'd, let that ſuffice
For you, and *Us*, to dry *Our* Royal Eyes;
His mighty Self, all o'er with Trophies Grac't,
As ſometime Men wore Ribbands round the Waſte;
Or like an *ORANGE* ſtuck with Cloves ſo thick,
between the Spice a Pin can hardly ſtick:
'Tis He's return'd again, and with him brought
Bleſſings in ſtore, for which he ſtoutly fought.
But that's your Care, I have another Cauſe,
And am oblig'd to Feaſt by Nature's Laws:
Born for Delight, to eat, drink, ſleep, and play,
I cannot force my ſelf to Faſt or Pray,
I wiſh that every one were a *Thankſgiving day*.

All bow'd around, and with ſubmiſſive Voice
Agreed we had great Reaſon to Rejoice:

But a Debate aroſe where they ſhould fix
The *main great* Cauſe; for to be too prolix
In Proclamations 'twould anticipate (wait,
Thoſe Rhimes and Pamphlets which on Conqueſt
Some then propos'd to put the Streſs o'th' Matter
On his Return: But thoſe who could not flatter
Own'd 'twas a *Cauſe*; but all they ſtood upon
Was, that 'was *not* a Cauſe *ſine qua non:*
For had he ne'er return'd no Man will ſay
There was *no* Cauſe for a *Thanſgiving-day.*
Kings may be *loſt*, but Kings can never *die*,
For ſtill Succeſſive *Kings* their Place ſupply:
But if a Battel's loſt, or Town be ta'en,
The Devil's in't, how ſhall we take't again?
High Words had like t'aroſe; but the Wiſe King,
Who was beſt able to decide the thing,
Thus ſpake— My Lords, ſaid he, I would believe
(Howe'er you differ now) you all receive
My Perſon as a Bleſſing to the Nation;
'Twas I brought Riches in with *Reformation*;
'Twas I reſtor'd you to your *Liberties*;
'Twas I ſecur'd your *Lives* and *Properties*;
'Twas I kept out the *Foreigners* you fear'd,
Since that you little *French* or *Iriſh* heard:
'Twas I made *Ireland* happy, entered *France*,
Where *Schonberg*, by my Order, did advance
The *Proteſtant Religion*, vow'd in Print,
That ne'er a *Monk* or *Papiſt* ſhould live in't.
'Twas I turn'd *Popery* out from hence, and ſent
The *Engliſh-Scottiſh* Kirk to Baniſhment.
'Twas I turn'd *S*——— out, and put one in
Who will Diſpence as faſt as you can ſin;
Who will not tie you up to the ſtrict Rules
Of *Oaths* or *Orders*, Snares for ſqueamiſh Fools:
Unbleſt, and unbaptiz'd, this Church's Son
Hath all his Mother's Children half undone.
My Country-men I brought, without Pretenſion
(To ſerve you here) of either *Pay* or *Penſion.*
'Twas I that call'd, and kept your Parliament
So *pure* and *free* there's not one Member in't
(God

(God is my Witneſs if I tell you a Lie)
That e'er took Bribe, Penſion, or Salary.
'Twas I that all your *Grievances* redreſt,
And did my ſelf of my own Rights diveſt.
'Twas I *Convoy'd*, and then *Increas'd*, your Trade:
None but my ſelf did e'er your Rights Invade.
'Twas I——— but 'tis too much, I will not boaſt
What I have done for you to your own Coſt.
Let it ſuffice, I'll not put ſuch a Streſs
On my own Merits as to Clog the Preſs.
But ſince I find ſome of you ſeem to grutch,
And think the Cauſe of my *Return*'s too much,
What think you of my Victory at Sea?
Make that the Cauſe of your *Thankſgiving-day.*
For my part I'm indifferent, chuſe you whether;
Or if you pleaſe, we'll twiſt them both together;
There will enough be left t'expatiate,
For all muſt grant that this Campaign was great.
'Twas not in *Hugger-mugger* what I've done,
Since all the World knows 'twas in th' open Sun.

All with deep Admiration were ſtruck dumb,
The King admir'd too what at laſt would come.
At length, after they'd *gaz'd* and *gap'd* a while,
A Lord ſtood up, and with a Courtier's Smile,
Great Sir, ſaid he, 'tis now well underſtood,
Whate'er your *Actions* are, your *Memory*'s good:
We now perceive how great's the *Obligation*
Which juſtly's *owing* to you by the Nation.
We're loth to break with you upon that ſcore,
And to our *Broken* Merchants add ſtill more;
But if you'll truſt us ſtill (for all that's paſt)
We may perhaps be *even* with you at laſt.
In the mean while,
We will proclaim a Feaſt in your own way,
And to ſo joyful a *Thankſgiving-day*
Whole Tuns of *Greaſe* and *Kiching-ſtuff* we'll pay.
'Twas ſaid, and it was done, and ſtraight each Lord
Made his low *Exit* from the Council-board.

Now good *Miſs Muſe* once more bring in your Aid,
And ſhew your ſelf a Well-bred Civil Maid;
For I'm oblig'd to ſqueeze more Reaſons out,
How this damn'd Proclamation came about.
Imprimis then, (for Method muſt be choſe
Whether we write in Verſe, or write in Proſe)
We'll take theſe Matters fairly as they lye,
Not all at once, but each ſucceſſively:
Firſt then, (if I may ſay't without Offence)
'Twere fit to thank the King for *going hence*;
For had he ſtay'd God knows what had been done,
Namur it ſelf perhaps had not been won:
But more of that hereafter. Next let's tell
The ſad Diſaſters which the *French* befel
At Sea, I mean, for 'tis well known at Land
They had both Wind and Weather at Command:
Their Fleet came ſtruggling 'gainſt the Eaſtern VVind,
And full Six VVeeks they tack'd about to find
Our Navy out, which not a *Hundred* were,
And they full *Four* and *Forty* Men of VVar.
VVith Inſolence upon our *Line* they bore,
And whole Broadſides with wondrous Fury pour:
The Fight was ſharp, and Fortune doubtful ſtood
To which ſhe'd give the Empire of the Flood,
VVhen Mighty *Maſs* deſcended in a *Miſt*,
And the Fierce Equal Combatants diſmiſt:
VVe neither took, nor loſt a Ship of ours;
Nor were we *Conquered*, or *Conquerors*.
But *Neptune*, who of late a *Neuter* ſtood
Between the *Britiſh* and the *Mogan* Blood,
Finding both running in our King, cry'd out,
Return you Tide, and bring the *French* about:
Since *England* and my *Dutch* are join'd, what Foe
Shall dare t'attack them and unpuniſh'd go?
I'll beat the *French* my ſelf, and for their ſake
So ſtrong a Tide in *Alderney* I'll make
Their *Cables* all ſhall *drag*, and *Anchors break*.
'Twas ſaid, and it was done; and the poor *French*
Fir'd Sixteen Ships his dreadful Ire to quench.
Thanks to the King then for *this Victory* won,
For if this will not *paſs*, I'Gad I've done. *Item*,

Item, the Siege of *Namur* next come on,
At laſt 'twas weak, at firſt damnably ſtrong;
So *Mons* at firſt was held impregnable,
But when 'twas ta'en Faith 'twas ſcarce tenable.
But howſoe'er it was, the King was there,
And ne'er expreſs'd a ſingle Mark of Fear:
He heard the Cannons roar, ſaw the Bombs fly,
And that's a Demonſtration he was nigh.
'Tis true, the Town was loſt, who can help that?
The *French* ſtood in his VVay, ſo 'twa'nt his fault.
The King of *France* our Monarch came to meet,
And in the *Trenches* kiſs his Conqu'ring Feet:
But our good King thought fitter to forbear,
And out of *Modeſty* would not come there:
But Thanks are due that he was pleas'd to own,
And them *depoſe* to th'taking of the Town.
For our Gazetts ſuch ſtrange Relations bring,
A *Hundred Thouſand Men* might doubt the thing,
VVithout the *Atteſtation* of a King.
Item———
Two Hundred Thouſand Pounds to *Savoy* ſent,
I will be ſworn that Money was well ſpent,
For with this *Aid that* Duke (like that great Man
The King of *France*) *with Forty Thouſand Men*
Went down the Hill, and ſo came up again.
'Tis true Duke *S*——*berg* then declar'd in *Print*,
That to recover our *Rights* he there was ſent,
And promis'd if he took all *Dauphiny*,
He firmly would eſtabliſh *Popery:*
Thanks t'him for *that*, or we had never known
VVho fought for *Int'reſt*, who *Religion*.
Next our *Deſcent* at Sea appears, which ran
(So much 'twas nois'd) from hence to *Iſpahan:*
Four Hundred Thouſand Pounds (ſo great a Sum
Into a meaſur'd Verſe 'twill hardly come)
Yet this, and more, and much in Debt was ſpent
To furniſh out this well-contriv'd Deſcent.
Louis, they ſay, was almoſt dead with Fear;
And 'cauſe he thought *Verſailes* might be too near,

He

He ſoon retir'd ſtill further from the Foe,
And went to *Hunt* and *Dance* at *Fountainbleau*.
Some ſay he did *not* Fear; but if 'twere true,
I'm ſure our Thanks at leaſt for *that* are due.
Next bloody *Steinkirk* comes full in our VVay,
Pox on't, we fought upon the *Sabbath-day*;
And that's been ever held a Prophanation
By our *True* Proteſtant Reformed Nation:
That's the true Reaſon why *we* bore the Brunt,
VVe ſee the *Godly Dutch* would ne'er have don't:
They ſtood their Ground and *Pray'd* whilſt we Fools (fought;
But we, forſooth, were better *Fed* than *Taught*:
The *French* retir'd, and run away to *Maſs*,
Our *Lion*'s *Paw* was *Headed* by an *Aſs*.
VVell, we were flogg'd and pepper'd too, 'tis true;
But yet to give the *Devil* and *Dutch* their due,
Had not they *brought us off* we might have lain
Till we'ad been *waſh'd away* with VVinter's Rain.
This then deſerves a long *Thankſgiving-day*;
For though we loſt our *Men* we ſav'd their *Pay*.
And now our Hand is in, let's not forget
To thank Count *S--mes that we were ſoundly beat*:
Go on, brave Men, cry'd he, *Conquer* or *Die*,
The Truth ſhall not be wrong'd whilſt I *ſtand* by;
And *ſtand* he did as firm as any *Poſt*,
Till he ſaw all his *hated Engliſh loſt*.
Ah, Country-men, had I but time to prove
How well the *Dutch* our *poor* Three Kingdoms love,
There's not a Man but would forſake his Farms,
And our dear *Dutch* embrace with open Arms.
Now little *Furnes* thou ſhalt be called great,
And future Ages ſhall thy Fame repeat:
VVe little thought that our High-flown Deſcent
(And now the Riddle's out) for thee was meant:
Some Politicians laid 'twould land at *Bolen*,
Others as wiſely judg'd 'twould ſail to *Colen*:
Some were for *Breſt*, St. *Maloes*, or the *Havre*,
And laid great odds the *French* would never ſave her:
Some for *La Hogue*; but others with leſs Malice,
Only pretended to recover *Calais*: Some

Some were for *Bilboa*, but none thought of *Thee*;
This was *Deſign*, this was Sheer-*Policy*:
The reſt was given out for a Pretence,
Firſt to Surprize, and then to *Nab*, the *French*.
And who in War *or* Poetry *would riſe*,
Take it from me, *muſt do it by ſurprize*.
Thrice little *Furnes*, and great *Dixmuid* thy Brother,
For whom *Ten Thouſand Men* made ſuch a *pother*,
You are the *Twins* which our Deſcent brought forth,
The World muſt grant it was a mighty Birth:
Dunkirk and *Ghent* were Goſſips, and ſome think
The Firſt may dearly pay the *Groaning-drink*.
Then Thanks, Great Monarch, for whate'er they coſt,
Theſe Forts declare our Money was not loſt.
Laſtly, and chiefly, (for 'tis fit at laſt
The biggeſt Plumb ſhould keep our Mouth in Taſte)
What Thanks are due for the King's Preſervation
From the *Granvallian* Aſſaſſination?
It was a ſtrange Eſcape as e'er was heard;
And yet 'twas ſtrange the King too ſhould be ſcar'd
With *one Gun*, who ſo *many Guns* had heard.
Nor would we fail to thanks that happy *Spirit*,
Whoſe Vigilance did ſuch *Encomiums* merit;
But that he look'd ſo *ſtern* one ſcarce could tell
Whether he came from *Heaven* or from *Hell*.
If from the *laſt*, we ought to *thank* the Devil
That to our Monarch was ſo wondrous Civil.
Thank *Granvall*'s Powder which miſtook its Aim,
And made it *ſelf inviſible*, not *him*.
Thank *Parker* that he left St. *Germain*'s Court
Three Days before the cautious *Witneſs* ſwore't.
Thanks to the King too, that he took ſuch Care
T'eſcape theſe *private* Dangers of the War.
Poor Gentleman, he was much pity'd here;
And theſe *Eſcapes* have coſt us many a Tear,
Heaven ſend him better luck for the next Year.
But hold my Muſe, for ſhould our *Thanks* run on,
They would *amaze* the All-beholding Sun,
And ſtrike a Bluſh upon the Pale-fac'd Moon;

Then

Then modeſtiy take up, and loudly tell
How we ſet forth our Joys by *Cand!'* and *Bell.*

Scarce did the *Poliſh Northern* Star appear,
Which ſome great Authors call the *leſſer Bear :*
Scarce had the Cock crow'd *once* or *twice* at moſt,
And *Phœbus* within ken o'th'Eaſtern Coaſt:
Or in plain *Engliſh*, ſcarce had the Clock ſtruck Four ;
'Tis no great matter whether leſs or more,
When a litigious, jangling, ill-bred, Sound
Through all our Hills and Valleys did rebound ;
'Twas thought the *Devil's Arſe o'th'Peak* had got
Some rumbling Wind or Collick in his Gut,
And by ſucceſſive Raptures did foretel
Downful of Church, as by the Sound of Bell.
Some thought the *Body-Politick* in a Fit,
And the *Soul-Bell* knelling its laſt *Exit.*
'Twas not ill Gueſt, for *Church* and *State* may find
There are *ſtrange Sounds* in your *Rebellious* Wind;
And 'tmight be prov'd by eaſie *Metaphor*,
Wind may be ſaid to ring, and Bells to roar.
Others ſcarce well awake judg'd it the Groan
Of drowſie *Sackbut*, or the *Bag-pipes* Drone :
Some ſwore (who lately had ta'en a larger *Sup*)
The *Glaſſes clink'd* round the *Indented* Cup.
In ſhort, they were the City *Choriſters*,
Which thus untimely lugg'd us by the Ears ;
The Bells I mean that early thus were ſinging
Their *Lauds* and *Mattins*, which ſome Men call *ringing.*

Thus paſs'd the chirping *Morn.* Now when the (Sun
Was driving up to our *Meridian*,
Some went to Church to hear the *New Pray'rs* read;
Others, who lik'd the *Old*, lay cloſe in Bed.
Some ſhut their Shops, which was a ſilent Token
That if thoſe Days came oft they'd all be broken.
The Cannons from the Tower broke through the Wind,
And roar'd their Thanks *that they were left behind.*

Lambeth

Lambeth return'd the Complement, and fir'd
Volleys of Bleſſings as they'd been inſpir'd.
High Pr—— of *Mars* ſprung from *Samaria*'s Race,
Thou ſtill doſt love t'adore in the *High Place:*
Thou *thunder'ſt* out thy *Goſpel* in our Ears,
And thoſe loud *Organs* tun'd thy *new-made* Prayr's
Thou *worſt* and *firſt* of *Canterbury*'s Race,
That with a *Wife divided* Lambeth's *Grace.*
Mars and *Bellona* ne'er before had met,
Roaring and *Singing* on the High Prieſt's Seat.
Thou Man of *Faith*, could we believe like you,
Who would not turn a Circumciſed *Jew?*
Laſtly, for now my Muſe is almoſt weary,
And too much Labour makes a Mare miſcarry,
I ſhould ſay ſomething of the *Bleſſed Night*,
How 'twas ſet forth with *Artificial Light*;
'Twas *mothy* at the beſt, not of a piece,
Some *black*, ſome *white*, checquer'd like *Fox* and *Geeſe.*
The Lights were not of *Virgin-Wax*, 'tis true,
For *Hybla*'s *Bee* works not for ſuch a *Crew*;
Nor of your precious Aromatick *Gums*,
Nor your *Sweet Oil* which from *Oneglia* comes.
In ſhort they were of *greaſie Kitchen-ſtuff*,
Moſt *proper* for th'*Occaſion*, that's enough.
May thoſe who love them ſee no better Light;
For my part I have done, *and ſo good Night.*

On the Death of the Queen.

DUM Regina ſubit conſtanti pectore mortem,
Opprimit Innocuus te, Gulielme, *Pudor:*
Fœmina Virque Animos ſi commutaſſe videntur,
Cor habet hic teneræ Conjugis, illa Viri.

In

In Engliſh.

THE Queen deceas'd ſo Pleas'd, the King ſo Griev'd,
As if the Hero Dy'd, the Woman Liv'd:
Alas! We err'd i'th' choice of our Commanders,
He ſhould have knotted, and She gone to *Flanders.*

England's *late Jury.*

A Satyr.

WIſely an Obſervator ſaid,
(Who knew our State full well)
England need never be afraid,
Or ſeek out for an Aid,
Our Dangers to repel.

But then he never did ſuppoſe
Our Army near ſo ſmall;
Or Stateſmen to oblige their Foes,
Should with Seven Thouſand wipe our Noſe,
A Force like none at all.

This Vote made *Lewis* give a Smile,
And laugh within his Sleeve;
Scarce did he credit it a while,
Britain ſhou'd for his Glory toil,
Which now he does believe.

But when again ſuch Men were choſe
As did our Force Disband,
He found our Ruin follow'd cloſe,
And had no Reaſon to oppoſe
Such as went Hand in Hand.

S——r forgets he was a Slave,
When in his younger Years
He was the Sp——r and a K——,
And not ſo much inclin'd to ſave,
Or think upon our Fears.

But then there lay a Patent by
To gratifie his Pride,
On which he often caſt an Eye,
And on the Stop did wonder why
Totneſs was not ſupply'd.

Reſenting an Affront like this
He forthwith veers about,
Mad that he did Preferment miſs,
(A Feather fit for Pride like his)
And courts the fickle Rout.

But his Deſigns are underſtood,
The Matter's very plain,
Pretending for his Country's good,
He ſince has acted all he cou'd
To keep his Prince in Pain.

For a long time he cou'd not Swear,
With a nice Conſcience bred,
Nor take an Oath againſt an Heir
That to a Monarch did repair,
At leaſt till he was Dead.

But when All-conquering Gold was brought,
Which glitter'd in his Eyes,
Quickly a Miracle was Wrought,
(*Exeter* knows it was no Fault)
They that have Wealth are Wiſe.

M——ſ——ve has Parts and Eloquence,
And others ſay ſpeaks well;

Tho'

Tho' young *Kit* met a Recompence
To bring his Father to his Senſe,
Spight did the Guilt repel.

Nothing can biaſs Stout Sir *Kit*,
Civility is vain,
For he muſt exerciſe his Wit,
And ſometimes did at Random hit,
Which Credit did obtain.

H———*rt* pretends unto the Law,
And makes a fearful Din;
As little Senſe as e'er I ſaw,
His Judgment brittle as a Straw,
And oftner out than in.

F———*ch* he has Senſe and Rhetorick,
And ſeems of *S*——*m*——*rs* Kidney;
His Lungs do to the Quarrel ſtick,
And once was very Politick,
And ſome think hard on *Sidney*.

H——*m*——*nd* he runs among the Herd,
Is Violent and Strong;
Wou'd fain ſeem Grave without a Beard;
But he needs never to be fear'd,
His Judgment is too young.

J— *H*— ſets up for one of Senſe,
Does for a *Patriot* ſtand;
Moſt wonder at his Impudence,
That he thereto ſhould lay Pretence
Who was the Court's Disband.

He who was reckon'd the Buffoon
In former Parliaments,
Fickle and changing like the Moon;
Till *French* Gold came he was undone,
Now vents his Diſcontents.

But

But moſt Men wonder that Sir *Batt*
So eager is to rail:
Yet why ſhould we admire at that,
Since his Profeſſion is to chat,
But ſeldom does prevail?

Some (he had heard) by Speeches riſe,
And to Preferment leap;
But ſuch had *Merit*, and were Wiſe,
And did not Foreigners deſpiſe,
Nor after Faction creep.

Never for Rebels did Harangue,
Nor Tenter-hook the Law,
But left the Criminal to hang,
Till one Foot did the other bang,
To keep Mankind in awe.

The fam'd *Civilian*, who can write
Of Parliamental Power,
If he has Judgment, he has Spite,
And goes beyond the Matter quite,
A Sort of ſecond *SHOWER*.

Upon Records he ſpends his Ink,
He writes at ſuch a rate,
To prove what few did ever think,
Unleſs depriv'd of Senſe in Drink,
Yet of a plodding Pate.

Gr—nv—le, he ſtroles unto the Fairs
To get himſelf Renown;
Yet for this Faction he declares,
And to their Club at Night repairs,
To regulate the Crown.

The Times are likely ſure to mend
When *Pr*———*r* rules the State;
P———*r* the Noble *DORSET*'s Friend,
(For whom the Learned World contend)
Juſtly deſerves his Hate.

Bl———*t*, with proud imperious Face,
And Forehead made of Braſs,
Forgets the Honour of his Place,
Does all true Policy diſgrace,
And for a Fool may paſs.

P———*s* ſhall marſhal up the Reat
With Rhetorick Debate;
And tho' good-natur'd he appear,
Yet all his Services will ſteer
To undermine the State.

Theſe are the Jury which were ſtruck
To try *Britannia*'s Claim:
And how cou'd we expect good Luck
From ſuch as did with *LEWIS* truck,
To their Eternal Shame?

Concluſion.

OThers below the Dignity of Rhime,
Shall 'ſcape my Satyr till another time:
Twelve Men like theſe a Nation might undo,
And let 'em, if again we truſt 'em, too.
No, no, fair *Britain* at her Wrongs awakes,
Finds what ye mean, and other Methods takes.
Your Popularity at laſt expires,
And Men of better Tempers ſhe requires:
Deſpis'd at home, mutter your Diſcontent,
And know the Nation ſpoke her Mind by *KENT*.

SATYR

SATYR.

DEclining *Venus* has no Force o'er Love,
The tender *Ganymede* now rules above:
By Influence we die for amorous Boys,
Changing to Godlike Pleaſures from vain Toys:
Beſides, 'tis Intereſt, and by that we ſteer,
To love with Princes is to gain their Ear.
He's an ill Courtier who can have a Paſſion
For nauſeous Petticoat when out of Faſhion;
B—s are ſtill the Stamp of Revolution.
Submiſſive Woman artfully invites
Each gazing Fop, and every Look requites;
Yielding to Nature, is no more confin'd,
Foe to Deſpair, in all her Actions kind.
Elſe *Yel—ton* ſhould never lead the Van,
Stinted throughout, the Miniature of Man:
The Widow *Le—ſon* that vain Brat would charm,
Dil—ds Arrival dreaded for more harm;
But *Fauſtus Farmer* by his Magick Art
Levels Two Bellies to come at One Part.
R—ſs is ſo good 'tis pity here to name her,
She drinks as well as does, no Soul can blame her:
S——wich is willing, but ſlow Lovers ſpoil
Her good Intentions, ſuch are *How* and *Boyle*;
Poor *Br——don*'s Fate, ſhe loves a batter'd Bully,
An ill Performer, yet by Deſcent no Cully.
W——ham, inceſtuous Jew, now Beauty's gon,
Prevails o'er Politicks with grunting *John*.
Ri——ond could make no Steps, ſhe was ſo ſore,
Where Earls, Knights, Prieſts, and Pox, has been before:
So qualify'd, to Grandeur ſhe had Claim;
Thoſe Princes never wed to meaner Fame.
R——liſſe on Mount reſembles *Whetſtone*'s *Park*,
Painted and patch'd, with *Ba——r* for her Spark:
So have I ſeen a Cit at Door with Trull,
By Noon as drunk, and of themſelves as full.
Ch——l has loſt her long prevailing Art,
And now for Drudgery keeps Booby *Hart*:

So P—*brook* ſends her unknown Gems to pawn
To mollifie that coſtive Clown *De*——*un.*
Thus Beauty fading falls from ſtep to ſtep,
At firſt is paid, then takes its turn to keep;
For Counteſs Dowagers, and Maids at Court,
The never-failing Lovers of the Sport,
They feel the Malice of deſpairing Fits,
When ill Succeſs turns Lovers into VVits.
This ſtingleſs Satyr's Author, if you'd know,
The Dial ſpeaks not, but it points

Jack H——

A new Ballad, call'd, The Brawny Biſhops Complaint.

To the Tune of Packington's Pound.

1.

WHen *B*——*t* perceiv'd the beautiful Dames,
VVho flock'd to the Chapel of Holy St. *James,*
On their Lovers the kindeſt Looks did beſtow,
And ſmil'd not on him while he bellow'd below,
To the Princeſs he went
VVith Pious intent
This dangerous Ill in the Church to prevent:
O Madam! quoth he, our Religion is loſt
If the Ladies thus ogle the Knights of the Toaſt.

2.

Your Highneſs obſerves how I labour and ſweat
Their Affections to raiſe, and new Flames to beget;
And ſure when I preach all the VVorld will agree,
That their Ears and their Eyes ſhould be pointed on me:
But now I can't find
One Beauty ſo kind
As my Parts to regard, or my Preſence to mind:
Nay, I ſcarce have a ſight of any one Face,
But thoſe of old *Oxford,* and ugly *Arglas.*

3. Theſe

3.

Theſe ſorrowful Matrons with Hearts full of Truth
Repent for the manifold Sins of their Youth:
The reſt with their Tattle my Harmony ſpoil;
And *Bur—ton*, *An—ſey*, *K—gſton* and *B—le*
Their Minds entertain
With thoughts ſo profane,
'Tis a Mercy to find that at Church they contain;
Ev'n *Hen—ham*'s Shapes their weak Fancies intice,
And rather than me they will ogle the * *Vice*.

4.

Theſe Practices, Madam, my Preaching diſgrace;
Shall Laymen enjoy the juſt Rights of my Place?
Then all may lament my Condition for hard,
To threſh in the Pulpit without a Reward.
Then pray condeſcend
Such Diſorders to end,
And from their ripe Vineyards ſuch Labourers ſend;
Or build up the Seats, that the Beauties may ſee
The Face of no brawny Pretender but me.

5.

The Princeſs by rude Importunities preſs'd,
Tho' ſhe laugh'd at his Reaſons, allow'd his Requeſt:
And now *Britain*'s Nymphs in a Proteſtant Reign
Are lock'd up at Pray'rs like the Virgins in *Spain*,
And all are undone
As ſure as a Gun.
Whenever a Woman is kept like a Nun,
If any kind Man from Bondage will ſave her,
The Laſs in Gratitude grants him the Favour.

---

* *Mr.* B——ty, *Vice Chamberlain.*

On the Death of the Queen and Marſhal Luxemburgh.

BEhold, *Dutch* Prince, here lye th' unconquer'd Pair,
Who knew your Strength in Love, your Strength in War!
Unequal Match, to both no Conqueſt gains,
No Trophy of your Love or War remains.

On the Report of King James's *ſending a Plenipotentiary to the Treaty of* Ryſwick.

KIng *JAMES*, ſay the *Jacks*, as other Kings do,
To the Treaty muſt ſend an Ambaſſador too.
But where can we find a Perſon ſo wiſe
As is fit to take on him an Office ſo nice,
To act from a Prince whom Nobody owns,
But thoſe whoſe Advice before loſt him his Thrones;
To beg that the Princes would grant him a ſhare
In a Treaty of Peace, who had none in the War?
And ſince for Religion he quitted his Throne,
And foſter'd a Baſtard inſtead of a Son,
To pray they'd conſider his Loſſes at home,
And ſend him with Paſs-ports to *Warſaw* or *Rome*
For a Crown, or a Cap, or ſome ſuch like thing,
That ſince he can't live, he may look, like a King:
For the Kingdoms he loſt t'allow him another,
And make him a Monarch of ſome thing or other:
For truly (an't pleaſe you) the Envoy muſt ſay,
Our Proteſtant Friends are hang'd out of the way;
Our Servants forſake us, our Allies deny us,
And if the good Catholicks will not ſtand by us

Our

Our Queen will run Mad, our Self will want Bread,
Our Heir too, in ſpite of the Bargain we made,
Muſt home to his Father, and work at his Trade.

Upon the Burning of White-Hall, Jan. 4. 169⅞.

Engliſhed from the Latin.

WHile leud *White-Hall*, burning in juſteſt Flames,
Heav'n's Wrath 'gainſt Force, and Luſt, and Fraud, proclaims;
In Eagles ſhape, the Genius of our Iſle,
Clapping its Wings, with Joy flew round the Pile:
No Chapel, Room of State or Eaſe, exempt.
But when the Banquet-houſe the Flames attempt,
Hold! (cry'd the Angel) for this Sacred Place,
Where Ty—t's Blood waſh'd out my Iſle's Diſgrace,
Shall every Fire (but the World's laſt) outface.

A new Anſwer to an Argument againſt a Standing-Army.

WOuld they who have Nine Years look'd Soure
Againſt a *French* and Popiſh Power,
Make Friends with both in half an Hour?
This is the time.
Would they directly break the Sword
By which their Freedom was reſtor'd,
And put their Truſt in *Lewis*'s Word?
This is the time.

Would they leave *England* unprotected,
To ſhew how well they are affected,
And get themſelves next bout elected?
This is the time.

Would they preſerve their Wives and Pullets
Againſt the Soldiers Luſts and Gullets,
And break our Guns to ſave our Bullets?
This is the time.

Would they oblige a Winter-Sea
Their prudent Orders to obey,
And keep a ſtanding Wind in pay?
This is the time.

Would they but ſay what they're purſuing,
Whom they're advancing, whom undoing,
What pack of Knaves ſhall prove our Ruin?
This is the time.

A-God's Name let 'em ſhew their Games,
And fix to one of theſe Extreams
A Commonwealth, or elſe King *James*;
For now's the time.

On the Death of Mr. Dryden.

JOhn *Dryden* Enemies had Three,
Sir *Dick*, old *Nick*, and *Jeremy*.
The Doughty Knight was forc'd to yield,
The other Two have kept the Field:
But had his Life been ſomething holier,
He'ad foil'd the Devil and the Collier.

A Congratulatory Poem to the Right Honourable Sir E. S. *&c.*

THo' Poets praiſe thoſe moſt who need it leaſt,
Theſe by your Foes muſt all be Truths confeſt,
That Nature form'd you vigorous and ſtrong,
And Strength of Nature makes you hold out long;
Who by her ſage Diſpenſing Power obtain'd
More Wit and Senſe than your young Rival gain'd
From all the painful Labours of the Schools,
And made you early talk to Men, not Fools.
With Judgment ſtill, not Heat, your Courſe you run,
To finiſh well that Race ſo well begun;
With equal Pace, and no ill-govern'd Heat,
And with no Pompous Patent, Vainly Great;
With Wealth and Honour, ſtill deſpis'd, you're crown'd,
Yet want that ſtill with which you moſt abound;
Not that a Man knows more their proper uſe,
Or leſs thoſe Mighty Bleſſings does abuſe.
You in your Merits moſt unkindly ſhare
Much of that Fate your faithful Friends do here,
To whom the ſame regard, Great SIR, is ſhown,
You oft have met with when the Work was done.
In vain, in ſolid Senſe, and nervous Proſe,
We pour'd our Forces on your Rhiming Foes;
Thoſe made of late few Miniſters of State,
Verſe was more powerful, or importunate:
Verſe made th' once humble Mouſe a Rat in haſte,
And Verſe made him, who made the Houſe, at laſt;
From *Channel-row* he ne'er had croſs'd the Main,
Nor from flat *Rheniſh* elſe reach'd brisk *Champaign*:
Verſe made his Paſtoral Patron riſe apace,
With equal Merit, and with equal Grace:
With a more glorious Rod t' adorn his Hand
Than the *Caducean Mercury*'s Golden Wand.

Black

Black Rods and White oft work moſt wondrous Things,
When given by Ruling Gods, or Regent Kings.
Verſe the Fam'd *Fleckno* rais'd, the Muſes Sport,
From drudging for the Stage, to drudge at Court;
And moſt deſerv'dly crown'd him Laureat now,
Who *Sternhold* has outdone, and *Hopkins* too.
Verſe like ſome Spell rais'd old King *Arthur*'s Train,
Made his *Round Table Knights* t' appear again,
And dub the Man, who more than *Callibourn* had ſlain.
By Verſe mad *Clito* ſtrove t' advance the Cauſe,
To Rhime away Religion, Kings, and Laws;
'Mongſt theſe the bold *Corinthian* too might paſs,
A Minor Poet of th' Inferior Claſs,
Who, not like *Horace*, rais'd his Monument of Braſs.
This vaſt Succeſs of Verſe our Poets had,
Stateſmen at Home, and Envoys all Abroad;
To which no Proſe had parallel Succeſs,
And makes us now accoſt you thus in Verſe.
The beſt of Princes, who firſt made you Great,
Whom you beſt ſerv'd, and with him too the State,
Diſmiſs'd you coldly to a kind Retreat —
The following Reign confeſs'd your grave Advice
Was wanting in ſo tender Caſe and Nice,
VVhere Loyalty the Standard did diſplay,
But wild Deſtruction charg'd in full Array.
Th' unwary *Greeks* their Errors thus confeſs,
And ſtill conſult *Ulyſſes* in Diſtreſs;
Thus oft their exil'd Patriots they recall,
And *Ariſtides*, when diſtreſs'd, their All:
Thus too their *Grecian* Prince to *Ammon* ſtraight
Repair'd for to reſolve his doubtful Fate.
Nor could our Monarch thus perplext adviſe
In Place more proper, or a Man more wiſe.
Near to that dangerous *Sedgmore* down he came
For to conſult an Oracle of Fame,
VVhere, had your ſage Advice been wiſely took,
No King had Subjects; Subjects King forſook.

VVhen

VVhen to th' Extreams of Conſcience, and of State,
The labouring Kingdom was reduc'd by Fate,
You took the wiſeſt, or the happieſt, VVay,
And with your VVeſtern Legions join'd *Torbay*,
For which the Knighted Bard extends your Fame,
And makes th' Old *Britons* to record your Name.
True to your Country ſtill, true to the State,
[For who can queſtion Truths we prov'd ſo late?]
All your Deſigns ſtill honourably Good,
Th' Apoſtate Stateſman, not the King, withſtood.
Thus ſpake your ſelf; —thus to the Conqueror ſpake,
And pleaded Freedom for Deliverance ſake,
Freedom for *England*, Freedom for her Crown,
[That's moſt enſlav'd when moſt precarious grown]
This Service great with the frank Speech was weigh'd,
And both with equal Courteſie repaid.
Your much lov'd *ISCA* truly made your own,
And you made Maſter of your Miſtreſs Town;
Where freed from Cares of State, ſecur'd to ſleep,
The Town's *Palladium* you might ſafely keep,
Till Warlike *Caledon* aſſum'd the Charge,
And ſet the confin'd Governour more at large.
Your great Effort of Courage next was ſhown,
[For bold was he who then dar'd ſerve the Crown]
The Royal Martyr owes his Thanks to you,
Th' Oblivion Act, the Regicide *Ludlow* too,
His old Commiſſion elſe had been renew'd,
And the Royal Signet ſeal'd to Royal Blood.
Nor did your *Engliſh* Spirit brighter ſhine
In the Defence of *England*'s Royal Line,
Than to your Country's Aid and Intereſt true,
[So much the Patriot rul'd the Courtier too]
It timely came to aid th' unequal Fight,
And help the injur'd Commons to their Right.
To ſuch great Actions ſomething more is due,
And ſomewhat more may be reſerv'd for You
In a more glorious Reign than hath been ſeen
Since bright *ELIZA*'s Days, *our Engliſh Queen*:
Whilſt *ANNA*, like *ELIZA*, Worth regards,
Only the Valiant, Wiſe, and Good, Rewards;

With

With the like awful Grace adorns the Throne,
And makes Her Subjects Happineſs Her own;
With the ſame Awe, with the like Love, obey'd,
And a wiſe Senate to Adviſe and Aid;
Whilſt *England*'s Church and State triumphant ſtand,
And *France* and *Spain* dread her victorious Hand,
And *ORMOND* fills with Terror Sea and Land,
Hard would it be to loſe then Ground at Home,
From ſuch good Seed to ſee th' Old Tares to come;
To ſee the curſt Advice again revive,
And the worſt Men again preferr'd and thrive;
See *Old and Modern Whigs* again preferr'd,
And poor *Tom Double* fairly hang'd or ſtarv'd.

The Negative Propheſie *found under the Ruins of* White-Hall.

I Sing NOT of *Jove*'s mighty Thunder,
The new made Lords, or *Vigo* Plunder;
Nor of the C——ns Godly Frolick,
To ſettle *Chriſt*'s *Church* Apoſtolick;
Nor of the Pious Convocation,
Clearer than Doves from Gall or Paſſion:
How thoſe Grave Rabbies, to a Wonder,
Kept *Hereſies* and *Schiſms* under:
How *Binks* and *Kimberly* did ſhine
In that dark Orb with *Rays* Divine:
With what Devotion and Behaviour
The ſawcy Prieſt blaſphem'd our *Saviour*:
How each his Talent did exert
With Arguments not worth a F—rt,
To prove that plainly *a Majori*
No Reverence was due *Superiori*.
Whether it was for Oſtentation,
Or to promote our Reformation;

Or to repent for telling Tales,
And drinking N—ts to th' Pr— of *W——s*:
That *M——w*, top full of Grace,
In Royal Chair refus'd her Place.
I tell not why the —— content
To ſhare with her the Government:
Nor do I care how many Scars
Our Beaus do bring from Field of *Mars*;
Whether the noiſie Fops at *Wills*
Do go to Hell to pay their Bills;
When they'll take *Antwerp* or *Oſtend*,
VVhen Matters on the *Rhine* will mend,
Or when the VVar will have an End.
VVhen *Leopoldus* will grow VViſe,
The *Swede* lay by his *French* Diſguiſe,
The *Czar* well bang'd to make him quiet,
The *Poles* by Bleeding and low Diet,
VVith the dull *Swiſs*, reſtor'd agen,
Shake off the *Aſs*, and act like *Men*.
Eugenius with his *Vet'rans* ſent
To make the *French* a *Carpi* Complement;
When we ſhall get In——e,
An A——y with more Senſe;
Courtiers have leſs Knavery,
Sea-Captains ſhew more Bravery;
When High Church-Rampant ſhall agree
T' have Partners in their Roguery;
J——H—— and *S——r* with the reſt Decree,
Neither to Bribe, nor puniſh Bribery;
When under Cloaks and Caſſocks there ſhall lye
Nothing but Faith and ſound Divinity,
Then ſhall the Golden Age once more be ſeen,
Then Heaven and Earth ſhall ſing, *God ſave the*
(QUEEN.

A Con-

A Conſultation of the Biſhops.

TO give the laſt Amendment to the Bill,
VVhich to the Saints portended ſo much ill;
To curb the Commons, and their Ends defeat,
Right Reverend Twelve laſt Night at *Lambeth* met.
Tho' much of Lawn did round the Room appear,
Yet none but Modern Men of God were there,
Nor had been Mitred more than Thirteen Year;
The Ten remov'd, the Grave Aſſembly ſat,
The Buſineſs of the Day was in Debate;
This way and that their various Cenſures tend,
And ſome would paſs the Bill, but more would mend.
At length, with uſual Vehemence, aloud
A Brawny Biſhop thus Harangu'd the Croud.
Far off from us let Perſecution Reign;
Slav'ry in *France*, and Bigottry in *Spain*.
The beſt of Kings the beſt of Gifts beſtow'd,
And Toleration by a Law allow'd,
And bid us go to God which way we would.
Muſt Mod'rate Men from Top-preferments fall
Becauſe they can't agree with us in all?
We may eſteem the Ore, yet ſlight the Droſs;
May be good Chriſtians, yet condemn the Croſs;
May hate Cathedral Hymns, yet *Hopkins* ſing,
And propagate without the *Pagan* Ring.
No doubt this Bill by ſome well-meaning Men
Was but ſent up to be ſent down agen.
It needs muſt give weak Conſciences offence,
Rogues can't be ſo without a vaſt Expence.
The Sacramental Teſt caus'd no Debates,
That but their Souls, this touches their Eſtates.
Should this Unchriſtian bitter Bill ſucceed,
'Twould be a Woe to Hypocrites indeed.
Away with't then; 'tis one of *Bonner*'s Bills:
I'm not for ſaving Saints againſt their Wills.

This

This ſaid, they all with a conſenting Nod
The Reformation Writer's Thoughts applaud;
When ſtraight a moſt melodious Sound was heard,
And lo! in White a Rev'rend * Form appear'd,
A Croſs his Hand, a Mitre deck'd his Head,
And while ſweet Odours round the Room were ſpread,
Thus to them all the Sacred Shadow ſaid.

Since Time at length turns up the happy Hour,
And Providence has put it in your Pow'r,
To cote your Flocks, and ſever from the Fold
The prowling Wolf, will you your Hands withhold?
Forbid it Heav'n it ever ſhould be ſaid
That the pure Church, for which the Martyr bled,
And for which too I ſacrific'd my Head,
Should be by'ts Biſhops into Bondage led.
Think ſuch a Time may never come agen,
Seldom ſuch Senates, never ſuch a Queen.
Your Church's Fate you falſly fear from *Rome*,
Out of the North more likely 'tis to come,
One Faith's Defender having hurt it more,
Than all the Kings that ever reign'd before.
Make then your legal Dams 'gainſt Schiſm ſo high,
No Spring-tides of Succeſſion may deſtroy.

He ceas'd, and lo a Cloud refulgent bright
Bore up the Saint to Realms of laſting Light.
Fear and a juſt Confuſion ſhook each Soul,
And *Samuel*'s Truth with Trembling fell on all.
Shame and Confuſion ſate on ev'ry Face,
And even *S——um* felt ſome Shocks of Grace.
The Heav'nly Viſion quite had chang'd their Will,
And all without Amendments now would paſs the Bill.
When ſtrange!
After an Earthquake and a Flaſh of Flame,
Into the Room a Meager † Phantom came,
His bending Bulk and Purple Robe hung o'er,
And he in's Hands the Regal Enſigns bore.

---

* *Laud.* † *K. W.*

Struck

Struck with Surprize each Rev'rence aroſe,
And Homage paid, and recogniz'd his Noſe.
When caſting on them all a direful Look,
With Indignation thus the Spectre ſpoke.
Falſe to your Faith, and your Creation too,
To be to what's againſt your Int'reſt true:
Have I been labouring Thirteen Years and more
That to deſtroy, which you would now reſtore?
Did I not cull you out among the Croud,
To make you all Right Rev'rend Things in God?
Did I not thro' the Surplice ſee the Saint,
Churchmen in ſhow, but *Calvins* in your Cant?
Forc'd you the Chair Epiſcopal to fill,
And Mitred you almoſt againſt your Will?
And will you now at laſt Apoſtatize?
Think better on't; my former Friends, be wiſe;
Is this a Reign in which you e'er can riſe?
Can *W——ſter* tell with his Prophetick Vein
When he ſhall be Lord Almoner again?
Do G—*ter*, *Br—tol*, or St. *Aſaph*, know
The happy Time when they ſhall not be ſo?
Off with the Mask then, boldly now appear
The very Men the World once thought you were.
This ſaid, in ſhapeleſs Air the Royal Bubble broke,
And the thin Form their wond'ring Eyes forſook.

On the Duke of Savoy's *declaring againſt* France.

LOng has great *Lewis* form'd the vaſt Deſign
Europa's Liberty to undermine.
Some he has conquer'd in the Field of War,
Tho' ſtill himſelf he kept from Dangers far.
Others by Bribes he has his Vaſſals made,
But moſt of all by Breach of Faith betray'd.
Sov'reigns in Battel fam'd, for Sums of Gold
Their People, Country, and themſelves, have ſold.

Ev'n

Ev'n *Savoy*'s Duke his Neck did ſeem to bow,
And tacitly an univerſal Throne allow.
But O! how hard a thing it is to find
A Prince whom common Principles can bind!
By the Example of his Silkworms taught,
T' expire in Fetters which himſelf had wrought.
Of elevated Rank they can deſpiſe
Thoſe feeble Chains we call Religious Ties.
For Int'reſt *Savoy* the *French* ſide did take,
For Intereſt as bravely did forſake.
The Monarch thus deceiv'd cry'd out in Rage,
(Which *Maintenon* herſelf could not aſſwage)
What! Can the Plains of *Lombardy* produce
A Genius equal to the *Flower de Luce*?
Can there be near the *Alps* a Heroe found
Who ſcorns to be by Oaths and Treaties bound?
A Man of Royal Mould, who wiſely knows
That Heav'n does laugh at Kings and Lovers Vows?
My happy Reign has ſeen its Sixtieth Year,
Treaties and Leagues have been my conſtant Care,
Which none e'er knew more Artfully to make,
Nor with more Skill and Judgment when to break:
This darling Talent none e'er call'd in doubt,
Tho' they have dar'd my Courage to diſpute.
Then *Lewis* fall! Then be for ever dumb!
For ſure thy Fatal Period is come,
When keeping Faith betrays thee ——.

The Toaſters.

Written by the Toaſting-Club.

Lady *Wharton.*

WHen *Jove* to *Ida* did the Gods invite,
And in immortal Toaſtings paſs'd the Night,
With more than Bowls of *Nectar* they were bleſs'd,
For *Venus* was the *Wharton* of the Feaſt.

Lady *Eſſex.*

The braveſt Hero, and the brighteſt Dame,
From *Belgia*'s happy Clime *Britannia* drew;
One pregnant Cloud we find does often frame
The awful Thunder and the gentle Dew.

Lady *Eſſex.*

To *Eſſex* fill the ſprightly Wine,
The Health's engaging and Divine:
Let pureſt Odours ſcent the Air,
And Wreaths of Roſes bind our Hair.
In her chaſte Lips theſe bluſhing lye,
And thoſe her gentle Sighs ſupply.

Dutcheſs of St. *Albans.*

The Saints above can ask, but not beſtow;
This Saint can give all Happineſs below.

Dutcheſs of St. *Albans.*

The Line of *Vere*, ſo long renown'd in Arms,
Concludes with Luſtre in St. *Albans* Charms:
Her conqu'ring Eyes have made their Race compleat;
They roſe in Valour, and in Beauty ſet.

Lady *Mary Churchill.*

Faireſt and lateſt of the beauteous Race,
Bleſt with your Parents Wit, and her firſt blooming Face,
Born with our Liberties in *William*'s Reign,
Your Eyes alone that Liberty reſtrain.

Lady *Hyde.*

The God of Wine grows jealous of his Art,
He only fires the Head, but *Hyde* the Heart.
The Queen of Love looks on, and ſmiles to ſee
A Nymph more mighty than a Deity.

Lady *Sunderland.*

All Nature's Charms in *Sunderland* appear,
Bright as her Eyes, and as her Reaſon clear:
Yet ſtill their Force, to Men not ſafely known,
Seems undiſcover'd to herſelf alone.

Lady *Harriot Godolphin.*

Godolphin's eaſie and unpractis'd Air
Gains without Art, and governs without Care.
Her conqu'ring Race with various Fate ſurpriſe;
Who 'ſcape their Arms, are Captives to her Eyes.

Dutcheſs of *Richmond.*

Richmond has Charms that continue our Claim
To lay hold of the Toaſt that belongs to the Name.

Dutcheſs of *Bolton.*

Love's keeneſt Darts are charming *Bolton*'s Care,
Which the Fair Tyrant poiſons with Deſpair;
The God of Wine the dire effect foreſees,
And ſends the Juice that gives the Lover Eaſe.

Lady *Harper.*

In *Harper* all the Graces ſhine,
Gay as our Mirth, and ſparkling as our Wine;
Here's to the Fair— were Poyſon in the Cup,
Might ſhe be bleſs'd, thus would I drink it up.

Lady *Mancheſter.*

While haughty *Gallia*'s Dames that ſpread
O'er their pale Cheeks an artful Red,
Behold this beauteous Stranger there,
In native Charms divinely Fair;
Confuſion in their Looks they ſhow'd,
And with unborrow'd Bluſhes glow'd.

Mrs. *Barton.*

Stamp'd with her reigning Charms, this Standard-Glaſs
Shall current through the Realms of *Bacchus* paſs;

Full fraught with Beauty ſhall new Flame impart,
And mint her ſhining Image on the Heart.

Mrs. *Digby.*

Why laughs the Wine with which this Glaſs is crown'd?
Why leaps my Heart to hear this Health go round?
Digby warms both with Sympathetick Fires;
Her Name the Glaſs, her Form my Heart, inſpires.

Mrs. *Digby.*

No wonder Ladies that at Court appear,
And in Front-Boxes ſparkle all the Year,
Are choſen Toaſts; 'twas *Digby*'s matchleſs Frame,
That *Cæſar*-like but ſaw and overcame.

Mrs. *Claverine.*

Such Beauty join'd with ſuch harmonious Skill
Muſt doubly charm, then doubly let us fill.
If Muſick be Love's Food, as Lovers think,
When *Claverine*'s nam'd, then toaſting is his Drink.

Mrs. *Tempeſt.*

Venus contending for the Golden Ball,
Us'd *Hellen*'s Charms to bribe her Judge withal:
Had ſhe been bleſs'd with *Tempeſt*'s brighter Eyes,
Unborrow'd Beauty would have gain'd the Prize.

Mrs. *Tempeſt.*

If perfect Joys from perfect Beauty riſe,
View *Tempeſt*'s Shape, her Motions and her Eyes:
Undoubted Queen of Love, but Honour's Slave;
While thouſands languiſh ſhe but one can ſave.

Mrs. *Long.*

Fill the Glaſs, let th' Hautboys ſound,
While bright *Long*'s Health goes round:
With eternal Beauty bleſt,
Ever blooming, ſtill the beſt,
Drink your Glaſs, and think the reſt.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Di-Kirk.*

Fair written Name, but deeper in my Heart,
A Diamond cannot cut like *Cupid*'s Dart.
Quickly the Cordial of her Health apply,
For when I ceaſe to toaſt bright *Kirk*, I die.

Mrs. *Di-Kirk.*

So many Charms *Di-Kirk* ſurround,
'Tis pity ſhe's unkind,
Her conqu'ring Eyes not ſeeing Wound,
As Love darts home, tho' Blind.

Mrs. *Brudenel.*

Imperial *Juno* gave her matchleſs Grace,
And *Hebe*'s youthful Bloom adorns her Face;
Bright as the Star that leads the Heav'nly Hoſt,
Brudenel precedes the Glory of the Toaſt.

Mrs. *Brudenel.*

Look on the loveliеſt Tree that ſhades the Park,
And *Brudenel* you will find upon the Bark.
Look on the faireſt Glaſs that's fill'd the moſt,
And *Brudenel* you will find the darling Toaſt.
Look on her Eyes, if you their Light can bear,
And Love himſelf you'll find ſit toaſting there.

Mademoſelle Spanheim.

Admir'd in *Germany*, ador'd in *France*,
Your Charms to brighter Glory here advance;
The ſtubborn *Britains* own your Beauties Claim,
And with their Native Toaſts enroll your Name.

Dutcheſs of *Beaufort.*

Off-ſpring of a Tuneful Sire,
Bleſt with more than mortal Fire;
Likeneſs of a Mother's Face,
Bleſt with more than mortal Grace;
You with double Charms ſurprize,
With his Wit, and with her Eyes.

Lady *Carliſle.*

Carliſle's a Name can ev'ry Muſe inſpire,
To *Carliſle* fill the Glaſs, and tune the Lyre.
With his lov'd Bays the God of Day ſhall crown
A Wit and Luſtre equal to his own.

Lady *Carliſle.*

Behold this Northern Star's auſpicious Light,
Our fainter Beauties ſhine not half ſo bright;
Form'd to attract, yet certain to repel,
Her Charms are , but ſhe guards 'em well.

Lady *Carliſle.*

She o'er all Hearts and Toaſts muſt reign,
Whoſe Eyes outſparkle bright *Champaign*:
Or when ſhe will vouchſafe to ſmile,
The Brillant that thus writes *Carliſle.*

Lady *Carliſle.*

At once the Sun and *Carliſle* took their Way,
To warm the frozen North, and kindle Day;
The Flowers to both their glad Creation ow'd,
Their Virtue he, their Beauty ſhe beſtow'd.

Lady *Bridgwater.*

All Health to her, in whoſe bright Form we find
Exceſs of Charms with native Meekneſs join'd;
Whoſe tender Beauty ſafe in Virtues Care
Springs from a Race ſo fruitful of the Fair,
That all Antiquity can boaſt no more,
For *Venus* and the Graces were but Four.

Mrs. *Daſhwood.*

Fair as the bluſhing Grape ſhe ſtands,
Tempting the Gath'rers ready hands;
Bloſſoms and Fruit in her together meet,
As ripe as Autumn, and like *April* ſweet.

Lady

Lady *Carliſle.*

Great as a Goddeſs, and of Form Divine,
Our Heads we bend, and all our Hearts reſign:
Like Heav'n ſhe rules with an Imperial Sway,
And teaches to adore and to obey.

Mrs. *Dunch.*

O *Dunch!* if fewer with thy Charms are fir'd,
Than when by *Godfrey*'s Name thou waſt admir'd;
'Tis not that Marriage makes thee ſeem leſs Fair,
But then we hop'd, and now we muſt deſpair.

Mrs. *Dunch.*

Fair *Dunch*'s Eyes ſuch radiant Glances dart
As warm the coldeſt Boſom with Deſire:
Thoſe Heav'nly Orbs muſt needs attract the Heart
Where *Churchill*'s Sweetneſs ſoftens *Godfrey*'s Fire.

Mrs. *Guibbons.*

Could *Grecian* Maſters from the Shades return
To copy *Guibbons*, 'twould advance their Art;
There's never made but one with Paſſion burn,
But his beſt *Venus* conquers ev'ry Heart.

Mrs. *Nicholas.*

Unrival'd *Nicholas*, whoſe victorious Eyes
Love for a Place of Arms with Darts ſupply'd,
Does on the Toaſters like Fair *Phebe* riſe,
To rule their Wines, and Paſſion's mighty Tide.

Mrs. *Barton.*

Beauty and Wit ſtrove each in vain
To vanquiſh *Bacchus* and his Train;
But *Barton* with ſucceſsful Charms
From both their Quivers drew her Arms;
The roving God his Sway reſigns,
And awfully ſubmits his Vines.

Lady *Orrory.*

Here close the List, here end the Female Strife,
View her the Dawn of Heav'n, and Joys of Life.
Nature to warm the World into Desire,
Makes *Dorset*'s Charms in her soft Sex conspire,
His youthful Form, and his immortal Fire.

Lady *Orrory.*

Phœbus, from whom this Fair her Wit derives,
No Toast beholds, tho' round the World he drives,
That charms so much, or has such Conquest won,
As this bright Daughter of his Darling Son.

The Witchcraft.

NO wonder Winds more dreadful are by far
Than all the Losses of a Twelve Years War.
No wonder P——tes do the Church betray,
And St——men vote, and act a different way.
No wonder Magick Art surrounds the Th——,
Old Mother *J——ings* in her Gr——e is known.
Old *England*'s Genius rouze, these Charms dispel,
Burn but the Witch, and all is well.

Orpheus *and* Margarita.

HAil Tuneful Pair! Say by what wond'rous Charms
One scap'd from Hell, and one from *Greber*'s Arms.
When the soft *Thracian* struck the trembling Strings,
The VVinds were hush'd, and furl'd their ruffling VVings:

And

And since the tawny *Tuscan* rais'd her Strain,
R——*k* furls his Sails, and dozes on the Main;
Treaties unfinish'd in the Office sleep,
And *Sh*——*el* yawns for Orders on the Deep.
Thus equal Charms an equal Conquest claim,
To him high Woods and bending Timber came,
To her Shrub *H*——*s* and Pine *N*——*m*.

PALLAS.

Pallas, destructive to the *Trojan* Line,
Raz'd their proud Walls, tho' built with Hands Divine;
But Love's bright Goddess with propitious Grace
Preserv'd a Hero to restore the Race:
So the fam'd Empire where the *Iber* flows
Fell by *Eliza*, and by *Anna* rose.

A Prologue sent to Mr. Row, *to his New Play, call'd,* The Fair Penitent. *Design'd to be spoken by Mr.* Betterton, *but refus'd.*

Est & in Obscænos *deflexa Tragœdia Risus.*
Ovid.

Quacks set out Bills, *Jack-Pudding* makes Harangues,
And Thief at *Tyburn* speaks before he hangs:
I pray you then give Ear to what I say,
For this to me is Execution-Day.

Tyburn

Tyburn the Stage is, Boxes, Galleries, Pit,
Where You, our Judges, and our Hangmen, ſit;
Of Nonſenſe tender, tho' ſevere to Wit;
To day we fear you not, we've hit your Taſte,
And when that's pleas'd, we cannot ſure be caſt.

Meanly contented with the vulgar Way,
Some make the *Heroine Virtuous* in a Play.
But the bold Tragic-Genius of our Stage,
With Novelty reſolves t' oblige the Age,
And with a * *Heroine Punk* the Ladies will engage.
He from the *Sock* the *PROSTITUTE* tranſplants,
And ſwells the *humble Whore* with Buskin'd Rants.
His Whore, indeed, repents the ſlippery Fault;
But, like the reſt, it is not till ſhe's caught.
She is not ſorry that ſh' has plaid the *Whore*,
But that, diſcover'd, ſhe can do't no more.
Thus while his Punk in Buskins boldly Ramps,
Like † *Bajazet*, his Hero cuckold'd ſtares and ſtamps.
He with no Lawrel Wreaths his Brow adorns,
But while thoſe vulgar Ornaments he ſcorns,
Above his Brethren he exalts his Horns.
Confederate Cuckolds then come Clap this Play
Our lucky Bard devote; to You this Day.
No * *Doodle*, * *Daſhwood*, * *Wiſeacre*, is here,
Or any of the puny Race that us'd t' appear.
The Cuckold now aſſumes a haughtier Air,
With brandiſh'd Dagger ſtabs the yielding Fair,
So little Woman's Frailty *is his Care.*
Ye Horned Herd, from *Wapping* to *White-Hall*,
Approach in Triumph, he invites You all;
So ſtrong a Party made, he cannot fear his Fall.

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* *The* Heroine *of his Play lyes with a Fellow before Marriage, continues the Intriegue, and is propos'd as the Picture of the Ladies by the Author*, &c.

† *This the Author ſuppos'd from the Character of an* Italian *Husband, but the Poet has made him as tame a* Nykee *as ever was ſeen.*

* *The Comick Cuckolds, which the Stage till now only knew.*

Some

Some envious Critic here perhaps exclaims,
If you ſhou'd puniſh thus the City-Dames,
You'd make a Deſolation in the Land,
And Bars, and Counters, would unfurniſh'd ſtand.
But, Ladies, you with Eaſe that Fear remove,
If you uſe Caution in the Thefts of Love;
Since only ſhe that's caught that Puniſhment will prove.
Danger adds Fewel to the amorous Fire,
And Difficulties only raiſe Deſire.

Beſides, paſs'd Merits you ſhou'd not deſpiſe,
For † *Solomon*, and ‖ *William* in Diſguiſe,
From his lov'd Pen regal'd your Ears and Eyes.
What tho' nor *Art*, nor *Nature*, there were found,
He ſcorns by *Art* or *Nature* to be bound.
Let others toil beneath the Load of Thought
Of what is *Juſt*, what Natural, what not,
They're dull Mechanic Things, below Regard,
From ſuch a *Bold*, and ſuch a *Lucky*, Bard.
Uncumber'd with thoſe Fetters ſtill he'll write,
While Ignorance enſures his hood-wink'd Flight.
He fears no Danger, for he none foreſees,
In *happy* Ignorance ſecure to pleaſe,
Without their Foreign Aid, th' Indulgent Town,
With *Heroes*, and with *Language*, all his own.
The hooded Falcon, ſo, in haſte let fly,
Tow'rs ſwift aloft, undaunted, to the Sky,
With upright Wing, till loſt to *humane Eye*.

From THRONES he *ſauntring*, *talking*, Heroes choſe,
But for an active *Heroine* now rakes the STEWS;
And whence he'll fetch the *Next* — he only knows:
Yet * *Creſwell*, ſure, of infamous Renown,
Or ſome more antique Matron of this Town,

† *In the Step-mother.* ‖ Tamerlane.
* *A Famous Bawd of Thirty Years ago.*

May

May reaſonably invoke his Pen,
To do her Juſtice in his LOFTY SCENE.
Nor can ſhe, ſure, his *Lofty Scene* diſgrace,
Since Bawd, in breeding, ſtill of Whore takes Place.
For Bawd's arriv'd to the Grave *Doctor's State*,
While Whore is but an *Under-Graduate*;
Bawd's maudlin Tone, from Penitential Cart,
Like *Theſpis*, Founder of the Tragick Art,
Muſt have the Force to move each *Amorous Heart*.

But what is it that Poets cannot do,
Careſs'd by *Us*, and ſo extoll'd by *You*?
T'encourage MERIT *nobly* you diſdain,
It is Pedantick, and below your Vein:
And, faith, to tell the Truth, *We* love our *Gain*.
As with the *Saints*, ſo 'tis, we find, with *You*,
For here, alas! th' *Elect* are very few,
And thoſe without your *Reaſon*, by your *Will*
(ſav'd too.
The leſs of proper Merit they can boaſt,
The more ſecure they are from being loſt.

While *Farce* and *Bombaſt* beſt can pleaſe the Age,
We'll Cook no other Diſhes for the Stage.
When to your Smiles *juſt Poets* y'admit,
And flock in Shoals to *Nature*, and to *Wit*,
All *Poetaſters* then we will diſcard,
And here encourage only the *True Bard*.
For, ſure, in *Us* it muſt ſeem Impudence
To Cheriſh *Merit*, and to play *good Senſe*,
When from *Your Taſte* we hope for all our *Pence*.

The Hiſtory and Fall of the Conformity-Bill. Being an Excellent New Song, to the Tune of Chivy-Chaſe.

GOD bleſs our Gracious Sovereign *ANNE*,
For ſo I ſhall her call,
Who Ruleth in our *Engliſh* Land,
An *Engliſh* Heart withal.

The Prince, her Turtle Mate, I trow,
I alſo pray God bleſs,
And eke the Duke of *Marlborough*,
Both his and her good Grace.

And now I think within this Realm
I need pray for no more,
For they who do ſit at the Helm
Are Two out of theſe Four.

And yet I mayn't omit the Church
To pray for in my Pray'rs,
Which has of late been left i'th' lurch
By her own Sons and Heirs.

Ah Biſhops! Biſhops, you I mean,
They ſay you were poſſeſs'd,
As one may ſay, like Birds unclean,
To foul thus your own Neſt.

For unto you a choice Bill came,
Sent from the Commons Houſe,
And yet you did reject the ſame,
As if not worth a Louſe.

And

And now to tell I do intend
How they this Bill did bring in,
By that you'll find the very end
Of this my Tale's beginning.

Few happy in this VVorld there are,
And fewer in the next;
The firſt Experience does declare,
The laſt the Goſpel-Text.

And therefore ſome Great Men of Note
VVhom I ſhall name anon,
Did in the Senate ſtoutly vote
For Chriſtian Union.

Now Conſcience is a Thing we know
Like to a Maſtiff Dog,
VVhich if ty'd up, ſo fierce he'll grow
He'll bite his very Clog.

VVherefore ſome wiſer Men than ſome,
Thought they could give good Reaſon
How that this Bill juſt now did come
A little out of ſeaſon.

Diſſenters they were to be preſs'd
To go to Common-Prayer,
And turn their Faces to the Eaſt,
As God were only there:

Or elſe no place of Price or Truſt
They ever could obtain;
Which ſhews that Saying very juſt,
That Godlineſs is Gain.

Now ſome, I ſay, did think this hard,
And ſtrove with all their Might
That Subjects might not be debarr'd
Of Freedom, nor of Right.

For

For who can think our Lord can care
From whence the Voice does ſound,
Tho' we ſhould pray as Seamen ſwear
The Compaſs Points around?

Sure he, I ſay, our Pray'rs can hear
Whenever we do call;
For if ſo be the Heart's ſincere,
Oh! that is all in all.

But yet to ſee how the World goes,
Right is by Might devour'd;
And they who did this Bill oppoſe,
Alas! were overpower'd.

St. *Stephen* firſt was in degree
That Perſecution felt;
And perſecuted ſo was he
He better had been gelt.

Oh! better had it been for he
I'll ſay while I have breath,
Ten times unſtoned for to be,
Than ſtoned unto Death.

But let that paſs, and mark me well;
For things unknown before,
And ſtrange and true, I now ſhall tell,
Or ne'er believe me more.

How *Stephen* ſtoned was you've heard;
Now to atone that Guilt,
A Chapel of thoſe Stones is rear'd
By which his Blood was ſpilt.

And *Stephen*'s Chapel is it height,
And ſtands in *Weſtminſter*,
Near to that Place where want of Sight
Makes Juſtice ſometimes err.

Now

Now how theſe Stones make hard the Heart
Of Burgeſs, or of Knight,
And do by Influence impart
Their perſecuting Spight,

It's hard to tell the Cauſe thereof,
Like other Myſteries;
Nor would I aim at that, although
That I were ne'er ſo wiſe.

But yet 'tis true, or tell me now,
How could ſuch Zeal Inſpire
Sir *E*——— *S*———*r*, or *J*——*H*——,
Of *Glouceſterſhire* Eſquire?

With divers Men of leſſer Note,
Tho' Equal in Deſert,
Who did their Voices for to Vote,
With Clamours loud exert.

None of whoſe Lives I think can boaſt,
That they have much Religion,
Or value more the Holy Ghoſt
Than *Mahomet* his Pigeon.

Ev'n *H*———*y*'s ſelf, I ſay, would ſcarce
Be made a *Smithfield* Martyr;
For proof, clap Faggots to his A———
You'd find you've caught a Tartar.

Now this ſame Bill compleatly Cook'd,
To the Peers Houſe is follow'd,
And they who brought it thither look'd
It forthwith ſhould be ſwallow'd.

But as a Haſty Pudding's ſpoilt
If there do fall ſome Soot in't,
Or if burnt to, ſo this was ſpoilt
By Biſhop *B*———*t*'s Foot in't.

For

For he with Toe Epiſcopal
  Thereto gave ſuch a Zeſt,
Their Lordſhips ſtraight grew ſqueamiſh all,
  Nor could the ſame digeſt.

In vain brisk *N*——— did ſpeak,
  Who is ſo tall and ſlim;
In vain did *G*——— ſilence break,
  Who is ſo like to him.

Their Words, alas! went for no more
  Than does the News of *Grubſter*,
Or than in Commons Houſe before
  Went *H*———*s* Voice the Shrubſter.

The wiſe and valiant Lord of th' North
  With little better Luck,
In windy Words did Bluſter forth,
  So did his Grace of *Buck*.

For to tell Truth, ſome Peers did ſmoke
  That this ſame Bill's Progreſſion
Might by degrees at length have broke
  The Proteſtant Suc——on.

Such Snakes in Graſs were for to bite
  Thoſe who could not diſcern 'em,
Wherefore this Bill was kick'd out quite,
  Pro nunc & ſempiternum.

Now God preſerve our Queen, I ſay,
  And grant her long to reign;
And God keep Popery, I pray,
  On t'other ſide the Main.

[And grant Presbytery may ſtay,
  And all the Canting Breed,
For ever, and alſo for ay,
  On t'other ſide the *Tweed.*]

Sic Cecinit

Rob. Wiſdom.

On the Counteſs of Dorch--er.

By the E. of D----t.

PRoud with the Spoils of Royal Cully,
With falſe Pretence to Wit and Parts,
She Swaggers like a batter'd Bully,
To try the Tempers of Mens Hearts.

Tho' ſhe appear as glittering fine
As Gems, and Jeſts, and Paint, can make her,
She ne'er can win a Breaſt like mine,
The Devil and Sir *David* take her.

The Petition of the Diſtreſs'd Merchants of London *to the Lord High Treaſurer, againſt the Commiſſioners of the Cuſtoms.*

FRom *Go*——*n*, that Waſp, whoſe Talent is Notion;
From ſnarling Tool *Cl*——*ke*, at the other's Devotion;
From Republican *Ben*, the old Clergy Teazer,
Whoſe true Chriſtian Name, you muſt know's *Abenezer*;
From the flatt'ring falſe *H*——*ley*, who ſneaks to Church-Party,
And for but half Salary Vows to be hearty;
From fearful proud *N*——*port*, who ſpits out his Curſes;
From T——dy Bully C——*ford*, and the Rogues that he Nurſes;

From

From ſo motly a Crew, ſo imperious a Board,
Deliver this lab'ring Country, good Lord,
And thy Staff ſhall like *Hercules*'s Club be ador'd;
And that no grain of Merit fall by this Petition,
Leave *Manwaring* only to grace the Commiſſion.

SONG.

THE *Ceſtrian* Roach will prove a fine Fiſh,
And Game not in Seaſon will make a good Diſh
For the Court of St. *Germains*, if ſerv'd up in State,
With Forty-four Covers of *Corniſh* Church-Plate,
And guarded by *Scots* that are highly provok'd,
With deſign that a Female of Note may be choak'd.
The Sauce takes its Reliſh from the Hogo of *How*,
And *S*——*r* the Coals of the Kitchen will blow;
The Grace will be ſaid by *Nonjuring Ken*,
And all the High-Fliers will ſoon ſay *Amen*.

Tofts *and* Margarita.

MUſick has learnt the Diſcords of the State,
And Conſorts jar with Whig and Tory Hate.
Here *Devonſhire* and *Somerſet* attend
The *Britiſh Tofts*, and ev'ry Note Commend;
To Native Merit juſt, and pleas'd to ſee
We've *Roman* Arts from *Roman* Bondage free.
There fam'd *L'Epine* does equal Skill imploy,
While liſt'ning Peers croud to th' extatick Joy.
B——*d* to hear her Song his Dice forſakes,
And *N*——*m*'s tranſported when ſhe ſhakes:
Lull'd Stateſmen melt away their Drowſie Cares
Of *England*'s Safety in *Italian* Airs.
Who would not ſend each Poſt blank Paſſes o'er,
Rather than keep ſuch Strangers from our Shore?

An Addreſs.

MADAM,

WE Addreſs you to Day in a very new Faſhion,
And tell you of nothing but Force and Invaſion,
Though ſome Folks will laugh when they hear the Occaſion.
Violation's the Word; not a Tittle o'th' Church;
For, as *Johnny* ſays plainly, you've left us i'th' lurch.
The Sham's at an end which made ſuch a pother,
And we're plaguily put to our Trumps for another.
But ſince the curs'd Lords have thrown out the Bill,
And choſe a Committee that piſs in a Quill,
Who, if we be ſilent, will find out the Plot,
Then N——*m*'s Merit will ſoon be forgot,
And ſome of us ſurely muſt then go to pot,
We are forc'd to invent in this dangerous Criſis
Some pretty new Whims to confound their Devices.
Why, *Madam*, you're raviſh'd, your Queenſhip's invaded,
And we muſt ſqueel out till of this you're perſuaded.
But who are the Villains perhaps you will ask?
If we did not tell you 'twould be a hard Task
To gueſs or perceive you had any Abuſe,
So we come on purpoſe to tell you the News.
'Tis the whole H— of Lords, thoſe Damnable Lords,
Who have done the ſad thing on moſt of our Words;
O, *Madam*, take care of your Prerogative Royal,
We ne'er were before ſo confoundedly Loyal,
For extending your Power to be humbly Addreſſing,
And you ſee we conform on Occaſion ſo preſſing;
To glut our Revenge, Moderation to Foil,
The Peers to Affront, the State to Imbroil,
This Glorious Quarrel we come to advance,
Which is as dear to us as that againſt *France*.

The Compariſon.

THat fitting Meaſures might be taken
To ſave a certain Prince's Bacon,
Three Heroes, all true Sons of *Mars*,
As e'er look Enemy i'th' *A*———*e*,
Met lately to concert Affairs:
Eug—— the Eldeſt Child of Fame,
Who Conquers with his very Name,
Is once more come to help at a Dead Pinch,
And means to play the Devil with the *French*;
With *M*———*h* known far and near,
For Great Atchievements fam'd in War,
Who's wiſely March'd the Lord knows where,
With Troops as good as ever Fought,
Full Fifty Thouſand Men,
He's gone to do the Lord knows what,
And will return I don't know when.
Ev'n Warlike *Lewis*, whoſe Deſigns
Were never yet to hurt his Friends,
Who fighting wiſely can refrain,
And Hunt while *German* Towns are ta'en.

Theſe Three, all Men of mighty Deeds,
Together wiſely laid their Heads,
To make a ſmart Campaign:
So the Three Famous Wits of late
Clubb'd Brains together to Compleat,
A Fourth as Wiſe Trelooby;
And one may Wager a good Sum on't,
Some mighty Matters ſoon will come on't,
If current Rumour true be.

You'll ſee e'er this Campaign is o'er
Deeds worthy to be crackt on;
Three Loobies writ a Farce before,
Three Gen—ls now will Act one.

On D----- M------.

WHen a Church on a Hill to the *Danube* advance,
Then's near to his Ruin the beſt Cock of *France*;
Then Three ſhall beat Five, being Anger'd in *Spain*,
And Five out of Eight run to *Paris* again;
Then the Witch of St. *Albans* a Princeſs ſhall be,
In Right of her Husband by the Father of Three.
This Propheſie long ſince was found under-ground
By one who was lately in *Packington*'s Pound.

On the Duke of B------*'s Houſe.*

Sic ſiti lætantur Lares.

HAppily Hous'd theſe *Lares* are,
To feed on *Viſta*'s and freſh Air,
To Dine with *Humphrey*'s Duke each Day,
And Gaze their Supper-time away.
VVou'd *Ceres* bring her * Sheafs of Corn
Twou'd better *Sheffield*'s Houſe Adorn;
To which if *Bacchus* Grapes wou'd bring
Then might the *Lares* Laugh and Sing.

From

* His Coat of Arms is the Wheat-ſheaf.

From Captain C------ *to Mrs.* P-----, *upon her being Whipt by Sir* Chriſtopher.

MADAM,

I'VE heard how ſullen Knight
Did ill your Kindneſſes requite,
And rudely taking up your Smock,
Belabour'd furiouſly your Dock,
Whilſt I who conſtantly have born
The Servants Drubs, and Ladies Scorn,
VVould gladly Kiſs that very Part
VVhich lately felt the cruel Smart.
Tho' Poſtern Puffs fright *Iriſh* more
Than Guns, and dreadful Cannons Roar,
Th' unſavoury VVhiffs I ſhou'd not fear,
Becauſe the Remedy lyes near.
As Scorpions carry what ne'er fails
To Cure the Poiſon of their Tails,
So Dogs in *Italy* they ſay
With Noxious Vapours faint away;
But dipt into a Neighb'ring Spring,
Grow Brisk and Gay as any thing.
Three Goddeſſes I ſomewhere Read
To ſhow their Buttocks were agreed;
Had you engag'd in that Diſpute,
To you the Judge had given the Fruit.
How ſhall I hope to overcome
A Heart that's harder than your Bum?
Employ my Arm, and if he is Unruly,
I'll make the peeping Knight of *Coventry* look
(Bluely.

The Seven VViſe Men. From a Correct Copy.

SEven Sages in theſe latter Times are ſeen,
The Glory and Support of *Albion*'s Queen,
Whoſe Wiſdom will the *Gordian Knot* undo,
And be our Iſles *Palladium* 'gainſt the Foe.
Unſtable *Britain* may like *Dilos* float,
Yet ſtill *ſhe*'s ſafe while *Patriots* guide the *Boat*.

Firſt ſtands Recorded in the *Liſt* of Fame
The Gen'rous, Brave, the Humble *S*——'s Name,
Learnings good Ornament, the Muſes Pride,
By Nature form'd in Councils to preſide.
The *Poets* who in Crowds his *Table* throng
Are raviſh'd with the *Accents* of his *Tongue*,
The *Rhiming Gueſts* are fed with ſumpt'ous Fare;
Rewards can make his *Gibb'riſh Language* clear.

A gentle D—— comes next in cloſe Debate
To ſearch into the deep Intriegues of State,
But ſcarce had he in Council taken place,
When fond *Lucinda* call'd away his Grace;
In Liberties of Love, ſhe told her Lord
His Talent was not for the Council-board.
Her tender Limberham ſhe did implore
To quit thoſe *Factious* Follies at *Threeſcore*,
And pleaded that his Name was only given
To have one Man of *Honour* in the *Seven*.

Next giddy *Phaethon* begins his Flight,
And boldly dares aſcend the Orb of Light.
But the raſh Youth will ſoon inflame the Ball,
And with Confuſion from his Chariot fall.
Thoſe *Jackdaws* Eyes can never bear the *Teſt*,
Tho' they were nouriſh'd in an *Eagle*'s Neſt.
Thoſe artleſs Hands, and that untimely Zeal,
May harm, but ne'er preſerve the *Commonweal*.

Then

Then to his Library let him confine
The undigeſted Notions of his Brain,
In curious Speculations ſpend his Days,
And labour to preſerve *J——s F-rb-s*'s Praiſe.
To Learning 'tis confeſs'd he'as ſome Pretence,
For he abounds in *Books*, tho' not in *Senſe*.

O valiant *Sc———!* with unan'mous Voice
The Nation does applaud the Senate's Choice.
Grown old in Wars, thou muſt in Council ſit,
For Councils now, as once for Actions, fit.
Thy penetrating Senſe can ſoon unfold
Myſterious Truth in thy own Cyphers told.

As a raw Youth of the *Patrician* Race
In that *Auguſt Aſſembly* claims a Place,
Only with aweful Silence to attend,
And by the Sire's wiſe Precepts form his tender Mind,
Our modern *Sages* prudently admit
Young *T--ſ---d* ſhou'd in the Committee ſit,
Provided ſtill the firſt like Stamp he bear,
And like the Infant *Carthaginian* ſwear
Immortal hatred to his Father's Foes,
And ever to ſupport *The good Old Cauſe*.

Unheard came creeping next a crafty Bard,
Who *Factious* Buſineſs never did retard,
An antient Stock, in covert *Sawpits* bold,
In *Plots* conſummate, and in *Tricks* grown old;
Since among K---es he holds the foremoſt place,
Old *Fer——n*'s Footſteps who ſo well can trace?
Tho' twice his Marriage-bed has been betray'd,
Good reaſon ſtill his Vengeance has allay'd.
The Injury his former Spouſe has done
A large Eſtate moſt amply did atone.
He is content his preſent Spouſe ſhou'd ſtrole,
To gain young Bullies to the *Kit-kat* Bowl.

S———, thou mighty Genius, next ariſe,
Nor let young *J——es* thy Vigilance ſurprize;

Let

Let neither Guilt, or Crime, nor ſence of Pain,
Diſtract the Projects of thy teeming Brain,
Thoſe Labours may be crown'd another Reign.
With thy accuſtom'd Art expound the Laws,
Weighing the Party's Merit, not the Cauſe.
Above the *Common Honour* of a P——,
Thy reſtleſs Soul diſdains that *Humble Sphere*.
A *Blazing Comet* to amaze the Sight,
And with a *Fiery Tail* the People fright.
Thus, for *a while*, thou may'ſt with Luſtre ſhine,
But *ſoon* to *Primitive Dregs* thou muſt return again.

O *Albion*, on theſe Shoulders ne'er Repoſe,
Theſe are thy *Dangerous*, *Inteſtine Foes*;
Theſe are the *Tyrants* who would thee *Enthral*,
Reſolve to *Govern*, or o'erthrow the *Ball*,
Tho' they, like *Sampſon*, in the Ruin *fall*.

Faction Diſplay'd.

SAY, Goddeſs Muſe, for thy All-ſearching Eyes
Can Traytors trace thro' ev'ry dark Diſguiſe,
Can penetrate Intrieguing Stateſmens Hearts,
Their deepeſt Plots, and all their wily Arts;
Say how a Fierce *Cabal* combin'd of late,
Imploy their anxious Thoughts t'embroil the State;
What angry Pow'r inſpires 'em to Complain
In *Anna*'s Gentle and Propitious Reign.

Faction, a reſtleſs and repining Fiend,
Curdles their Blood, and gnaws upon their Mind;
Off-ſpring of *Chaos*, Enemy to *Form*,
By whoſe deſtructive Arts the World is torn.
She taught the Giants to attempt the Sky,
And *Jove*'s avenging Thunder to defie;
She rais'd the Hand that ſtruck the Fatal Blow,
Which *Martyr'd Jove*'s Vicegerent here below;

She

She ſtill purſues him with relentleſs Hate,
Arraigns his Mem'ry, and inſults his Fate.
'Tis ſhe, that wou'd for ev'ry ſlight Offence
Depoſe a True Hereditary Prince;
That would *Uſurpers* for their Treaſon Crown,
Till Time and Vengeance drag them Headlong down,
And *Exil'd Monarchs* reaſſert their Rightful Throne.

No Conſtitution in the World can boaſt
A Scheme of Laws more Rational, more Juſt,
Than *England*'s are; where Sov'reign, Kingly Sway,
Is *mixt* and qualify'd with ſuch Allay,
That Freeborn Subjects willingly Obey.
Nor yet ſo baſely *mixt*, as that our Kings
Are only Tools of State, and Pow'rleſs Things.
For tho' indeed they can have no Pretence
With *Fundameutal Contracts* to *Diſpence*,
(For that were Conqueſt) yet, thoſe Rights maintain'd,
Prerogative is high and unreſtrain'd.
In equal Diſtance from Extremes we move,
No Tyranny nor Commonwealth approve.
Nor Tyranny, that Savage Brutal Pow'r,
Which not protects Mankind, but does devour.
Nor Commonwealth, a Monſter, *Hydra* State,
Whoſe many Heads threaten each other's Fate,
And load their Body unweildy weight.
But a Succeſſive Monarchy we own,
With all the lawful Sanctions of a Crown.

Such was our old Eſtabliſh'd *Engliſh* Frame,
Which might have flouriſh'd Ages yet the ſame,
But for this Envious Fiend, who ſtill prepares
To ſow the Seeds of long Inteſtine Wars.

Near the Imperial Palaces remains,
Where nothing now but Deſolation reigns,
(Fatal Preſage of Monarchy's decline,
And Extirpation of the Regal Line!)
There ſtands an Antique Venerable Pile,
Whoſe Lords were once the Glories of our Iſle:

But

But now it mourns, that Race of Hero's Dead,
And droops, and hangs its melancholy Head.
This Pile (howe'er for better Ends design'd,
An Emblem of the Noble Founder's Mind)
Is *Faction*'s Refuge, where she keeps her Court,
VVhere all her darling Votaries resort.
Here, when their *Glorious N*—— fell, they met
On new Resolves and Measures to debate.

Say then, my Muse, their secret Thoughts display,
Expose their dark Designs to open Day.
This grand *Cabal* was held at Dead of Night,
(For Ghosts and Furies always shun the Light)
Despair, and Rage, and Sorrow kept 'em Dumb,
Till *Moro* rose (the Master of the Dome)
A Stamm'ring, Hot, Conceited, Laughing L—— ;
VVho prov'd his VVant of Sense in ev'ry VVord,
VVhen hissing thus, his fetter'd Tongue broke lose,
'I take it as an Honour that you've chose
'For this Debate your humble Servant's House.
'The House henceforward shall recorded stand
'As the *Palladium* of the sinking Land,
'And I to future Ages be renown'd
'The *Party*'s Bulwark, and the Nation's Mound.
'Now *N*——, ——, the Immortal *N*——'s gone,
'VVe justly his untimely Herse bemoan.
'O that I could restore his Life again!
'For who can bear a VVoman's servile Chain?
Full of such Stuff, he would have giv'n it vent,
But that black *Ario*'s Fierceness did prevent.
A *Scotch* Seditious, Unbelieving Priest,
The Brawny Chaplain of the *Calves-Head-Feast*,
VVho first his Patron, then his Prince betray'd,
And does that Church, he's sworn to guard, invade,
VVarm with rebellious Rage, he thus began,
'To talk of calling Life again is vain.
'Peace to the *Glorious* Dead: VVe justly mourn
'His Ashes, ever Sacred be his Urn:
'But here, my L——, we are together met
'To vow to *A*——'s Sceptre endless Hate.

'For

‘ For ſince my Hope of *W*——*ton* is expir'd,
‘ With juſt Revenge and Indignation fir'd
‘ I'll write, and talk, and preach her Title down,
‘ My thund'ring Voice ſhall ſhake her in the Throne;
‘ Do you the Sword, and I'll engage the Gown.
A Pauſe enſu'd, till *Pariarcho*'s Grace
VVas pleas'd to rear his huge unweildy Maſs;
A Maſs unanimated with a Soul,
Or elſe he'd ne'er be made ſo Vile a Tool;
He'd ne'er his Apoſtolick Charge prophane,
And *Atheiſts* and *Fanaticks* Cauſe maintain;
At length, as from the Hollow of an Oak,
The Bulky Primate Yawn'd, and Silence broke.
‘ I much approve my Brother's zealous Heat,
‘ Such is the Noble Ardour of the Great,
‘ On which Succeſs and Praiſe will ever wait.
‘ But I'm untaught in Politician's Schools,
‘ Unpractis'd in their Arts and ſtudied Rules,
‘ By which they make the VViſeſt of us Fools;
‘ The Task be therefore yours to forge ſome Plot,
‘ And I'll be ready with my truſty Vote,
‘ Nor e'er give your Commands a ſecond Thought.
‘ Tho' I were Mute, you muſt confeſs I've ſtood
‘ Fixt as a Rock amidſt the beating Flood.
‘ Witneſs St. *A*——*ph*'s and St. *D*——*d*'s Cauſe,
‘ Where obſtinately I tranſgreſs'd the Laws,
‘ And did in either Caſe Injuſtice ſhow,
‘ Here ſav'd a Friend, there triumph'd o'er a Foe.
Then old *Myſterio* ſhook his ſilver Hairs,
Loaded with Learning, Prophecy, and Years,
Whom Factious Zeal to fierce *Unchriſtian* Strife
Had hurry'd in the laſt Extream of Life.
Strange Dotage! Thus to ſacrifice his Eaſe,
When Nature whiſpers Men to crown their Days
With ſweet Retirement and religious Peace!
Foreknowledge ſtruggled in his heaving Breaſt
E'er he in theſe dark Terms his Fears expreſt.
‘ The Stars roul Adverſe, and Malignant ſhine,
‘ Some dire Portent! Some Comet I divine!

‘ I

'I plainly in the *Revelations* find
'That *A*—— to the *Beaſt* will be inclin'd.
'Howe'er, tho' She and all her Senate frown,
'I'll wage eternal War with *R*———*ton*,
'And venture Life and Fame to pull him down.
As he went on his Tongue a trembling ſeiz'd,
And all his Pow'r and Utterance ſuppreſs'd.
So when the *Sibyl* felt th' Inſpiring God,
She raving loſt her Voice, and Speechleſs ſtood.

Unhappy Church, by ſuch Uſurpers ſway'd!
How is thy Prim'tive Purity decay'd?
How are thy Prelates chang'd from what they were,
When *Laud* or *Sancroft* fill'd the Sacred Chair?
Laud. tho' with ſome traduc'd, with Zeal adorn'd,
Whilſt *Patriarcho* is deſpis'd and Scorn'd,
Shall be by me for ever Prais'd, for ever Mourn'd.
Sancroft's unblemiſh'd Life, divinely Pure,
In its own Heav'nly Innocence ſecure,
The Teeth of Time, the Blaſts of Envy, ſhall endure.

When for th' Eſtabliſh'd Faith they ſhould contend,
Meekneſs and Chriſtian Charity pretend;
But with a blind and unbecoming Rage,
For *Schiſm* and *Toleration* they engage;
With ſtrange Delight and Eagerneſs eſpouſe
Occaſional Conformiſts ſhameful Cauſe,
Oppreſs thy Friends, and Vindicate thy Foes.
Thy guardian Laws to weaken they combine,
And tamely thy Eſſential Rights reſign;
Thy ancient Truths with Modern Gloſſes blend,
Deſtroying the Religion they would mend.

So have they broke thy Pale and Fences down;
Such Arts have Chriſtianity o'erthrown:
For *Scepticiſm*, that now triumphant reigns,
Condemns her Captive to inglorious Chains,
Where ſhe Forlorn, Contemn'd, Deſpairing lyes,
Nor hopes a Refuge, but her Native Skies.

But

But, Muſe, proceed, nor dwell on Thoughts too long,
That would inflame thy Satyriſing Song.
Clodio with kindling Emulation heard
What this Triumvirate of Prieſts declar'd.
Clodio, the Chief of all the Rebel-Race,
Uncheck'd by Fear, unhumbled by Diſgrace;
Whoſe Working, Turbulent, Fanatick, Mind
No Tenderneſs can move, no Ties can bind.
To gain a *Rake*, he'll Drink, and Whore, and Rant,
T' engage a Puritan, will Pray and Cant.
So Satan can in diff'ring Forms appear,
Or Radiant Light, or Gloomy Darkneſs, wear.
Thrice he Blaſphem'd, and Thrice he Frantick Swore
By ev'ry Terrible Infernal Pow'r,
Then wav'd his Staff, and ſaid,
'Tho' *N*——'s Death has all our Meaſures broke,
'Yet never will we bend to *A*—'s Yoke.
'The Glorious *Revolution* was in vain
'If Monarchy once more its Rights regain.
'Let all be Chaos, and Confuſion all,
'E'er that damn'd Form of Government prevail.
'O had he liv'd to perfect his Deſign,
'We ne'er had been ſubjected to her Reign,
'But rooted out the *St—t*'s hated Line!
'Howe'er, ſince Fate has otherwiſe decreed,
'We may on his unfiniſh'd Scheme proceed;
'We may 'gainſt Pow'r repos'd in One inveigh,
'And call all Monarchy Tyrannick Sway;
'We may the Praiſes of the *Dutch* advance,
'Rail at the Arbitrary Rule of *France*,
'Extol the Commonwealth in *Adria*'s Flood,
'Which for Ten Rowling Centuries has ſtood,
'Argue how th' *Roman* and *Athenian* State
'Were only when Republicks truly Great;
'Tis eaſie the Unreas'ning Mob to guide,
'For they are always on the Factious Side.
'This labour'd here, 'twill be our next Reſort
'To Manage and Cajole *S*——'s Court.

'*Toland*

'*Toland* alone for ſuch a Work is fit,
'In all the Arts of Villany Compleat.
'The *Scotch*, a Rough, Revolting, Stubborn, Kind,
'Have long at *England*'s growing Pow'r repin'd.
'Nor need we with unneceſſary Care
'Endeavour to foment Rebellion there;
'For ſcarce our *N*———'s Empire they endur'd,
'Tho' he their antient Liberties reſtor'd,
'And murm'ring now they ask a Foreign Lord.
'But (Health ſuppos'd) to * *Ireland* I'll repair,
'And right or wrong Uſurp the Commons Chair;
'That Point once gain'd, we'll ſoon ſecure our Cauſe,
'Soon undermine our hot-brain'd tow'ring Foes.
'At leaſt I'll ſubſtitute ſome **Wealthy Friend,**
'Who ſhall with Heat and Arrogance contend
'To thwart the Court in ev'ry juſt Command.
So *Catiline* the Fate of *Rome* deſign'd,
And when he'ad form'd the Scheme within his Mind,
In ſuch a warm Harangue his Friends addreſt,
And open'd all the Secret of his Breaſt.
This hit *Sigillo*'s Thoughts, and made him cool,
Tho' juſt before he ſcarcely could controul
The ſtormy Paſſion ſwelling in his Soul;
His reſtleſs Soul that rends his ſickly Frame,
Worn with a pois'nous and corroding Flame.
And unjuſt J——e, and blemiſh of the M—,
Witneſs the *Bankers* long depending Caſe,
A ſhallow Stateſman, tho' of mighty Fame,
For who can e'er that curſt *Par—on* name
But to his foul Diſgrace and to his Shame?
Beſides, in Spite of all his loud Defence,
He ſhew'd a Want of Honeſty or Senſe,
In paſſing ev'ry Plund'ring Courtier's *Grants.*
He is (for Satyr dares the Truth declare)
Deiſt, Republican, Adulterer.
Thus his lov'd *Clodio* for his Speech he prais'd,
And Joy and Wonder in the Hearers rais'd.

'There

* This Project was once Talk'd of.

'There ſpoke the Guardian Genius of our Cauſe,
'Whoſe ev'ry Word deſerves Divine Applauſe.
'Not e'en * *Cethego*'s ſelf could form a Plot
'More nicely ſpun, more exquiſitely wrought;
'Tho' he, to his immortal envied Fame,
'The Glory of the Revolution claim.
'Twas his profound unfathomable Wit
'Did *James* and all his *Jeſuit* Train defeat.
'He knew Reveal'd Religion was a Jeſt,
'Impos'd upon the World by ſome deſigning Prieſt;
'Nor therefore fear'd, but to their Idols bow'd,
'Prevaricating with his King, his God.
'A *Proteus*, ever acting in Diſguiſe,
'A finiſh'd Stateſman, intricately Wiſe;
'A Second *Machiavel* who ſoar'd above
'The little Ties of Gratitude and Love;
'Whoſe harden'd Conſcience never felt Remorſe;
'Reflection is the Puny Sinner's Curſe.
'But why ſhould I *Cethego*'s Praiſe purſue,
'When all his Virtues, *Clodio*, ſhine in you?
'You can another Revolution frame,
'The ſame your Principle, your Skill the ſame.
'Whilſt then the wav'ring *Iriſh* are your Care,
'Believe we'll uſe our utmoſt Efforts here,
'Nor Time, nor Pains, nor Health, nor Money, (ſpare.
'*Cethego* in your Abſence ſhall preſide
'O'er our Debates, and ev'ry Conſult guide;
'Like the Supream directing Hand of *Jove*
'Shall act unſeen, and all around him move.
'I, as the Moderator of the Laws,
'Will find a Way to ſanctifie our Cauſe;
'Will prove, in *Paſſive Jacobites* Deſpight,
'Rebellion is a Freeborn Peoples Right.
'Then as we take our Circuits thro' the Land,
'We'll mould the Stern Freeholders to our Hand,
'Awe their Elections, and their Votes command.

* The Perſon here Repreſented was living at the time of this Cabal.

'When with our Faithful City Friends we Dine
'We'll mingle Treaſon with the flowing Wine:
'We'll plant in ev'ry Coffeehouſe a Spy
'That boldly ſhall the Miniſtry decry;
'Shall Praiſe the paſt, the preſent Reign Condemn,
'And all their Meaſures, all their Councils, Blame:
'Shall ſpread a Thouſand idle, groundleſs, Tales
'Of Foreign Gold, the Pope, and P—ce of *W*——;
'Shall never fail Objections ſtill to raiſe,
'(Whatever is tranſacted with Succeſs)
'And turn their greateſt Honour to Diſgrace.
'This Chymick Art, perverting Nature's Law,
'From ſweeteſt Things will rankeſt Poiſons draw.
Narciſſo next, Magnificently Gay,
Smil'd his Aſſent, but not a Word would ſay;
He fear'd to ſtrain his Voice by talking loud,
Nor was his Quail-pipe made for ſuch a Crowd.
A Batter'd Beau, yet Youthful in Decay,
Who Dreſſes Whores, and Games his Time away.
Fond of Sedition, but indulging Vice
With all that Wealth, profuſely ſpent, ſupplies.
And yet this Debauchee pretends to claim
An injur'd Patriot's Meritorious Name.
Then ſqueal'd *Orlando*, but his furious Heat
Shew'd him for cool mature Debates unfit,
Nor will we here the Bluſt'ring Speech repeat.
A Bully L——, whoſe wild, mad, Looks proclaim
His Boſom warm'd with more than Heroes Flame.
Fighting and Railing are his Chief Delight,
Promiſcuouſly oppoſing wrong and right.
Whate'er he does is always in Extreams,
Sometimes the *Whig*, ſometimes the *Tory*, damns.
His various Temper and impetuous Mind
To ev'ry Party is by Starts inclin'd.
He never was, nor e'er will be, content
With any Prince, with any Government.
Laſt roſe *Bathillo* deck'd with borrow'd Bays,
Renown'd for others Projects, others Lays.
A gay, pragmatical, pretending, Tool,
Opinionatively wiſe, and pertly dull.

A Demy-Stateſman, Talkative, and Loud,
Hot without Courage, without Merit proud,
A Leader fit for the unthinking Crowd.
With dapper Geſture, but with haughty Look,
His lewd Aſſociates vainly he beſpoke.
'Do you perform the Politicians Part,
'I'll bring th' Aſſiſtance of the Muſes Art;
'The Poet-Tribe are all at my Devoir,
'And write as I command, as I inſpire.
'C——*g*——*ve* for me *Paſtora*'s Death did Mourn,
'*And her white Name with Sable Verſe adorn.*
'*R*—— too is mine, and of the *Whiggiſh* Train,
'*T*was he that ſung Immortal *Tamerlane*,
'Tho' now he dwindles to an * humbler Strain.
'I help'd to poliſh *G*——*th*'s rough, awkward, Lays,
'Taught him in Tuneful Lines to Sound our Parties Praiſe.
'*VV*——*ſh* Votes with us, who, tho' he never writ,
'Yet paſſes for a Critick and a Wit.
'*Van*'s Bawdy, Plotleſs, Plays were once our Boaſt,
'But now the Poet's in the Builder loſt.
'On *A*——*ſon* we ſafely may depend,
'A Penſion never fails to gain a Friend.
'Thro' *Alpine Hills* he ſhall my Name reſound,
'And make his Patron known in *Claſſick Ground.*
'Theſe pay the Tribute to my Merit due,
'Call me their *Horace*, and *Mecænas* too.
'Princes but ſit unſettled on their Thrones,
'Unleſs ſupported by *Apollo*'s Sons.
'*Auguſtus* had the *Mantuan* and *Venuſian* Muſe,
'And happier *N*—— had his *M*——*gues.*
'But *A*——, that Ill-fated Tory Queen,
'Shall feel the Vengeance of the Poet's Pen.

Triton, who, like the vaſt *Leviathan*,
Long wallow'd in the Treaſures of the Main,
Was all Attention, and ſuſpended hung,
For ev'ry Rebel Heart has not a Tongue.

* The *Fair Penitent.*

Beſides, there ſtood a numerous Train of P——,
Below the Notice of Recording Verſe.
Beaus, Biters, Pathicks, B——rs, and Cits,
Toſters, Kit Kats, Divines, Buffoons, and Wits,
Compos'd the Medly Crew; but I forbear
To give 'em any Place or Mention here;
For ſince the Muſe would bluſh to paint their Crimes,
Let Decency reſtrain th'Invective Rhimes.

When thus their Chiefs had ſpoke, thro' all the Throng
Repeated Peals of Acclamations rung.
Not antient *Demagogues* with more Applauſe
Aſſerted and Eſpous'd the Rabble's Cauſe.

Now the Aſſembly to adjourn prepar'd,
When *Bibliopolo* from behind appear'd,
As well deſcrib'd by th' Old Satyrick Bard;
With leering Looks, Bull-fac'd, and Freckled Fair,
With Two Left Legs, and Judas-*colour'd Hair,*
With Frowzy Pores that taint the ambient Air.
Sweating and Puffing for a while he ſtood,
And then broke forth in this Inſulting Mood.
'I am the Touchſtone of all Modern Wit,
'Without my Stamp in vain your Poets write.
'Thoſe only purchaſe everliving Fame
'That in my Miſcellany plant their Name.
'Nor therefore think that I can bring no Aid
'Becauſe I follow a Mechanick Trade, (Spread.
'I'll Print your Pamphlets, and your Rumours
'I am the Founder of your lov'd *Kit-Kat*,
'A Club that gave Direction to the State;
''Twas there we firſt inſtructed all our Youth
'To Talk Prophane, and Laugh at Sacred Truth.
'We taught them how to Toſt, and Rhime, and Bite,
'To Sleep away the Day, and Drink away the Night.
Some this Fantaſtick Speech approv'd, ſome ſneer'd,
The Wight grew Cholerick, and diſappear'd.

Mean time the Fury ſmil'd, who all this while
Sat hov'ring on the Summet of the Pile.

A

A Secret and exulting Joy ſhe finds
To ſee her Influence brooding on their Minds;
And the bare Proſpect of ſuch Noble Ills
Her Thoughts with rapt'rous Speculations fills.
Then She——
'With what Delight do I my Sons behold
'So reſolutely Brave, ſo fiercely Bold?
'Sure nothing can reſiſt their boundleſs Courſe,
'Nothing ſubdue their well united Force.
'*Volpone*, who will ſolely now command
'The Publick Purſe, and T—ſ—e of the Land,
'Wants Conſtancy and Courage to oppoſe
'A Band of ſuch exaſperated Foes.
'For how ſhould he that moves by Craft and Fear,
'Or ever greatly think, or ever greatly dare?
'What did he e'er in all his Life perform,
'But ſhrunk at the Approach of ev'ry Storm?
'But when the tott'ring Church his Aid requir'd,
'With *Moderation Principles* inſpir'd,
'Forſook his Friends, and decently retir'd.
'Nor has he any real juſt Pretence
'To that vaſt Depth of Politicks and Senſe.
'For where's the Depth, when Publick Credit's High,
'To manage an o'erflowing T——ſ——y?
'Or where the Senſe to know the Tricks of Game,
'Since *S——ms*, Sir *Ja—es*, and *H——ll——way* (may claim
'A knowledge as profound as his, as loud a Fame?
'I fear the Man who dares the Truth aſſert,
'Who never plays the Double-dealing Part;
'The Patriot's Soul diſdains the Trimmer's Art.
'Such *Celſus* is; but I foreſee his Fate
'To be ſupplanted by *Sempronia*'s Hate.
'(*Sempronia* of a lewd *procuring* Race,
'The Senate's Grievance, and the Court's Diſgrace.)
'Tis well he cannot long his Ground maintain,
'For Hell wou'd then employ her Fiend in vain.
'He never knew to proſtitute the State,
'Never by being Guilty to be Great.

'Nor yet when publick Storms came rowling on,
'Did he, or Danger, or his Duty, ſhun.
'*Rome*'s ſubtle Prieſts with Sophiſtry eſſay'd,
'With Wealth and Honour in the Ballance laid,
'To ſhock his Faith; but nothing could controul
'The firm Reſolves of his unbiaſs'd Soul,
'True to his Conſcience as the Needle to his Pole.
'Ally'd in Blood and Friendſhip to the Throne,
'He nobly makes his Country's Cauſe his own;
'Whilſt others keep their Int'reſt ſtill in View,
'And meaner Spirits meaner Ends purſue.
'So the fixt Stars harmonioufly comply
'With the *firſt publick Motion* of the Sky,
'Whilſt wand'ring Planets oppoſitely move
'Within the narrow Orbs of *private* Love.
She ſtopp'd—— for now her Anger 'gan to riſe,
Fluſh'd in her Cheeks, and ſparkl'd in her Eyes.
And well it might a Fury's Paſſion raiſe,
That ſhe was forc'd the Worth ſhe hates to praiſe.
The Dawn diſpers'd the Crowd, ſhe took her flight
To the low Regions of Eternal Night.
O *England*, how revolving is thy State?
How few thy Bleſſings? How ſevere thy Fate?
O deſtin'd Nation, to be thus betray'd
By thoſe whoſe Duty 'tis to ſerve and aid!
A griping, vile, degenerate, Viper-Brood
That tear thy Vitals, and exhauſt thy Blood.
A varying Kind that no fixt Rule purſue,
But often form their Principles anew;
Unknowing where to lodge ſupream Command,
Or in the King, or Peers, or Peoples Hand.
One while the Peoples Sov'reignty they own,
To vex and load a Peaceful Monarch's Crown;
Who to his Subjects, when at length *Reſtor'd*,
Without Diſtinction was their common Lord.
What Party elſe to *David*'s happy Throne
Would have preferr'd a giddy *Abſalon*?
But when a King is moulded to their Mind,
Then they to him would have all Sway confin'd;

Nor

Nor in their own deſpotick boundleſs Reign
Of Injur'd Rights and *Property* complain.
Nay, with a *Standing Force* thy Sons wou'd awe
The Subjects Slavery, the Tyrant's Law.
But if nor King, nor Commons, will comply
With their deteſted Acts of Villany,
They ſtrive the Peers declining Pow'r to raiſe,
And get *Impeachments* voted into Praiſe.
Bleſt Patriots theſe, who Liberty employ
T' elude thy Laws, and Liberty deſtroy!
Where is the Noble *Roman* Spirit fled
Which once inſpir'd thy antient Patriot's dead?
Who were above all private Ends, and joy'd
When Bravely for the Publick Weal they dy'd:
Who ſpread, like Branching Oaks, their Arms around,
To ſhelter and protect the Parent Ground;
Tho' Storms of Thunder rattl'd o'er their Head,
Yet all was ſafe beneath their Guardian Shade:
Or ſure Hiſtorians on our Faith impoſe,
And never ſuch a Race of Men aroſe;
Or Nodding Nature to a Period draws;
Or Providence, incens'd by Guilty Times,
Withholds his Grace, and dooms us to our Crimes.

Pardon (for Harmony will bring Relief,
Will ſooth thy anxious Cares, and charm thy Grief)
If my Condoling, Mournful, Muſe preſume
To viſit thy *Marcellus*'s Sacred Tomb;
For his Hereditary Gifts alone
Could have retriev'd thy Fame, and carried down
The Glorious Scene of Triumphs *Anna* has begun.
O may thy Angel Guard Her Royal Mind,
That *Fav'rites* not Seduce, nor *Trimmers* Blind.
For 'tis on Her thy Church and State depend,
With Her will Flouriſh, and with Her will End.
But my ſhock'd Thoughts the ſad Idea ſhun,
(The ſad Idea gives Eternal Moan)
When ſhe ſhall late, but Ah! too ſoon, comply
With Nature to Adorn her Kindred Sky.

For who can then pretend to wear her Crown?
Who repreſent the Mother, but the Son?
O! had the Pow'r that governs humane Fate
His Years extend to a longer Date,
To what Tranſcendence had his Genius ſprung,
Which was ſo Ripe, ſo Perfect, yet ſo Young?
But when freſh blooming Youth ſeem'd to proclaim
The laſting Structure of his Beauteous Frame,
When Health and Vigour with a kind Preſage
Promis'd the hoary Happineſs of Age,
Then with a momentary ſwift Decay
Thy Pride, thy darling Hope, was ſnatch'd away.
So by the Courſe of the revolving Sphears,
Whene'er a new diſcover'd Star appears,
Aſtronomers with Pleaſure and Amaze
Upon the Infant Luminary gaze.
They find their Heav'n enlarg'd, and wait from thence
Some bleſt, ſome more than common, Influence;
But ſuddenly, alas! the fleeting Light
Retiring leaves their Hopes involv'd in endleſs Night.

Mully *of* Mountown. *A Poem. By the Author of the* Tale of a Tub.

I.

MOuntown! Thou Sweet Retreat from *Dublin* (Cares,
Be Famous for thy *Apples* and thy *Pears*,
For *Turnips*, *Carrots*, *Lettice*, *Beans*, and *Peaſe*,
For *Peggy*'s Butter, and for *Peggy*'s Cheeſe.
May Clouds of *Pigeons* round about thee fly,
But condeſcend ſometimes to make a *Pye*.
May fat *Geeſe* gaggle with melodious Voice,
And ne'er want Gooſeberries or Apple Sauce.
Ducks in thy *Ponds*, and *Chickens* in thy *Penns*;
And be thy *Turkeys* Numerous as thy *Hens*.
May thy Black *Pigs* lye warm in little Stye,
And have no Thought to grieve them till they die.

Mountown!

Mountown! The *Muſes* moſt delicious *Theam*,
Oh! may thy *Codlins* ever ſwim in *Cream*.
Thy *Raſp*-- and *Strawberries* in *Bourdeaux* drown,
To add a redder Tincture to their own.
Thy *White Wine*, *Sugar*, *Milk*, together Club
To make that gentle Viand *Syllabub*.
Thy *Tarts* to *Tarts*, *Cheeſecakes* to *Cheeſecakes*, join
To ſpoil the Reliſh of the flowing *Wine*,
But to the fading *Palate* bring Relief
By thy *Weſtphalian Ham*, or *Belgick Beef*.
And to compleat thy Bleſſings in a Word,
May ſtill thy *Soil* be Generous as its *Lord*.

II.

Oh *Peggy*, *Peggy*, when thou go'ſt to *Brew*,
Conſider well what you're about to do;
Be very *Wiſe*, very ſedately *think*
That what you are about to make is *Drink*:
Conſider *who* muſt drink that *Drink*, and then
What 'tis to have the Praiſe of *Honeſt* Men:
For ſurely, *Peggy*, while that Drink does laſt
'Tis *Peggy* will be *Toaſted* or *Diſgrac'd*.
Then if thy *Ale* in *Glaſs* thou would'ſt confine,
To make its ſparkling Rays in Beauty ſhine,
Let thy clean Bottle be entirely dry,
Leſt a white Subſtance to the Surface fly,
And, floating there, diſturb the Curious Eye.
But this great *Maxim* muſt be underſtood,
Be ſure, *nay*, *very ſure*, *thy* Cork *be Good*;
Then future Ages ſhall of *Peggy* tell,
That Nymph that *Brew*'d and *Bottled Ale* ſo well.

III.

How fleet is *Air!* How many *Things* have Breath,
Which in a Moment they reſign to *Death*;
Depriv'd of *Light*, and all their happieſt State,
Not by their *Fault*, but ſome o'er-ruling *Fate!*

Altho'

Altho' fair *Flowers*, that juſtly might invite,
Are Cropt, nay, Torn away for *Man's* Delight;
Yet ſtill thoſe Flowers, alas, can make no Moan,
Nor has *Narciſſus* now a Power to Groan.
But all thoſe things which breathe in *different* Frame,
By Tye of Common Breaths Man's Pity claim.
A Gentle *Lamb* has Rhetorick to plead,
And when ſhe ſees the Butcher's Knife decreed,
Her Voice entreats him not to make her bleed;
But Cruel Gains, and Luxury of *Taſte*,
With *Pride*, ſtill lays Man's *Fellow Mortals* waſte:
What *Earth* and *Waters* breed, or *Air* inſpires,
Man for his *Palate* fits by Torturing *Fires*.

MULLY, a Cow ſprung from a Beauteous Race,
With ſpreading Front did *Mountown's* Paſtures Grace.
Gentle ſhe was, and with a gentle *Stream*,
Each Morn and Night gave *Milk* that equall'd *Cream*.
Offending None, of None ſhe ſtood in Dread,
Much leſs of *Perſons* which ſhe daily *Fed*:
But Innocence cannot it ſelf Defend
'Gainſt Treacherous Arts veil'd with the Name of Friend.

ROBIN of *Darbyſhire*, whoſe Temper ſhocks
The Conſtitution of his Native Rocks,
Born in a * *Place*, which if it once be named,
Wou'd make a Bluſhing Modeſty aſhamed:
He with Indulgence kindly did appear,
To make poor *Mully* his peculiar Care,
But *inwardly* this Sullen Churliſh Thief
Had all his Mind plac'd upon *Mully's* Beef:
His Fancy fed on her, and thus he'd cry,
Mully, as ſure as I'm *Alive* you *Die*;
'Tis a brave Cow, O Sirs, when *Chriſtmas* comes,
Theſe *Shins* ſhall make the *Porridge* grac'd with *Plumbs*,
Then midſt our *Cups*, while we we profaſely *Dine*,
This *Blade* ſhall enter deep in *Mully's Chine*:

What

* The *Devil's Arſe of Peak*.

What *Ribs*, what *Rumps*, what *Bak'd*, *Boil'd*, *Stew'd*
(and *Roaſt?*
There ſhan't one ſingle *Tripe* of her be loſt.
When *Peggy*, Nymph of *Mountown*, heard theſe
(Sounds,
She griev'd to hear of *Mully*'s future Wounds;
What Crime, ſays ſhe, has gentle *Mully* done?
Witneſs the Riſing and the Setting *Sun*,
That knows what *Milk* ſhe conſtantly would give,
Let *that* quench *Robin*'s Rage, and *Mully* live.
Daniel, a Sprightly Swain, that us'd to flaſh
The Vigorous Steeds that drew his Lord's Calaſh,
To *Peggy*'s ſide inclin'd; for 'twas well known
How well he lov'd thoſe Cattle of his own.
Then *Terrence* ſpoke Oraculous and Sly,
He'd neither Grant the Queſtion, or Deny;
Pleading for *Milk*, his Thoughts were on *Mince-Pye*;
But all his Arguments ſo dubious were,
That *Mully* thence had neither Hopes nor Fear.
You've ſpoke, ſays *Robin*, but now let me tell ye
'Tis not fair-ſpoken *Words* that fill the *Belly*;
Pudding and Beef I love, and cannot ſtoop
To recommend your *Bonny-Clapper Soop*;
You ſay ſhe's *Innocent*, but what of *that*,
'Tis more than *Crime* ſufficient that ſhe's *Fat*;
And that which is prevailing in this Caſe
Is, there's another *Cow* to fill her Place.
And granting *Mully* to have *Milk* in ſtore,
Yet ſtill this other *Cow* will give us more;
She *Dies*—— ſtop, here my *Muſe*, forbear the reſt,
And vail that Grief which cannot be expreſt.

The

The Benefits of a Theatre.

PRithee *Jerry* be quiet, ceaſe Railing in vain,
Nor Banter the Stage with Invectives again;
I find thou art ignorant ſtill of its Merit,
And Rail but as Quakers when warm'd with the (Spirit.
Shall a Place be put down when we ſee it affords
Fit VVives for Great Poets, and VV——s for Great (Lords?
Since *Angelica* bleſt with a ſingular Grace
Had by her fine Acting preſerv'd all his Plays,
In an Amorous Rapture Young *Valentine* ſaid,
One ſo fit for his Plays might be fit for his Bed;
He warmly purſu'd her, ſhe yielded her Charms,
And bleſt the kind Youngſter in her kinder Arms:
But at length the poor Nymph did for Juſtice implore;
H'as Married her now, tho' he'd ——— her before.
If ſuch things will help to Reform thy ill Nature,
Prithee *Jerry* enquire the Truth of the Matter.
Ask *D———n* the Rake what he means at Three- (ſcore?
Or prithee ask *C———n* what made her turn VV—?
To be kept by a D——ke there is much to be ſaid (for't,
Eſpecially too ſince ſhe ſoundly is paid for't;
Since her Voice and her Eyes cou'd his G—ce ſo be- (witch,
'Twas better ſnap him than be mumbl'd by *R—ch.*
Next ask honeſt *P—ce* what the Devil he thinks on
To let his Dear *Betty* be Stallion'd by *K———n?*
VVhat Philtres his Lordſhip made uſe of to win her,
That one ſo demure ſhou'd be turn'd to a Sinner?
A Saint in appearance, but true *Fleſh and Blood,*
VVho reſiſted the Devil as long as ſhe cou'd.
So long he attack'd her, the Matter is clear,
She perfectly long'd to be ——— by a P——.

The

The QUIETUS.

HOw fleeting is Honour? Who'd ſtrive to be *Great*,
Or Glitter with Pomp in a *Car* of the *State*,
When ſo oft 'tis attended with *Phaeton*'s Fate?

Applauſes and Glory may Prop 'em awhile,
The *King* and the *Council* alike on 'em ſmile,
Till at length they are caught and trapp'd in a *Toil.*

When *S*——*s* firſt handled the *Purſe* and the *Mace*,
His Wit might have told him in *Clarendon*'s Caſe,
He attempted to fit in a Quickſilver Place.

But my Lord he was Mortal, and each has his Failing,
He adher'd to the Court, and practis'd wrong Dealing,
Old *S*——*r* and *M*——*ve* both fell a Railing.

To his *Quietus* he was forc'd to ſubmit,
He'd *Blots* in his *Tables* he knew wou'd be hit,
Which *H*——*w* and ſome others wou'd never acquit.

The *King* and the *Council*, as ſome do ſurmize,
Do Juggle together, and ſeem to Adviſe,
While a Crafty Old Fox Rules all in Diſguiſe.

The Meaſures are taken from *S*——*d*'s Nod,
Who in Old *Machiavel*'s Maxims has Trod;
To Pleaſure his Prince he'd Forfeit his God.

A Politick *Jack*, who in Times is a Peeper,
Own'd *S*——*s* had Faults, but *W*——*ts* wou'd be (deeper,
Then whip goes the *Seal*, and adieu my Lord K——r.

The Nine K---s.

WILL's wafted to *Holland* on ſome State In-
(triegue,
Or gone for to Viſit his *Hog——ns* at *Hague*;
For fear in his Abſence his Subjects Repine,
He Canton'd his Kingdom, and left 'em to Nine,
Eight Ignorant P——rs, and a Blockiſh D——ne.
To make up the *Hydra*, there's *Cant*, that dull *Tool*,
VVho Governs the *Church* as the *State* he does Rule.
To make their *Commiſſions* more glibly run down,
'Twas wiſely contriv'd to hedge in the Gown;
P——ke the *Sage*, who o'er all does Preſide,
Fluſh'd with *Coampaign* is a Giddy Raſh *Guide*.
If the *Goblet* but Airs his Brain and his Pulſe,
The *State*'s in an Ague, and we are Convuls'd.
D——n the Haughty, the Bluſtring Rake,
Is juſt fit to Govern the *Arſe* in the *Peak*;
VVho tortures his Tenants, and nought will defray,
VVe quickly ſhall ſee how a *Sceptre* he'll *Sway*.
The K—— had better have kept to the Law,
To Banter a VVitneſs, and find out a Flaw,
What he knows in the State I'd not give him a
(Straw.
'Tis true, he's Tranſlated by ſome lucky Hit,
Like the Frog in the *Fable* he'll ſwell 'till he ſplit;
The Concluſion will prove him to be a ſtark Aſs,
He'd better have kept to his *Fees* and his Glaſs.
The Monarch was Mad, or he'd ne'er have employ'd
A *Blab* in the State, or one that his Secrets diſcry'd.
Now *M——h*'s advanc'd, yet moſt of the VVife
VVill have him to Rule as his VVife does Adviſe.
Some Lady at Court perhaps may Repine,
She's a Lord Juſtice as well as the *Nine*.

On Mr. C. *and Mrs.* B.

Myrtilla lov'd by e'ery *Swain*,
Envy'd by e'ery *Maid*,
To move with tuneful *Verſe* in vain
Young *Thirſis* oft Eſſay'd.

At length, (for who can Love reſiſt,
Or Poetreſs to Charms,)
She bid the Youth be more than bleſt,
And ſunk into his Arms.

But Ah, th' uncertain State of Joys,
VVhich Humane Things afford;
The Nymph amidſt Loves Extaſies
Diſſolv'd into a T———.

Soon as th' ungrateful Odour paſt
To the Nice Shepherd's Noſe,
From her cold Arms that held him faſt
VVith eager haſte he roſe.

Viewing with colder Eyes the Maid,
For Love was now no more;
Sure none was ever cur'd, he ſaid,
So ſtrange a way before.

Uncommon Remedies alone
Cou'd quench my fierce Deſire;
Thoſe Flames which VVater cannot drown,
VVe ſmother in the Mire.

FINIS.